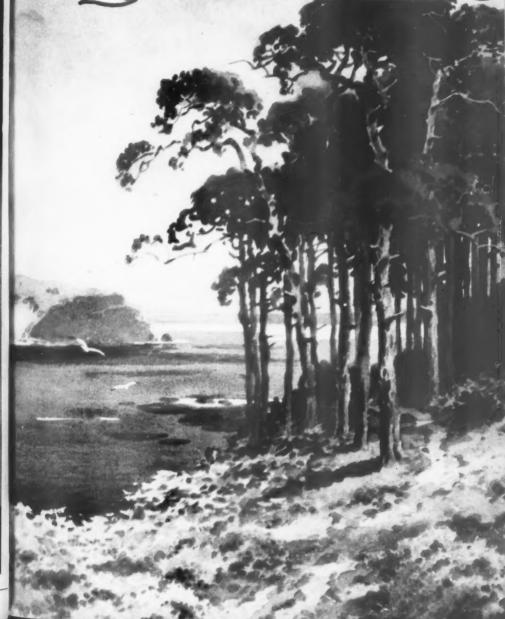
June 1922. Special Nature Number 1-net.

THE DUINTER







Why all smiles? Because they are a Kruschen family—healthy, wealthy and Kruschen wise.

If you came down to this happy breakfasttable you would see mother putting the Kruschen crystals into each cup as she poured out tea—just enough to cover a sixpence, that's all (half the quantity in the children's cups). But what a lot that little daily dose does!

Father, sitting most of the day in the office, gets little fresh air and insufficient exercise. Mother, with hungry mouths to feed, children to clothe, and a household to manage, has a hundred daily cares, and in these days you will know what anxieties she must have to make ends meet.

Yet Father smiles and Mother is happy, and the Children have rosy cheeks: they

know no depression, no headaches, no lassitude. They sleep well and wake refreshed.

All smiles-why?

Because of that iittle daily dose of Kruschen. Kruschen Salts are like no other depurative, because while they cleanse the system, they also possess tonic properties which maintain the tone of the organs during the cleansing process.

Kruschen Salts cleanse the system of impurities by making the eliminating organs perform their functions *actively*, as nature intended; clear, refreshed blood circulates all over the body, bringing tingling life to every fibre of the system. Thus the illeffects of insufficient exercise and lack of open air are counteracted; the ills caused by anxiety, worry, and 'overwork are banished, You are healthy and feel it.



Cocoa, Milk, or Porridge. Just enough to cover a sixpence for Mother and Father, and half the quantity for the children.

Kruschen

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

"Beautifully cool



and sweet smoking."

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT **CIGARETTES**

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut Cigarettes. In Tins of 100 - 5/10 In Tins of 50 - 2/11 Player's Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes. In card boxes 100 - 4/8 In card boxes 50 - 2/5

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P.897

DON'T LOOK OLD!

But restore your grey and fad-d hairs to their natural colour with

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER

2/- Sold Everywhere. 2/Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural
slour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect
his Dressing.

colour. It cleanses the scaip, and prepared by the grain This word-tamed Hair Restorer is prepared by the grain Specialists, J. PEPPER & Co., Ltd, 12 Bedford Lait stories, London, S.E., and can be obtained direct from it by jost or from any chemists and stores throughout the wo

SULPHOLINE

his iamous otion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, en clear complesion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, ir imples, dairjuring bot-these, obstinate eccenna, disapetiving Utility SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spottess, soft apple, comortable. For ay years it has been the reme

Propies Roughness Sourf Spots
Redness Rashes Acne Rosea

upholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. PRPPRR Co., Ltd., is Bedford Laboratories, London, S. E., and is so d bott es at 1/3 and 3v. It can be obtained direct from them post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

Quickly removes the effects of Sun

HAPPY FACE

A clear, soft, and velvety com-plexion secured by the regular use of

M.F.T. SOCIETY SKIN FOOD.

It refines away wrinkles and gives the bloom of youth. It prevents hair on face. Jars, 2- and 4,6 Postage 3d.

HAPPY FEET

Tnompson's Foot Joy Corn Plaster quickly cures Corns, Bunions & Swollen

M. F. THOMPSON, 11 Cordon Street, Glasgow.

Chemis. and Perfum and Total

Do You Suffer from HEADACHE or FAINTNESS? o, you should take the wise precaution of aways having near at hand a

DR. MACKENZIE'S

SMELLING BOTTLE.

Cures Headache, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Dizziness, Faintness. Of all Chemists and Stores, price 2.0 or post free 2.3 in the U.K. from DR. WACKENZIE'S LABORATORIES, REAPING.



THE GIFT OF SLEEP

Is the title of a book dealing with a sale, simple and successful Treatment for Sleepleasness which without drugs or medicine, brings blessed health-restoring sleep. It contains an offer of Sleep to the sleepless and a promite of Healthy Repose. Its contents are: What is Sleep? The Causes of Insomnia. The Cure of Insomnia. Nervous

Disease. Neurasthenia, Nerve Strength, etc., etc.
The valuable furty-four page book "The Gift of Sleep" post free on app

B. COPSON GARRATT

9 Censulting Rooms, 10, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2, FREE



Chivers Jellies

Flavoured with ripe Fruit Juices

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge,

Healthy Women especially Nurses and Mothers, must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the the "Natural Fase" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health. The CORSET of HEALTH The Natural Ease Corset, Style 2. 8/11 pair POST FREE Complete with Special Detachable Suspenders. Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill. SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.

No inc mg at the bace.

No inc mg at the bace.

A dirable drill of finest
stality, with special sunder of strong, durable for washing purposes.

I local at the sides with classic Lacing to expand freely when

is a lines at the sides with ensure and the processing the processing breathing. It is fitted with adjustable shoulder-straps. It is fitted with adjustable shoulder-straps. It is fitted with adjustable shoulder-straps. It is fitted with a first which ensures a perfect shape it is fasten dat the top & bottom with non rusting Hoose & Eyes. It can be easily washed at bottom, having nothing to read or Farnish. It can be considered for tadies who enjoy cycling. These Coracts are specially recommended for tadies who enjoy cycling. These Coracts are specially recommended for tadies who enjoy cycling remans, dancing, golf, e.g., as there is nothing to butter of the consensus and the semble when the same first the strain of the consensus and those employed in occupations demending constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Exac" Coracts. They yield feelly to every movement or the tody, and whistig tiging beauty of feelly to every movement or the tody, and whistig tiging beauty of Saure are the most confortable Coracts ever worn.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY. HEALTH CORSET COMPANY, Dept. 99, Morley House, 28/28

FOR ACIDITY OF THE SYSTEM, DRINK STRONGLY ALKALINE WATER.

Uric Acid, Stomach acids, and other acidulous impurities which irritate and derange Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder must be neutralised and washed out, say medical men, who prove by clinical tests that acids form the primary cause of many painful diseases,

As a chemical works for the manufacture of acids and poisons, the body has many points in common with its commercial prototype. If the much abused kidneys



id crystals, highly fied. No wonde

or other filtering and excretory organs should declare a strike, ceasing their labours for only a few hours, the system would soon be so full of poisons that death would quickly result. The acids and poisons are produced by the fermentative action of foods, especially meat foods, in combination foods, with the carbo hydrates

or starches, and also in num-rous other extremely intricate ways which only medical men understand, and even they often disagree. There is one thing the layman does understand, however; he knows that the acids and poisons have managed to get into his system some way, and managed to get into his system some way, and that they are not easy to get out. Otherwise he wouldn't suffer rheumatic twinges, stomach misery, and backaches, biliousness, scalding bladder pains, etc., etc. If the filtering, secreting, and digestive organs are not working properly, it soon means impure blood, and impure blood means pain and disease always. People with pure blood do not suffer with serious heavesties are residual diseases. rheumatism, organic disorders, or poisoned, irri-tated nerves, lack of energy, "liverishness," and similar forms of ill-health.

If you want to get the poisons out of the body, don't fill the system with powerful drugs. They may stop the pain temporarily, but they also do other less desirable things. They remind one of the character who, when possessed by a devil, set loose seven others to catch the first, only to find himself possessed in the end by eight devils instead of one. Instead of taking strong medicines which ac-cumulate in the system, try drinking before breakfast, every morning for a week or two, a tumblerful of strongly alkaline hot water. Probably the best way to prepare this is by merely dissolving in plain hot water a level teaspoonful of Alkia Saltrates, which any chemist can supply at very slight cost. You will soon be able to hid a final good here to will soon be able to bid a final good bye to any disorder due to harmful acids and impurities in the body, for they will quickly be dis-solved, neutralised, and washed out, just as they are when visitors drink exactly similar alkaline waters at some lamous and expensive spa. -H.L.M.

A Tip for Tea

"Skippers" - have a tin for tea to-day. They don't take a minute to prepare; just turn the

key and the meal is ready - a meal of delicious little fish packed in rich, pure, genuine olive oil. Empty a tinful on to a plate and you will see, when you eat them, what a delightful "freshenyou-up" flavour they have.

Reduced Price of New Pack.

per tin.

You can also have them on hot toast with a sprinkling of pepper and just warmed through, under the grill, or mashed up and spread in sandwiches-there are numbers of delicious tea dishes that could be made more delicious by adding "Skippers."

There is no waste in "Skippers"-no coarse blue skins to scrape off and throw away, no finicky little bones that tickle your throat.

The name ANGUS WATSON on any preserved food means the best of its kind.

A delightful 16-page Children's Coloured Picture Book, size 8" x 7", will be sent post free to any purchaser of "Skippers" on receipt of a postcard.

ANGUS WATSON & CO., LIMITED, (Dept. 43), NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.



President: H.R.H. The DUKE OF YORK

THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN, E.2.

which deals with larger numbers of children than any other Hospital of its kind, is almost overwhelmed with applications for dmisson and

URGENTLY NEEDS HELP AT ONCE hairman : Col. LORD WM. CECIL. C.V.O. T, GLENTON-KERR, Se

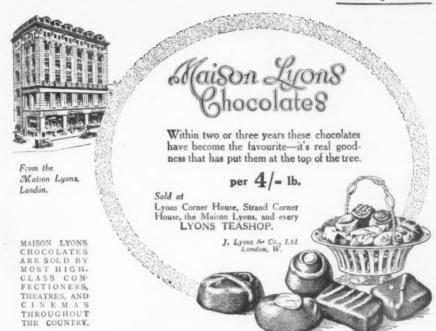
CURED MYSELF of Stammering. ou can Cure Yourself (or a child) by the ame simple and inexpensive lone to leat. Thorough and perfect cure Gam-You can Cure same simple

FRANK O. HUCHES, 7 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON W.C.1



J. P. HEWETT, 66 Division Street, SHEFFIELD,





DO YOU SHUN SOCIETY?

DO YOU SHUN SOCIETY?

You must miss chances if you Blush and hang back when the opportunity occurs. Others climb past you and Win while you are left in the same old rut. Nobody will take you seriously if you are Bashful. If you want to get on you must get rid of your Nervous Shyness, and My System is The Sure Means. In a week it gives you Condidence, Self-Control and Ease of Manner. My system strengthens your Will Power, makes you Trust Yourself, and then others trust you and accept you as one to be reckoned with. There is no more Blushing then, You can go into any company and aspire to any position. My system gives you the Winning Force that brings Popularity in society and Promotion in Business Life. A duaranteed Cure for Blushing, Self-Consciousness and All Forms of Nerve and ficart Weakness. Take my offer. Write Now for my success book and tall particulars of My System—Free in plain envelope.

E. S. DEAN, Ltd., 12 ALL SAINTS RD., ST. ANNES-ON-SEA

DON'T WEAR OTHER PEOPLE'S LINEN JOHN BOND'S CRYSTAL PALACE MARKING INK. OR USE WITH OR WITHOUT HEAT (WHICHEVER KIND IS PREFERRED), Sold by all Stationers, Chemists, and Stores. 6d. and 1s. Used in the Royal Households



Instantly relieves PARKINSON'S ROYAL DONCASTER BUTTERSCOTCH



1/3 AT ALL CHEMISTS



DREN

NCE

N COCE

FIELD.

.2.

URES A ROYAL FAMILY

Ales to for Reval Sighness
THE DUCKESS OF KRHT. BOBILITY CLERGY AND GRETET

PARRINSON 4 30 M TAMILY SECTIONS

WALRA S DONCASTER

4 oz. packets 6d. 8 oz. ... 1/-

Sole Proprietors: S. PARKINSON & SON (Doncaster), Ltd., 50 & 51 High St., Doncaster.

DOCTORS AND ANALYSTS

RECOMMEND DELICIOUS

MANY DYSPEPTICS WHO ARE OBLIGED TO AVOID ORDINARY TEA FIND THEY CAN DRINK THIS WITH GREAT RELISH

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS



Cooker **aamoin CLEANING JELLY** For Removing Grease from Gas Ovens, etc.

Ask your Ironmonger or Gas Company for it.

If they do not stack, send 2/. for 2 tins, post free, to-THE MANAGER, THE KLEENOFF CO., 33 St. Mary at-Hill, London, E.C.3. per tin



I SELL SUEDE LEATHER in all colours at 11d. sq. ft.

LADIES! SAVE MONEY!

and make your own reliable gloves, hats, dorothy bags, chair covers, etc. Send ad, stamped addressed envelope for a full set of beautiful patterns.—CATT. Leather Merchant, HORTHAMPTON.

Is best made from MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS. One Tablespoonful of this Extract makes a Gallon of DELICIOUS BOTANIC BEER.

Two bottles, post free, for 2/ ..

Obtainable from Chemists, Grocers & Stores.

NEWBALL AND MASON, Nottingham.

COODI IT'S MASON'S

SHOE

SOFT Rubber Cushions, encased in Velvet, easily fixed into any shoe. Protects stocking heel from wear.

A PERFECT CURE FOR SHOES LOOSE IN THE HEEL

From all Bootmakers.

Black White Brown per pair. or Grey



BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattress, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDIT 08.

Illustrated Price Lists (post free) DISCOUNT FOR Case or mouthly Instalments. Special attention given to capat or monthly Instalments. Sp. orders Established 33 years.

CHARLES RILEY (Desk 17), Moor St., Birmingham.

Imperial National

HOTEL

Russell London

entral, 1000 Rooms. Orchestra Daily, Finest Turkish Baths.

HOTEL

Opper Bedford London

500 Rooms with hot and cold water, Bath, and 5/Attendance. NO TIPS

CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW.

One Tablet will Clean a Large Carpet. F. CHIVERS & Co., Ld., 9 Albany Wks., Bath



The New Patent SOUND DISCS

completely overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long standing. Are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanatory Pamphlet Free.

THE R. A. WALES CO., 171 NEW BOND STREET I GHOON WIL

You can conquer it easy in a ways. Inspire you will be had your life. No more soomach trouble, no foul breath, no had weakness. Regain Manly Vigour, Caim Narwa, clear systems superior mental strength. Whether you snoke a pipe, Control tipart, take smill, or chew, get my interesting tobacco book—switch in weight in greatly, possed free. Address.

EDW. J. WOODS, Ltd., 167 Strand (485 T.A.W.), London, W.S.S.

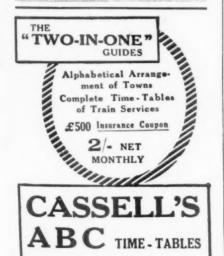


MR. LONDON IN
THE DAILY GRAPHIC
BRIGHTENS LONDON

DIT ON.

al

don



FOR SORE, TIRED, TENDER FEET

WHEN THEY ACHE, BURN, SMART, SWELL, ITCH, BLISTER, PERSPIRE, AND FORM CORNS OR CALLOUSES.



THIS IS ALL YOU NEED

HOW TO PREPARE OXYGENATED WATER:

A highly medicated and oxygenated tootbath can be prepared by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates to plain water. Refreshing, soothing, healing, and anti-eptic, its wonderful effects upon sore, tired muscles, aching bones, irritated nerves, and sensitive skin make you feel like dancing with joy, and quickly render walking a real pleasure again. Money back in full, immediately, and without a question, if you are dissatisfied. Millions of packages have been sold, every one with the guarantee enclosed. Sale is increasing daily. This means something, and must convince even the most sceptical of its real merit. In convenient sizes and at very low prices from chemi-ts everywhere. Ask them to tell you about Reudel Bath Saltrates.



ANÆMIA



(Poorness of Blood) SHOWN BY

SHORTNESS OF BREATH TIREDNESS, WEAKNESS, PALLOR,

IronJelloids

Three Times a day
OF ALL CHEMISTS

1/3

The Russian Famine's Terrible Toll

AGONISING SCENES TOO AWFUL TO BE DESCRIBED.

Immediate and Generous Help Wanted at once to Check the World's Greatest Tragedy of Infant Suffering and Mortality.

Horror follows upon horror in the Famine-stricken Areas of Russia to-day.

Remorselessly have suffering little children been driven to a death too horrible to contemplate. Their bodies have been tortured with the gnawing pains of hunger, their hearts wrung with anguish as they saw friend after friend succumb to the inevit-able, and realised that THEIR OWN END would be soon-but none the less horrible And the terrible Death Roll is daily increasing, and the mere contemplation of the coming Burning Hunger of Summer and the awful epidemics which will be engendered by the Heat makes one shudder. Unless help is forthcoming immediately, the whole civilised world must witness a tragedy of infant suffering such as it has never seen or imagined.



Those who have visited the Famine Areas and seen the haunting look in the big staring eyes of the starving little ones, can never forget them. They seem to follow them wherever they go. Will you not rescue one or more of these victims of the most terrible valiation the world has ever seen, clinging to life to the last, whilst the dead and dying lie around them? Can you think of this terrible agony and fail to participate in this the greatest rescue work the world has ever known?

CORPSES PILED IN COMMON GRAVES.

So terrible is the Death Roll that in almost every district of the Famine Area there is a continuous procession of the dying people carrying the dead to the common graves—ghastly yawning pits, which day by day receive innumerable fresh victims.

Hour by hour, child after child is dropping into the yawning grave. This endless stream of corpses keeps falling, falling, falling, into the open pit. Will you not help to stem this stream? Will you not Will you not stand in front of the grave and snatch those little ones from the brink, out of the very hands of Death? You can buy them back. You can buy them back

THESE LIVES COST ONE POUND. HOW

MANY LIVES WILL YOU BUY?

ONE PENNY HALFPENNY keeps a child for a day only one penny halfpenny ! This tiny sum makes all the difference to a little sufferer between Agony and Happiness! One pound feeds a child for twenty weeks.

If you do not give, you are condemning children to certain and horrible death. See the grave, yawning, dark, loathsome chasms, filled to the brim with bundles of skin and bone. Others are coming-they near the edge—they even totter to the fall. Have mercy! Get between them and the grave!! Aye, snatch them from the very brink and earn their everlasting gratitude and the commendation of your Maker. Buy them from death with money. British coin or notes or cheques will buy lives in Rusia to-day. Again we ask you—HOW MANY WILL YOU BUY?

MANY MILLIONS ARE DIRECTLY AND

SERIOUSLY MENACED.

With swollen bodies, emaciated limbs, maddened by hunger and despair, these wretched people are eating clay and grass and refuse. And the (details are too horrible to print).
"I have been through Hell," is the customary

comment of British travellers.

WHAT THE "SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND"

The "Save the Children Fund" gives relief to suffering CHILDREN, snatching them from an appalling death. The "Save the Children Fund" suffering CHILDREN, snatching them from an appalling death. The "Save the Children Fund" under British control, has undertaken to fed children in the famine areas of Russia with plain but whole some, hot, nourishing food. The Fund has SEVERAL HUNDRED KITCHENS working in Russia, and every kitchen means life to many starving bittle ones. All that has been done is, however, but one in the form of the control of but one jota of what MUST be done.

IMMEDIATE ACTION ALONE CAN SAVE THE LIVES OF RUSSIA'S STRICKEN LITTLE ONES!

It is a true but terrible fact that unless we are sent money immediately the doors of our Kitchens will have to be closed. The children come to them, crying piteously in their despair, and WILL BE TURNEDAWAY. No more bread, no more hot soup, no more rice and cocca—not a broken scrap, not a mouthful of food. Their agonising cries will fall on deaf ears; in vain will their little hands be held out. The waiting, clamouring chil-

dren will be driven away.

to

ant

every nuous

g into

Will wu not little

back OW

kes all by and weeks.

ildren

raves, brim

Aye,

f your British

WILI

dened de are omary

lief to

Sund an Fund feed in but d has ing in starv-

wever,

They will stagger off along the roads to the wretched hovels, where they will fall down to die. For hours and hours, for days and days, they will linger on. How slowly the hours of suffering will pass!

If you have never given—if you have heard and ignored the call in the past, surely you cannot ignore it now? Children's arms are extended to you—their wail for food—their tiny voices are almost hushed by dath. Listen! Their call is in the air. Every moan of wind in the trees is but the echo of the waning voice of a dying child. Is your conscience clear? Can you let little children die when Christ Himself appealed for little children? Even now babies are dying—even as you read these words tiny toddlers succumb—every hour boys and girls wilt and die just like roses from Nature's garden. Can you ignore the small child's voice that says "HELP! and HELP QUICKLY"?

YOU CAN HELP IF YOU WILL

You are not asked to give to a fantastic cause—your money is wanted to stave off starvation.—is, will feed a child for a week—one pound willsave alife!

The Save the Children Pund, The Russian Famine Relief Fund, The Society of Priends' Fund, realising how studenness the task of Relief is and the need for Coordination, have agreed to work together under a Joint Committee of representatives of each Fund, with Sir Benjamin Robertson as Chairman.

Do not hesitate—do not pause—because each instant's delay means another life sacrificed! Send now, immediately, ALL YOU CAN.

Heed the wailing of the heartbroken—the piteous appeal of the hungered—think of the yawning graves and waggon loads of dead infants—picture the abandoned children and ask yourself—CAN I



To such desperate straits have the people been driven in some districts that they have eaten the straw with which their houses were roofed—and the rest of their homee have been used for fuel. Now, foodless and without shelter, they huddle together or wander forth to die! Suffering unparalleled in its intensity is the lot of hundreds of thousands. It beggars description and defice imagination! Those who have witnessed it say that they have been through Holl. For Mercy's sake, give, give again, and continue to give.

If you have given before—please give again. If you have never given—give NOW—if you never give again. Every hour's delay means another DEATH.

We plead with you to send all you can at once, for time is so precious, lives are so precious, and the Cause is so Sacred.

You cannot bring back those who have perished, but now with an open heart and willing spirit you can play your part in the greatest Humanitarian Crusade which the mind of man has ever conceived on behalf of suffering dying people.

NEGLECT MY BOUNDEN DUTY? DARE I WAIT ANOTHER MOMENT?

Give without fail now direct to the "Save the Children Fund," and let your kindness supply food to a needy child. Neglect not the call, for its very insistence shows its pressing need.

Send all you can TO-DAY to LORD WEARDALE, Chairman of Committee of "SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND" (Room 318a), 42 Langham St., London, W.1. อินอนอนอนอนอนอนอนอนอนอน



DURO FABRICS DURABLE & FADELESS

THE New Pattern Folder will show you something of the charm and variety of these fadeless fabrics. The DURO Guarantee covers cost of making as well as of material—

"GARMENT REPLACED IF COLOUR FADES."

Wonderful durability and never-fading colours make the DURO Fabrics the most economical for all washing wear.

DURO	Cambric 40in.	3/6
DURO	Zephyr40in.	3/6
DURO	Piqué40in.	4/11
	Frotté40in.	
DURO	Gingham38/39in.	2/11
DURO	Shirtings for Men-in all v	veights
	and styles.	

Send to the DURO Advertising Department, Room 33, Waterloo Buildings, Manchester, for Pat.ern Folder and names of local suppliers.

BURGESS, LEDWARD & COLTO





WORTH TO SELECT FROM

No matter what your individual requirements may be—complete furniture for a new home, or just a single article to give your present home that "fascinating touch" which will lift it above the ordinary—the best plan is to pay a visit to Jelks'.

CASH or DEFERRED PAYMENTS

To-day, after sixty years of keen competitive trading, this famous house holds a reputation second to none, Home lovers as well as the most discriminating buyers are sure to find at this great establishment just those things most in keeping with their individual requirements. Prices are exceptionally low.

Call and inspect the immense and varied stock contained in the showrooms that cover an area of 500,000 square feet.

If you cannot call we will gladly send our Special Bargain Booklet free and post paid on request.

Prompt attention to country orders.

Business hours 9-7.30; Thursdays close at 1; Saturdays 9 p.m.

W. JELKS SONS 263-275 HOLLOWAY RD., LONDON, N.7

Bus, Tram or Piccatilly Tube to the does.

annous property

D. A. A. 1206

BEAUTY COMPETITION

1st PRIZE £100, 2nd PRIZE £25, 5 PRIZES of £5 each, 50 PRIZES of £1 each

No Entrance Fee, and a Free Miniature Picture Gallery (Post Card Size) of 20 Beauty Types, artistically printed in colours, for every competitor to choose from.

Every user of the famous "Preservene" Soap from Australia is entitled to enter this Competition quite free. All you have to do is to send a wrapper from a bar of "Preservene" Soap together with this advertisement, or the name and address of the retailer from whom the soap was purchased. You will get in return a lovely set of TWENTY different types of beauty specially illustrated in colours, forming a nice little art gallery by itself. You will also receive a voting paper which will entitle you to compete for one of the prizes mentioned above. To win a prize taste and judgment only are necessary. It is a most delightful pastime, and the TWENTY beauties are bound to give you much pleasure.

PRESERVENE FE'S SOAP FOR EASE

If you have not yet used the famous "Preservene" Soap from Australia you will be agreeably surprised when you do. It is the most remarkable soap that has ever been produced. The household weekly wash is finished in half the time without any work or worry, rubbing or scrubbing, labour or trouble. The clothes are much cleaner and whiter, and it is all done by boiling only. Every spot and stain disappears, and the clothes last longer because PRESERVENE is a pure high-grade toilet soap manufactured from only the very best materials, in far Australia, 13,000 miles away.

There are many other uses to which this remarkable soap can be put, such as washing paint, cleaning carpets, linoleum, floors, tables, etc. Being a high-grade toilet soap it is most delightful in the bath and will not run away it left in the water. Buy a bar, use it and then see that what we say is perfectly true. Save the wrapper and send it to us with your name and address written on a half sheet of notepaper, together with this advertisement, or the name and address of the retailer from whom you purchases the soap, and you will get in return the full set of TWENTY 1922 beauties, together with a voting paper.

Please write name and address distinctly, also Town and County, and be sure to mark your envelope:

Competition Dept. Q, Australian Soap Co., 6 New Compton Street, London, W.C.2.

CHILPRUFE CHILDREN



Ask for Chilprufe No. 436, Spring and Summer Weight. It protects the children completely from all thills and sickness resultant from temperature and weather changes—and from the dangers of overheating—yet is of charming lightness and daintiness, exactly suitable for spring and summer wear. Made in a complete range of undergarments.

CHILPRUFE for LADIES

'Chilprufe' is also obtainable in ladies' garments, specially cut in relation to present fashion, tastefully trimmed and possessing the same chill-resisting qualities as 'Chilprufe' for children.

it is with the greatest pleasure that we are able to announce an additional lowering in the prices of 'CHILPRUFE' garments by 2/- to 3/- in the £.

Ask your Draper, or write direct for a copy of the 'Chilprufe' Price List.

If unable to obtain 'Chilprufe' write direct for address of nearest Agent.

THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING CO. (John A. Bolton, Proprietor) :: LEICESTER.





Experienced Nurses Know

that the best substitute for mother's milk is Mellin's Food. Mixed with fresh cow's milk it contains everything necessary for health and growth, and is a safeguard against infantule ailments.

Mellin's Food

Send for Mellin's Book on Baby Welfare it will be sent free to Nurses, together with free sample of Mellin's Food. Address the Sample Department,

.

MELLIN'S FOOD LTD., PECKHAM, S E.15.

HEADACHE! RHEUMATISM!! NEURALGIA!!! INFLUENZA!!!! — Cephos— Cures them all!

without ill effect to the heart or system.

This powerful tonic restorative overcomes nerve weakness by supplying the needed nourishment to tired, worn-out nerves. It dispels pain, strengthens and fortifies the whole system. CEPHOS cures, and can be confidently taken with the assured knowledge of securing immediate and permanent relief. CEPHOS—

THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

Free from dangerous drugs and narcotics Obtainable from Boots The Chemists, Taylors' Drug Stores, and all other Chemists at 1.3 and 3f-per box. If your chemist does not bappen to have CEPHOS in stock send 1/3 or 3/- in stamps or P.O. to

CEPHOS, LIMITED, BLACKBURN, and they will send it you Post Free.

Write to-day for FREE SAMPLE, mentioning "The Quiver."

.

-

-

.

.

The QUIVEP Contents

			1
	PAGE		PAGB
The Path of Least Resistance. Story by DOROTHY ROSE. Illustrated by J. Dewar Mills .	675	NINON, Serial Story. Chapters VIII to X. By MARGARET PETERSON. Illustrated by P. B.	#0#
Marriage Customs Among Plants. By CHARLES S. BAYNE. Illustrated from Photographs. A Winner by Instinct. A	684	Hickling. The Joy of Meredith's Country. By C. R. STILES, F.R.G.S. Illustrated from Photographs	725 737
Roving Story by CHARLES INGE. Illustrated by Leo Bates.	690	Between Ourselves. By THE	743
Yesterday's Rain. Poem by GRACE MARY GOLDEN.		The Whitewashing of Copper Nob. Story by James C.	
Insect Workers and Fighters. By Marion H. Crawford. Illustrated from Photographs.		Andrews, Illustrated by Charles Crombie	746
Whispers in lnk. No. 2.—" Your Side of the Road is Always		Jumper. By ELLEN T. MASTERS	753
the Muddier. ' By CHARLES	702	Tea in the Garden. Cookery Pages for June. By M. STUART MACRAE.	755
Brac of the Blue Underworld. A Pike's Romance. By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S. Illustrated by Harry Rountree.	703	Beside the Still Waters: "Experience Worketh Hope," By the REV. JOHN A.	Men
The Young Man who Talked to Tramps. Story by Austin Philips. Illustrated by Sydney S. Lucas.		Roses, Pinks and Fleur-de-Lis. The Garden in June. By H H. THOMAS	761
Why the Nightingale Sang in the Morning. By Coulson Kernahan		"The Quiver" New Army of Helpers, Conducted by Mrs. George Sturgeon	m/so
The Riddle of Russia. Europe's Nightmare. By GEORGE GODWIN. Illustrated from		Running a Tea Room, Some Requisites for Making the Venture Successful, By ALICE	
Photographs		BRADLEY	200

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post,
All MSS, submitted to the Edstor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Address, "The Edstor, THE QUIVER,
La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4." The Edstor can accept no responsibility for MSS,
Issued Monthly, Subscription Price, post free, 12s, per annum.



ALL Seasons and their changes please alikewhen you wear



99 BLOUSES, FROCKS, JUMPERS, DRESSES.

etc.

"LUVISCA" looks like silk, is more durable than silk, washes better than silk, and is cheaper than silk.

Wasnes better than sins, and is ALL DRAPERS SELL.
"LUVISCA," 37 38 ins wide, in latest shades and colourings, street ped designs. Per yd. 9/112 Plain: hades 4/6 per yd. 9/112 Also in Blouses ready to wear in alt newest styles and designs.

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining LUVISCA," please write direct to

COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. 83), 19 Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2.

The Editor's Announcement Page

WHY DO WOMEN FAIL IN BUSINESS?

We are quite used now to women in business; every office has its women typists, the banks still retain the women clerks.

But how is it that one finds so few women at the top of the trade?

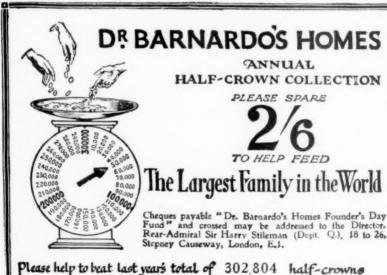
Is it that employers have a prejudice against women for the higher posts—or is it the fault of the women themselves? Miss Marie Harrison has written an illuminating article on this most interesting subject, and it will be a teature of my July number.

Another article—by W. Kingscote Greenland—will attempt to answer the questions, What is the Truth about Psycho-Analysis? and Is it Dangerous or Beneficial?

/#/#/#/#/#/#/#/#/#

There will be a budget of good stories by Anne Weaver, Austin Philips, Christine Castle, Anne Merwin, etc., and a very thrilling instalment of the new serial, "Ninon."





LIFEBUOY SOAP



YOU must be certain of your guard against the deadly fast bowler—you must be equally sure of your guard against the germs and microbes of disease. Those who keep fit use Lifebuoy Soap for Toilet or Bath—it protects the whole body from the dangers of infection. They know that they can face the normal risks with the certain knowledge that every pore of the skin is antiseptically clean and protected. The fresh, healthy odour of Lifebuoy gives them that confidence.

Lifebuoy Soap is the ideal Soap for every Clubroom. After a strenuous game it freshens and tones up the tired body. Its antiseptic properties act as a tonic to young and old alike.

The name LEVER on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.



or the same reasons that you enjoy a tub—drink ENO in the morning



To feel thoroughly clean and refreshed, is to be clean within as well as without.

That is why ENO's FRUIT SALT is an important part of the

Toilet of Health — ENO carries away the poisons that clog the system, while soap and water merely cleanse the skin.

To have the clear complexion that betokens perfect health, let ENO be a feature of your morning toilet.

To have the clear head and elastic step of buoyant health, let ENO help to keep you fit.

To correct digestive troubles that cause headaches and serious discomforts, get one of the handy size bottles of ENO at 1/9. Read the little health guide that goes with it.

ENO acts gently but effectively by removing in a natural way the causes that lower your physical 'tone.'

THE BRITISH CHARACTER AND REPUTATION OF ENO

Just as the morning tub is an essentially British institution, so is the taking of ENO in the morning. And ENO is completely British, both in origin and manufacture. It has built up a world-wide reputation and sale during the past half century, and is recognised everywhere to be the finest preparation of its kind; in fact, it is in a class by itself.

ENO'S

FRUIT SALT

Household Size 3/- Handy Size 1/9

The Quiver

Nature's Ways

Did you know that the scarlet pimpernel may not marry afer three, though the dand lion can wed up till six o'clock, and the daisy until an hour b fore sunset? Were you aware that a hive bee can draw twenty times its own weight, and that a grasshopper can jump easily too hundred times its own length? These and many other curious and wonderful things are brought to light in this Nature Number.

And the most wonderful fact of all is that there are countless other facts as curious and wonderful to be found for the asking in Nature's Diary.

Study Nature: she is more inexhaustible, more incredible, more interesting than the writer of fiction. And she writes her stories in living pigments.



"That's not half had!" Her high languid accents reached Lettice, sitting on the seat beneath the window "-p. 678

Drawn by & Dewar Mills

THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE by Dorothy Rose

OW perfectly glorious! I shall work in the garden this morning." Lettice Grant stood in the lefthand bay window of Harbour Cottage and announced her intention to the fuchsias, whose red and purple bells swaved in the soft sea breeze.

In the bay window on the other side of the whitewashed porch Rupert Foster neglected his delicately grilled pilchards to feed his artist soul on the blue waters of the harbour, where fishing boats clustered like brown- and yellow-winged butterflies about the stone pier, and a white-sailed yacht rocked idly on the dancing waves. So this was Penmorro, that Cornish Mecca of artists where every unused fish cellar sheltered an easel, and canvases dwelt peacefully side by side with fishing nets and old lobster pots! He turned his attention to breakfast. There was magic in the morning, the light was perfect for painting, he must not lose a minute of it.

Quick as he was, Lettice was quicker. The joys of Penmorro were not an unknown quantity to her; this was the third summer she had escaped from her tiny flat in Bloomsbury to spend a blissful six weeks under the motherly care of buxom Mrs. Trehearne at Harbour Cottage. She felt a proprietary right in the place-the flagged kitchen, the chicken run, the scrap of orchard behind. She was free of them all, while the front garden, a patch of emerald turf filched from the cliff itself and bounded by a low stone wall, she regarded as her own especial property. There was such an air of remoteness, of peace, about it, and peace is very essential to an author even though her aspirations have not carried her beyond the sentimental pages of the women's weeklies.

This being the case, it was not surprising that Lettice, having settled herself in a basket chair with writing-pad and fountain pen, should regard the young man in grey flannels, laden with easel and paint-box, who presently emerged from the porch, as an intruder. He was a tall young man, with a shock of dark hair and an air of general untidiness which roused disapproval in Lettice's order-loving soul. He had evidently not the least doubt of his welcome. He regarded her with a pair of restless, friendly grey eyes, as he said :

"Since we're both condemned to work on a morning made for play, I hope you won't mind my sharing the garden. If I disturb you, just sling a pebble at me," and he proceeded to set up his easel without more

"As long as you don't talk I dare say I can bear it," replied Lettice, with the suspicion of a smile in her flax-blue eyes, and bent her energies once more to the momentous question, "Should Pretty Girls Pout?"

It was some time before Rupert got to work. The July sun glinted on Lettice's head, burnishing her dull gold hair to a warmer hue. It was very thick and stubbornly straight, in keeping somehow with her little square chin and steadfast eyes. Her frock was the colour of the sea pinks that studded the crevices of the wall. There was something of their sturdy grace in the poise of her head, the set of her shoulders. Rupert found her an infinitely more engrossing study than the wide sweep of sea he had set out to transfer to canvas. Being a vagabond at heart, he allowed natural inclinations to have their will; this silence was an affront on the beauty of a morning made for gay companionship.

"I'm fearfully sorry to disturb you, but do you know if there's a shop in the village where I can get a tube of gamboge?" he asked, secreting an unopened tube in his coat pocket. "Artists seem as thick as

THE QUIVER

gooseberries, so there's surely some source

of supply."

"I'm afraid I don't know of one. Most artists order their paints from Town, or bring an adequate supply with them," she replied with a touch of severity. "You might ask Mrs. Trehearne, though. I haven't been into the village yet. There may be a gamboge shop opened since last summer."

There was. Mrs. Trehearne gave vague, but copious directions in which a shop with saffron cakes in the window and a ginger cat on the doorstep were the chief sign-posts.

"She says it's in the main street, but I don't know the local Piccadilly. Mrs. Trehearne says that you do," he added significantly.

Lettice admitted the fact. He was a very disturbing young man. His smile was alto-

gether too persuasive,

"As you are a habitue, the least you can do is to come and see I don't fall into the harbour, or get tangled up in the washing at the street corners," he observed reproachfully.

Lettice rose with a laugh. She could never resist a plea for help; lame dogs were her speciality. She found them an excellent outlet for those qualities of forethought and motherliness with which the gods had endowed her.

They found the ginger cat, and, steering due west, ran the gamboge to earth in a tiny shop where it dwelt cheek by jowl with postcards, pottery, and serpentine ash trays of every description. Having consumed junket and cream in lieu of the ices for which Rupert's town-bred soul clamoured, they explored the little town. The cobbled streets, the whitewashed cottages with their steep steps and lichen-crusted roofs, the bearded fishermen with their blue jerseys and slow, curious stare, sent the mercurial Rupert into raptures.

He voiced his enthusiasm when, leaving the little street behind, they struck out across the grassy headland, and sat down

on the short, springy turf.

"I came for a month; I shall want at least three. The colours are so amazing. Look at that water; jade-green in places, violet on the horizon. I must get a studio. Mrs. Trehearne may know of one to lether brother has a place facing the harbour. He's a dealer in marine stores, nets, and so forth. Sure to be a net loft where I can

paint. I'll get him to rig me up there," he said in his lordly, impetuous fashion.

Lettice listened quietly. A little elusive smile played about her sensitive lips. He was so full of atdour and self-assurance. He told her of his studio on the top floor of a warehouse near Blackfriars Bridge, the black and white work he did for illustrated papers, the colour work he longed to do that he might join the goodly company of the immortals.

S

"I wish I had influence; it's such a tremendous help if you can get someone to take up your work and pull strings on your behalf." He flung back his head with the impatient movement of a restive horse, and his hands tightened about his knees.

"There is no short cut to fame," Lettice reminded him gently. His air of boyish rebellion amused and touched her. He wanted to get on, but he wanted the way made smooth for him. "You're bound to have disappointments. I've had heaps—I could have papered the flat with 'The Editor regrets—" at one time."

"I know." Rupert laughed appreciatively. "I can picture your flat. It's all rosebud chintz and white paint, and you wash your own blouses with that flaky stuff out of a packet and save your threepenny

bits for a rainy day."

"I have to be very careful," Lettice replied with the little sedate, matter-of-fact air he found so engaging. "You see, I have my old age to think of."

Rupert rolled on the grass in ecstasy.

"You must be quite twenty-one. You really oughtn't to wear V necks and jumpers at your age," he mocked, his eyes bent mischievously on her earnest profile.

"Twenty-two," Lettice corrected him gravely. "I'm quite sure of one thing; we shall be late for dinner if we stay here any longer." She rose to her feet. "There are cold chicken and peas," she added beguilingly.

"You're a rank materialist," he grumbled, but he rose nevertheless; even his artistic soul was not proof against the appetitegiving qualities of the Cornish air.

He spent the afternoon in seeking out Mrs. Trehearne's brother and persuading that slow moving worthy to clear sufficient space in the jungle of his net loft to allow room for an easel and other artist traps. The loft had a big window giving on the harbour, the light was good, the mingled scent of tar, fish and brine rather stimulations.

THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE

ing than otherwise. He rushed back to pour out his triumph and hurry Lettice over the tea which they shared in the garden.

"I want you to come and have a look at it," he said. "I'm sure you're full of household hints, and I'm such a duffer at

getting things ship-shape."

The evening sun lay like a golden veil on sea and headland as they mounted the steep ladder-like steps that led up to the net loft. Lettice surveyed the indescribable jumble of nets, lobster pots, sails, and ropes

with frank disapproval.

"Those will have to be cleared away," she said with a briskness that galvanized even the taciturn owner into movement. Assisted by a shock-headed, sea-booted youth, he transferred a portion of the stock to the boathouse below and stowed the rest into obscure corners.

"You're a wonderful person." Rupert looked at her with admiration in his grey eyes when at last they were left alone. "I should have sat amongst the lobster pots in dire discomfort rather than bother to bully-

rag that brigand in the blue worsted

jersey."

"But you couldn't have worked in that chaos," protested Lettice warmly, blue eyes bright with achievement, cheeks flushed with her exertions.

"Oh, couldn't I? I could work on a dust-bin if the mood was on me," he assured her, "but all the studios in Chelsea wouldn't help me if it wasn't."

"But you ought to make yourself work," began Lettice, frankly distressed at this lamentable sign of the artistic temperament.

Rupert only laughed. "You look awfully jolly with your hair all numpled, and that whacking dab of dust on your nose," he said irrelevantly. "Let me wipe it off for you—my hanky's quite clean."

Lettice submitted to the operation, and felt a little thrill run through her as his brown fingers touched her cheek. In all her well-ordered existence she had never experienced such a disquieting sensation. It was absurd, of course! She took herself to task severely, even while she walked home on air beside him.



"I thought it was only factory girls who patronized public courts," said Beryl '- ", 68!

J. Dewar Milla

THE QUIVER

Once installed in his makeshift studio, Rupert started work with tremendous energy. For a few days he painted hard; then he began to flag. Lettice recognized the symptoms, and did her best to spur him on. After lunch she would bathe, ramble about, go fishing, do anything he liked-the morning for them both was to be spent in work. At first he thrived under the treatment: it was easier to put in a few hours at the studio than to invent excuses to bolster up his lack of application. 'His mercurial temperament responded to her sturdy common sense even while grumbled at her persistence.

"You're an absolute slave-driver," he declared when she refused to give him absolution one specially enchanting morning. "I thought you were going to let me off to-day. I want to go over to the lighthouse and see the wheels go round. One morning can't make any difference."

"You said that yesterday when you went off to St. Michael's Mount," said Lettice, looking up from her breakfast in gentle remonstrance. "Don't you want to finish that picture? If I could do anything as splendid as 'The Home Trail' is going to

be I'd work till I dropped."

"I believe you would." He looked at her and smiled. The earnestness of her blue eyes, the sturdy grace of her fair head thrown back in eager confidence fired him to renewed energy. Lettice gave him an encouraging smile as he moved towards the door. She was no art critic, but there was a breadth, a brilliance of colour and treatment in his conception of the fishing fleet returning home that even her untutored soul recognized. He had a wonderful future before him if he would only work, but he was a creature of environment. His career lay largely in the hands of the people with whom he came in contact. Left to himself, the path of least resistance would so infallibly become his choice.

O UPERT'S studio being temporarily in the hands of the Philistines during the fitting out of a couple of trawlers, he was working in the garden when Beryl Polwhele came upon the scene. Mrs. Trehearne had once been a servant at Polwhele Manor, the old granite-built mansion two miles from Penmorro, and it was a whim of the spoilt daughter of the house to visit her occasionally. Her visit over, she drifted into the garden, and with the easy assurance of one clothed in vanity and a tussore frock straight from Bond Street, sauntered up to Rupert's easel.

ta

di

M

21

w

ti

0

h

SI

"That's not half bad!" Her high, languid accents reached Lettice, sitting on the seat beneath the window, and roused in her a sudden resentment. "It's a relief to find an artist who's not afraid of colour. Most of the tribe seem positively to wallow in greys and dull-as-mud blues. That scarlet sail's an inspiration."

"I'm so glad you think so. It's topping of you to like the picture." Rupert's face was aglow. "On a day like this the place simply teems with colour. One can't do

justice to it, but-"

"Oh, you have-Mr. Foster, isn't it?" Beryl held out her hand. "I'm Beryl Polwhele. Mrs. Trehearne had the misfortune to be my nurse once-I try to make up for my past sins by bringing her peaches and plums from the Manor garden. Ah! here she is, with a tea as substantial as herself. Am I expected to pour out? That enormous brown teapot alarms me."

"Miss Grant 'll pour out," said Rupert as Lettice came across the lawn, and intro-

duced them forthwith,

Lettice poured out. After a few desultory words, a supercilious glance at her plain linen jumper, Beryl ignored her completely. Looking at her, perfectly groomed, dark hair waving satin smooth beneath her heaven-sent hat, Lettice felt a strange sinking at her heart. She was so exquisite, so provocative, and Rupert was an artist, and so more vulnerable than most men to beauty's wiles.

"You must show me some more of your work. I know lots of people in the art world, influential people, picture lovers with money to burn, art critics, and so on. My father's a bit of a critic. I'll bring him along to the studio. You shall give us

a private view."

"That's frightfully good of you. The exhibits aren't very numerous at present-I've only been here a month, but there are a few water-colours and several things I brought down to finish in between times. The Home Trail' is just about done, thanks to Miss Grant. She bullies me fearfully if I don't work like the dickens.'

His laughing eyes challenged Lettice, but for once she failed to respond. Beryl's slow, appraising glance, as of one only just

THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE

aware of her presence, threw her momentarily into confusion.

"Miss Grant hasn't the appearance of a dragon," said she with studied indifference. "Shall we make it to-morrow afternoon,

0

d

t

n

t

g

e

0

r

d

f.

18

n

T

į-

d

0

Γ

18

W

ıt

ie

0

1

st

Mr. Foster?" "Splendid! Say about half-past three, and then we can have a studio tea." Rupert was on his feet, hair rumpled, very attractive and masculine in his white flannels and old black and orange blazer. "Mrs. Trehearne 'll lend us cups, and you'll scour the town for cakes, won't you, Lettice? You're such a living wonder at shopping."

"I'm sure Miss Grant will forget nothing -not even the watercress." said Beryl, unfurling her parasol with a gesture that relegated Lettice as it were to the kitchen.

The two measured glances.

"You're sure you wouldn't prefer shrimps?" said Lettice, stung at last into retaliation.

Beryl only laughed, as she turned away. The girl had spirit, then-so much the better! He was really quite good-looking, and Penmorro was unbearable without a flirtation. A little opposition would only make the situation more piquant.

The studio tea went off without a hitch. Lettice saw to that, since Rupert proved his utter incompetence to cope with mundane affairs by forgetting to order the cream, and leaving the teaspoons in the confectioner's where he had been sent to fetch cakes. Beryl, accompanied by her father, a thin, rather dignified man, with a pointed grey beard, drifted about like a violet butterfly against the sepia shadows of the net loft, Lettice, watching her from behind the teathings, seeing Rupert's eager response to her airy promises and suggestions, felt strange misgivings. She felt lonely, apprehensive on her own account and his.

Mr. Polwhele wandered to her side, teacup in hand.

"He's a future before him, that young man," he observed, handing cake with a dignity worthy of a state banquet. "His faculty for colour is really extraordinary. I want him to come over to Polwhele and do the view from the terrace-it's singularly beautiful. Do you think he would accept the commission?"

"I'm sure he would." Lettice's eyes were on the pair by the window. She heard Beryl's confident voice:

"Rodney Danvers will be coming down in a week or two-the art critic on The Magnet, you know. He's a useful man. You must meet him. We might be able to arrange an exhibition in Town. Fame in a night! You'll be an R.A. if you aren't careful."

Rupert threw back his handsome head and laughed. His masculine credulity accepted her promises at their face value. It never occurred to him that Beryl's enthusiasm was inspired by his own attractive personality, that it was him and not his pictures that aroused her interest.

Lettice, with her clearer woman's vision, saw it all; she recognized the type which must have some plaything, be it a tame artist, or a pedigree Chow, with which to whet a jaded appetite for life.

The waves beat a requiem to their carefree, happy days when she came down to breakfast to find Rupert gulping coffee in the intervals of overhauling his painting kit ere setting out for Polwhele.

"I promised to be there by ten o'clock. Miss Polwhele's going to show me round the grounds. It's the chance of a lifetime to get taken up by people like that. They can make things so easy for a fellow. Painting's such a grind if you've no one to back you up.1

"I hope you'll have a good day." Lettice's smile was the indulgent, half-wistful one of a mother, who, detecting a flaw in her child, condones it because of her love. "I shall go fishing this afternoon. They say there are lots of mullet in the bay. You'll be home in time to sample them at supper? "

"I expect so." He crushed a Panama on his dark head, his face aglow with anticipation. He was too self-engrossed, too occupied with affairs of the moment to express regret for her lonely day. Lettice stifled a sigh and waved a cheery hand as he vaulted the low stone wall. That was like men! They forgot so easily. But women had longer memories.

The moon hung like a silver orange in the velvet sky when he returned. Lettice sat in the porch, like a white wraith guarded by shadowy hydrangea bushes.

"Heavens, I'm tired!" He flung his kit on the lawn, took off his hat, and regarded her with a disarming smile. "Had no end of a good time. The house is wonderfulreal Jacobean furniture, panelled hall, and carpets worth a king's ransom."

"You had dinner there?"

"Yes. It was great. I'm afraid I have a



"'So much for a woman's promises!' he said, nodding in the direction of the vanishing car"-p. 683

natural flair for luxury. I take to fingerbowls so easily." He laughed boyishly, his eyes on the twinkling lights in the harbour. A sense of exhilaration ran through his veins. Drudgery! Lettice was wrong. There were short cuts to fame. He rather thought he had found one.

"Did you do much painting?"

"Not a great deal." As a matter of fact, he had hardly put brush to canvas. "Miss Polwhele wanted to show me over the place. The grounds run right down to the sea, fringed by rhododendrons and azaleas. I

began work in earnest after lunch, butwell, Miss Polwhele came out—she's awfully entertaining—we had tea on the terrace" he made an expressive gesture with his hands—"and, behold, the day was gone!"

The next fortnight was a lonely one to Lettice, left to her own devices, while Rupert spent long days at Polwhele, alternately piqued and flattered by Beryl's delicate badinage and extravagant praise of his work. To Lettice the blue and gold of Penmorro was transformed to a uniform grey; she yearned over him in the spirit. To one of his temperament the primrose path would be disastrous. Already he was dallying there, content to sip the cup of victory at the hands of other people, rather than win

full measure for himself.

It was of his career that Lettice chiefly thought, though she had bad moments on her own account when she thought of Beryl with her perfect clothes, her alluring graces, the practised wiles she had at her command for the subjugation of man. Beryl would never marry a poor man, but she might win his devotion, the devotion which, until her coming, Lettice had tremulously hoped might be hers.

Fate worked on her behalf in the person of the Hon. Ian Burgoyne, rich, aristocratic, a worshipper at the shrine of the unworthy Beryl. He came down to the Manor for a month's visit, his arrival heralded by Mrs. Trehearne, in whose honest

eyes he had the good fortune to find favour. "As nice a gentleman as ever stepped, miss," she informed Lettice when the latter was in the kitchen arranging honeysuckle and foxgloves in a brown crock. "And that fond of Miss Beryl, but she only plays with him. She never did value a thing till someone else tried to take it from her." Which sidelight on Beryl's character gave Lettice furiously to think, and made her more than ordinarily charming to the Hon. Ian when in due course Beryl paraded him at Harbour Cottage.

J. Dewar Mill.

THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE

Lettice found his thin, patient face and air of good breeding sufficiently attractive to repay her. While Beryl and Rupert wrangled amiably over the respective merits of Turner and Whistler, she set herself to capture his interest. She succeeded admirably. A London season had left the Hon. Ian jaded and disillusioned. This girl with the frank flax-blue eyes and air of sturdy grace was refreshing as the sea-pinks and gorse after the orchids of his discontent.

Beryl noticed their absorption and de-

serted Rupert without a word.

S

a

"Miss Grant is going to conduct me to the Smugglers' Caves to-morrow," Ian told her in his slow, pleasant voice. "I am informed that old clothes are essential, so if you see me leaving the Manor looking like a tramp you'll understand. We'd take you too, only you hate wet feet." He smiled, the patient smile of a man whose love has long been nourished on hope alone.

Beryl shrugged indifferent shoulders, but there was hostility in her glance. "You'd better tell Watkins"—Watkins was the Hon. Ian's valet—"to be ready with blankets and hot gruel in case you come a cropper," she observed. "Good-bye, Mr. Foster. Remember, ten o'clock to-morrow. Time to be off, Ian." And with a desultory nod to Lettice she went out to the waiting

The next morning dawned clear and sunny, and Lettice, her fresh prettiness rising superior to an old tweed skirt and jade-green jersey, saw Rupert off to the Manor without a pang. He loitered a little in his preparations. She detected a note of jealousy in his voice as he said:

"Hope the scion of a noble house won't bore you. He looks a bit of a milk-op,"

"He's most interesting. I'm quite looking forward to the expedition," replied Lettice, bending over her lunch basket to hide a smile. Was her scheme going to work both ways? She was out to make Beryljealous; she had staked her last hope on that, but Rupert—she went forth to meet the Hon. Ian with hope singing lustily in her heart.

They had a glorious day. Ian was a charming companion, considerate, appreciative, and, as it proved, an experienced rock climber. A day under blue skies promotes intimacy. They discovered many tastes in common. Ian was an authority on old furniture, an ardent collector; Lettice, in her modest way, equally keen. When they

parted at the gate of Harbour Cottage they had agreed to dedicate the next day to an expedition to a village twenty miles away where rumour reported the presence of a grandfather clock of great antiquity.

The intimacy prospered. Ian found in Lettice a companion at once restful and stimulating. Her little practical ways, her sane philosophy of life, touched and amused him. Together they scoured the country in his car, fished, yachted, and did all the many things in which Rupert had once borne her company. A few weeks found that young man a trifle restive, Beryl openly insolent.

"Mr. Foster is coming up to tennis this afternoon. You don't play, I suppose, Miss Grant?" she remarked one day when they met in the studio, almost deserted now by its philandering lord and master.

"Only a very little," Lettice flushed beneath the other's disdainful glance. "I'm fearfully out of practice. I've played once or twice at Battersea Park, but—"

"I thought it was only factory girls who patronized public courts," said Beryl, with a sneer. "They wear black stockings and tan shoes, and say, 'What's the score?' every other minute."

Ian gave her a look of reproach. "I'm going to cry off tennis this afternoon," he said, "and take Miss Grant for a run to St. Michael's Mount. I want to reserve some of my energy for the dance on Friday. You'll save me some dances, won't you?" he added, turning to the grateful Lettice.

"I don't think I shall be there." Lettice spoke very clearly, looking straight at Beryl the while.

"But you do dance?" He was looking at her feet, slim and shapely in their white canvas shoes.

"Evidently Miss Grant hasn't received her invitation," put in Beryl carelessly. "You'll come, of course. That is, if you've got your evening things down here," she added, with a spark of malicious enjoyment in her dark eyes.

"I shall be delighted," answered Lettice quietly, fully aware that no invitation had been sent, and that Beryl's real object in giving it now was to force her to admit that she possessed no evening frock adequate to the occasion. Beryl's surmise was correct, but there were good shops at Plymouth, and Ian had offered to take her out in the car that very afternoon. It would be easy to persuade him to abandon the trip to St.

THE QUIVER

Michael's Mount, in favour of a lightning

shopping expedition.

Ian was an accommodating soul, and he made no demur at the suggestion. He promised secrecy when she confessed the nature of her errand, and even assisted in the selection of a dream in shot blue and silver taffeta and brocade shoes to match.

"It's awfully good of you to help me out like this," said Lettice gratefully, when they were speeding home between the tangled

Cornish hedges.

He gave her a look of understanding. "I hope you'll pull it off," he said cordially.

"You-you guessed?"

"I've known Beryl since she was seventeen. I've seen her woo a good many men from their rightful allegiance. I didn't flatter myself it was my beaux yeux that made you so specially nice to me," confessed Ian with his slow, delightful smile. "Besides, it's all for my good, isn't it? Once Foster's out of the running there's a chance for me. I'm too lazy to exercise strategy on my own account, but I'm only too willing to aid and abet you."

"It was Mrs. Trehearne who gave me the idea," said Lettice. "She said Beryl never valued a thing till she saw it being snatched from her." She paused, caught the appreciative twinkle in his lazy grey eyes, and blushed to the roots of her dull golden

hair.

"In that case I think we might be a little more fast and furious. Why not precipitate events? I can flirt very nicely, and that blue and silver frock will inspire me to any amount of midsummer madness. Besides, the sooner Rupert is freed from the toils the better. I won't deny I am anxious to try my own luck again. Is it a bargain?"

"I think so." Lettice's face was grave. The dealer in London was clamouring for work; a couple of commissions brought down to finish were uncompleted, "The Home Trail" shelved. The sooner matters came to a crisis the better. Her heart longed for Rupert, and Ian—she knew exactly how

he felt.

Their scheme prospered amazingly. Lettice, in the blue frock, was enchanting—
"a fairy hyacinth," as Rupert, granted a private view at Harbour Cottage, admiringly remarked. He was restless, ill at ease that evening. The sight of Lettice circling the ball-room dance after dance in the arms of "that titled chap" irritated him

unbelievably. It was Ian who took her in to supper, Ian who wrested ices from a harassed waiter on her behalf, Ian who wrapped a filmy scarf about her shoulders and escorted her to watch the moonlight on the water.

To add to Rupert's sorrow, Beryl was petulant and distraite, cut one of his dances, and made no effort to introduce Rodney Danvers, the famous art critic, from whom he had hoped so much. He stood blackbrowed and disconsolate, propping his broad shoulders against the doorway as Lettice and Ian finished the first extra.

"I almost think our handsome friend has had enough," whispered Ian softly. "And by all that's wonderful there's Beryl beckoning me. I am afraid this is where we part company. Wish me luck, little lady!"

"I do—you dear." Lettice watched him cross the room to Beryl, daring in flame colour and gold. They stood talking for a few minutes, then they disappeared on to the terrace. The band struck up. She crossed over to Rupert.

"Not dancing?" She tried to make her voice natural, but there was a tremor in it

nevertheless.

"It seems not. Beryl promised it to me, but she appears to have succumbed to the charms of the aristocracy, even as you did."

charms of the aristocracy, even as you did."
"Perhaps she forgot." He was so boyishly handsome in his bitterness, Lettice
longed to comfort him. "I haven't a partner either. Won't you take pity on me?"

They danced.

Rupert had not fully recovered his spirits when at his suggestion they repaired next morning to the studio to give it a muchneeded clearing up.

"Beryl said she'd get Danvers to look in some time to-day," he explained as they climbed the steep wooden staircase to the net loft. There was little conviction in his tone; he kicked moodily at a crab pot as though the action gave him relief.

"You had a chat with him last night, didn't you?" asked Lettice, as yet unaware

of the extent of Beryl's default.

"No. Beryl didn't introduce him," he admitted, standing dejectedly, hands in pockets, before the easel on which stood the half-finished picture of "The Home Trail."

Lettice slapped her duster at a pictureframe with unnecessary vigour. It was just as she thought—Beryl's interest was waning. She hated, even while she rejoiced at,

THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE

her astounding fickleness. "She's sure to look in some time to-day," she said, and fell to wondering whether at long last Ian had been successful in his wooing.

But Beryl did not come to the studio. Tea was over, and Lettice was watering the pinks and fuchsias in the cottage garden when Ian's car drew up at the gate and disgorged the pair of them.

"You didn't bring Danvers along?" Rupert button-holed Beryl at once in his im-

petuous, egotistical fashion.

"My dear boy, I clean forgot. Did I

promise? So sorry."

There was no penitence in her smile. Her radiant, imperious beauty seemed to Rupert in his disappointment an affront.

"You promised to introduce me, to work him up to help us over an exhibition in

Town. You-

"Exhibition! Heavens! I shan't have a moment when I get back to London. You see "-she glanced at Ian, sitting on the low wall with Lettice, and for a transient moment her eyes softened-"I've got to get a trousseau by October. Ian made himself such a nuisance last night that in pure selfdefence I had to say yes."

"It's quite true, Foster." Ian strolled up with a sympathetic smile. He felt for Rupert. Beryl was a little wretch; she had no mercy on her victims. "Beryl has succumbed to my fascinations at last,"

Rupert roused himself to murmur congratulations. When they had gone he turned to Lettice. She stood by the gate in an unpretentious white frock, the setting sun slanting on her fair hair, her blue eyes bright with sympathy.

"So much for a woman's promises!" he said, nodding in the direction of the vanishing car. "I counted on her help and influence. I was a fool, of course." He kicked moodily at a pebble.

"You can get on without influence. You've got talent; it's only hard work that's needed, the will to accomplish." The girl's voice was very earnest. She bent to pick a carnation. There were tears in her eyes. The next few moments might mean so much to them both.

"I'm such a lazy beggar. I'ou know that." Rupert regarded her wistfully. All his lordliness was gone. There was homage, even yearning, in his eyes. "I'm not a selfstarter. I want someone to keep me up to

"I wonder who could?" said Lettice,

sniffing daintily at her carnation,

"You could." His voice entreated; he kept his hands in his pockets with an effort. "But I can't ask you, it's such a poor place-my flat. The studio 'd make you weep. It's always in such a frightful mess.

"I love putting things to rights."

"We shouldn't be well off. I don't get big prices yet." He took his hands out of his pockets. Lettice came a little nearer.

"I'm so economical," she said, her blue

eyes raised provocatively to his.

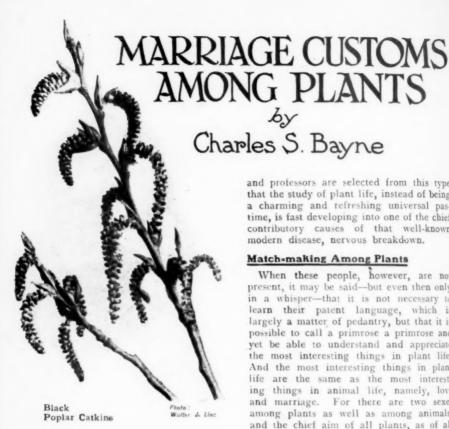
"Then you'll marry me and be poor?" His hands shot out and took her. rubbed a shameless cheek against

"Yes, if you'll let me bully you for your good, and buy me a carpet-sweeper," she whispered, as their lips met.



To All Lovers of Nature

A knowledge and appreciation of the ways of Nature is one of the most precious heritages of youth. Do not deprive your child of the opportunity of learning all about the meaning of the flowers, the birds and insects. Get your boy or girl to join the LITTLE FOLKS NATURE CLUB, to enter for the monthly competitions and read the monthly articles by "Squirrel." See full particulars in this month's LITTLE FOLKS (1s.).



T is tiresome to think that we almost daren't confess to an interest in wild flowers. For we live under a perpetual menace of being, on the slightest provocation, haled off to the nearest school and lectured on a terrifying thing called Botany. It is usually spelt with a capital B, and the first two words in it are monocotyledon and dicotyledon. Needless to say, the original botanists did not begin with these words. They began with buttercups and daisies and ended with cotyledons. then, having had all the pleasure of doing the thing naturally themselves, they decided, for some perverse reason, that all their successors must start the other way round. So now a botanist is not necessarily a man or woman who is interested in wild flowers; he is usually a laboratory worker who spends his days cutting plants up into minute pieces and examining these through a microscope. And it is because teachers and professors are selected from this type that the study of plant life, instead of being a charming and refreshing universal pastime, is fast developing into one of the chief contributory causes of that well-known modern disease, nervous breakdown.

Match-making Among Plants

When these people, however, are not present, it may be said-but even then only in a whisper-that it is not necessary to learn their patent language, which is largely a matter of pedantry, but that it is possible to call a primrose a primrose and yet be able to understand and appreciate the most interesting things in plant life. And the most interesting things in plant life are the same as the most interesting things in animal life, namely, love and marriage. For there are two sexes among plants as well as among animals, and the chief aim of all plants, as of all human beings, is to achieve a suitable and satisfactory union. As students of mankind, we all know that each race has its own wedding customs, each of them hallowed and stereotyped by time. The same is true of plants. Each species accomplishes its match-making in a way of its own, and the methods adopted for ensuring the suitability of the contracting parties are often startling in their originality and ingenuity.

As we are a race of part Viking origin, live upon an island, and are reared on the splendid tradition of the Elizabethan adventurers and a long succession of hardy pioneers and explorers, we are all too apt to pay overmuch deference to the wonders of Nature that have been brought home or recorded from foreign lands. This is unfortunate, as it blinds us to the interest of our own countryside, and, as a matter of fact, some of the most remarkable marriage customs are to be found among the familiar flowers of our English lanes and fields.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AMONG PLANTS

In Catkin-Time

The simplest of all is to be seen at its hest at catkin-time in early spring, and the plant on which the process can be most conveniently observed is the common hazel. Everyone knows the long, graceful, yellowish-green lambs' tails that brighten the hedgerows and woods from January to March and give us a foretaste of spring long before the trees begin to burst into leaf. These are flowers of the hazel, but they are not the flowers of the hazel nut in the sense that apple blossom is of the apple or may blossom is of the haw. They are only the male flowers, and as such do not produce nuts. If you wish to see the female flower, which does, you must look more closely at the hazel bush. The leaf buds are already much swollen, and from the tip of one or two of these you will see protruding two or three little red threads.

It is from these inconspicuous filaments that the nuts of the following autumn will develop. But they cannot be fertile nuts without the aid of the male flowers, which, as you will see, grow at a considerable distance from them.

If you shake the lambs' tails you will notice that a fine dust floats away from them and disappears. This dust, which is called pollen, con-sists of very minute grains which separate quickly and are carried about hither and thither with every breath of air. The lambs' tails produce huge quantities of it, so when they are fresh the air round and about the bush must be full of it, though it is invisible, as is the dust in a room till it is struck by a sunbeam. This being so, some of it is bound to be carried by an air current to those modest little red filaments peeping from the buds, and the moment a grain touches one of them it clings to it and almost immediately causes profound changes to take place within the bud.

Marriage-at a Distance

From this it will be understood that through the medium of this dust a female hazel flower may be married to a handsome male growing only a few inches away, or to one on the other side of the bush, or on another bush altogether, which might be hundreds of yards away if the wind should happen to be blowing in the right direction.

In the case of some trees—for example, the yew—the male and the female flowers grow on separate plants. If you observe yew trees closely you cannot help noticing that every spring some of them produce enormous quantities of tiny yellow flowers

and others apparently none, whereas in autumn the latter are covered with bright red fruit, while the former are berryless. The yellow flowers are the males, and if you shake the tree that bears them great clouds of dust will blow away from them. Most of this must be wasted, but it must be thus extravagantly scattered in order that a few grains may reach and fertilize the tiny, inconspicuous female flowers growing on another vew.

The wind blows hither and thither as he listeth, and carries lovers to each other with the ease, if not with the certainty, of a Persian magic carpet. In early ages he must have been the chief match - maker among plants. But he was not the only one nor the first, Water was the first. and still performs



Willow Catkins

Walter J. Line

THE QUIVER

this interesting and important function for most water plants and for such lowly forms as mosses and ferns.

But in course of time a new and more efficient agent arose in the shape of winged insects. These creatures must have resorted to flowering plants in the first place to steal the pollen dust, which is a very rich and nutritious food. Bees still collect pollen and carry it home to their nests in little baskets formed by hairs on their hind legs. The "bee bread," as it is called, can be easily seen in these baskets as the insects fift from blossom to blossom. So, to begin with, the insects were not friends but enemies of the plants, for, of course, they



Holly Biossoms

Photo: Mrs. M. H. Crawfora

There are two sexes of Holly, male and female blossoms growing on separate trees. The insects help to effect the unions.

visited only the male flowers, and devoured large quantities of the precious pollen which would otherwise have been scattered by the wind and become united in marriage with thousands of female flowers. This must have been a serious menace to the plant world, because it meant that all those thousands of female flowers must live and die

old maids. Something had to be done about it. The plants had either to prevent the insects from stealing their pollen or to induce them by some means to visit the female flowers also, so that some of the pollen the thieves were carrying off might be dropped on them and marriage thereby accomplished.

Both policies have been adopted with strikingly different results. A few plants have avoided the attentions of insect marauders by producing their flowers early in the year before the thieves are about in any numbers. The consequence is that they are still, at the present day, married in the old primitive way by wind or by water. Others have found an effective means of dealing with the robbers. By providing a supply of honey in both male and female plants they have converted the insects from enemies into allies. For in their eagerness to obtain the tempting fluid they fly from one to the other, carrying on their legs and bodies many grains of pollen from the male and brushing them accidentally, but none the less effectively, on to the female, and so each is the agent in many matches.

Making the Bees do the Work

In its simplest form this custom is to be seen best among the flowers of the sallow. The male flowers of this tree are commonly called palm, and everyone knows how attractive are their tiny bunches of yellow tassels. The female flowers, which grow on a separate tree, are hardly noticeable. So it is easy to understand how such a plant would suffer, before the discovery of honey, by attracting robbers to its pollen flowers and not to its seed flowers. But now on a dry, sunny spring day you may see dozens of bees of several species sucking honey from both male and female flowers. In extracting the honey of the former they pick up on their legs and the under parts of their bodies, or have showered on their backs and sides, many grains of pollen, and these they carry with them when they fly to a female tree, with the result that some of them are transferred to the sticky surface of the flowers, and so marriage is effected.

An advance on this is shown by the two sexes of the holly, which likewise grow on separate trees. In this case both are attractive and in outward appearance are alike, for they have both a beautiful ring of white petals and bloom in conspicuous bunches. So when insects have been sipping the honey

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AMONG PLANTS

of one and have enjoyed its flavour, they are more likely to visit the other in the hope of renewing the pleasure than they would be if it were petalless, and especially if other species with bright or tempting flowers should come within their view.

n.

le

1e

n-

ts

ct

ly

in

he

er.

of

ale

m

288

m

nd

ne

nd

be

OW.

OW

ow

le.

nt

ev,

ers

a

ens

iev

In

ick

of

eir

nd

fly

me

ace

ed.

wo

on

ac-

ke,

ite

es.

iev

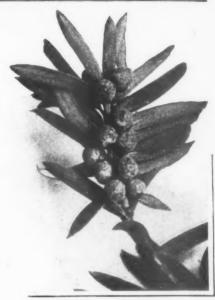
The majority of what are popularly called flowers, but are more correctly blossoms, are a combination of male and female flowers surrounded by a ring of petals. So with them one set of petals serves to attract visitors to both sexes, which is obviously an economy and simplifies the work of the match-maker, but it is also an insurance against celibacy, as will be shown later.

Now, several kinds of insects visit flowers for the sake of their honey-flies, beetles, moths, butterflies and bees. Flies, beetles and many species of bee have short tongues, whereas moths, butterflies and bumble and honey bees have long tongues. Obviously, therefore, the latter group will be able to obtain the sweet juice where it is beyond the reach of the former, and accordingly we find that flowers may be divided roughly into two sections, one with simple blossoms-for example, the common wild rose-in which the honey is offered openly and may be readily sipped by shorttongued insects, the other with the sweet store placed at the bottom of deep bells, or tubes, or spurs, and thus reserved for long-tongued visitors. That this reservation is not accidental nor unintentional is shown by the fact that the latter section is again divided into groups which limit their generosity to the various types of longtongued insects.

Why the Honeysuckle is Scented

Moths fly by night, and bees and butter-flies by day. Some flowers open and shed their fragrance at dusk, but the majority spread their petals during the day, and of these many close before sunset. The former are moth flowers. The most familiar example of this type is the honeysuckle. Everyone knows how its sweet scent is most noticeable after dusk. That scent is not intended for the delectation of human beings; its purpose is to attract moths so that they may sip the honey and, in passing from blossom to blossom, bring about the marriage of the two flowers.

The plants that bloom by day are again subdivided. Only a very few of them cater specially for butterflies. These insects are such gay, volatile creatures that their ser-



The Male Flowers of the Yew

The male and female flowers grow on separate plants. The wind has to act as match-maker to bring male and female together.

vices as match-makers are of little value. They visit all flowers indiscriminately, and so are constantly introducing to one another individuals of entirely different species, a failing in which they closely resemble their human prototype.

Hard-working Bees

Bees, however, have large, hungry families, and have to work hard to provide food for them. So they are steady and reliable. Moreover, they have an eye for colour and form, and when they have selected a flower they will, if possible, keep to that species for the whole journey. They are therefore first-rate match-makers, and consequently they are much sought after. Accordingly we find that plants offer their honey at various periods. In the goat'sbeard tribe marriage is illegal after mid-The scarlet pimpernel conforms to the English law and closes about three in the afternoon. The dandelion may marry up till six o'clock, and the daisy until an hour before sunset. Other plants, again, marry at particular seasons, and the cause is the same, the desire to have the undivided attention of the best possible match-maker.



Meadow Crane's-bill

Photo: Mrs. M. H. Crawford

Why do the stamens take it in turn to rise? See explanation in next column.

wonderfully adapted to tempt bees and benefit by their visits are very numerous, and many of these confine their favours to the bumble bees. Among the latter are the dead nettle, the foxglove, and the toadflax. The first has converted one of its petals into an arching hood and others into a broad landing-stage. The hood hides the true flowers, male and female, and protects them from rain, and when a bee alights on the landing-stage and proceeds to suck the honey, presses them against its hairy back, so that thereby the pollen grains may be transferred from the male flower of one blossom to the female of another. The peculiar form of the foxglove bell serves the plant in a similar way, and so does that of the toadflax.

Now all this is wonderful enough in itself, but it raises an obvious question which brings a startling answer. If the two kinds of flower are thus placed so conveniently together, why do not the pollen flowers simply shake their dust down on the seed flowers

and be done with it? The answer is practically that of our own marriage law. It is not desirable to marry within the family. To avoid this danger, many flowers are provided with contrivances of astounding ingenuity. The simplest method is to ripen either the one or the other first; that is to say, to allow the pollen flowers to burst and scatter their dust on insect visitors and wither before the seed flowers come to maturity, or the latter to open and receive pollen from insects that have come from other blossoms and then close before the former have expanded to the breaking point.

flo

ev

pe

di

st

ti

th

m

a

h

A Curious Provision

This can be seen very clearly in the meadow crane's-bill, one of the largest of our wild flowers. When the blossom opens first there are ten stamens or pollen flowers lying prone on the outspread petals, and a little club-shaped stalk standing up in the centre which is the unopened seed flower or stile. Presently five of the stamens rise up and stand erect, with their heads on a level with the top of the stile. The object of this change is to ensure that the pollen shall be discharged on that part of the insect which will afterwards come in contact with the top of the stile, otherwise it might never reach its destination. When their pollen has all been scattered these stamens, which are now headless, lie down as before and the other five take their places, and when they in their turn have distributed their precious dust, and not till then, the stile opens and spreads out five little rays, the upper surface of which is sticky and so prepared to receive the magic grains brought by insects from a younger blossom.

The Artful Primrose

The primrose goes much farther than this. Not only is each of its blossoms a combination of pollen and seed flowers, but it has two kinds of blossom, and these are grown on separate plants. These are popularly known as thrum-eyed and pin-eyed primroses. In the former the male flowers are at the mouth of the tube and the female reaches only to about the middle, and in the latter the positions are reversed. This ensures that a male of a thrum-eyed blossom can be married only to a female of a pin-eyed blossom, and vice versa.

Strict obedience to the marriage law, however, is not so rigidly enforced among

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AMONG PLANTS

plants as it is among ourselves. When a flower is disappointed in its hopes of marriage with another of its own species it consents to marriage within the family in order that its line may not perish, and the means by which this is accomplished are just as remarkable as those already mentioned.

re

g n

0

51

id

to

re.

m

16

1.

10

of

18

TS

ıd

in

d

13

ls

le

10

06

n

96

n

38

n

ir

9

11

re

Ĉľ

2-

as

n

ly

n-

re

le

in

115

18-

2

ng

For example, the scarlet pimpernel, as everyone knows, opens and closes at least once a day. When it closes at the end of its second day some of the pollen grains from its own male flowers adhere to the petals and can be seen clinging to them when it opens once more next day. The blossom closes finally at the end of its third day, and afterwards, when its petal ring drops off, it slides over the long seed flower, leaving some of those grains on its sticky tip, which is thus saved from sterility if it has not already been fertilized by a visiting insect.

In the common yellow rattle and the cow-wheat the seed flower is much longer than the pollen flowers and is ripe before them. Later, however, it curves down and under them, so that, if it has not received the precious dust from abroad, it may catch theirs at it falls.

Can Plants feel Pleasure ?

The violet is a recognized bee flower. Its colour is a favourite with bees, and its honey is secreted at the end of a long spur where it can be reached only by long-tongued insects. But, strange to tell, not one violet in a thousand ever produces seed. When. however, all the spring blossoms have faded and died, the plant grows an entirely new set of flowers. These are small and never open, but they fertilize themselves, and it is from them that most of the violet seed is developed. Why a plant which can provide a plentiful supply of fertile seed by this means should go to the trouble and expense of producing those beautiful and ingenious spring blossoms which are Dead almost all wasted is Nettle one of the mysteries An example of the self-fertilized plants-

of Nature. It suggests that there may be something more than utility in flowering, that there may even be some form of pleasure in the very act. And when we consider that those beautiful things we call petals are male flowers specially modified and coloured to attract attention, and that they are displayed at the same interesting period in the life of the plant as are the mating plumage in the life of the bird, coloured wings in the life of the butterfly, we cannot escape the idea that they are actually expressions of love. And this in passing prompts a further reflection, and one of a somewhat topical nature, namely, that it is significant that even in the plant world the males should be so much more conspicuous than the females.

An Intriguing Story

In any case, however, this brings us to the most astonishing and most intriguing part of the whole story.

Among ourselves long - continued marriage between closely related families leads not necessarily delicacy of constitution, but invariably to lack of intelligence, whereas marriage between families of different races usually results in offspring of excepti onal intelligence. Something similar to this law seems to exist in the vegetable world. There are many species that are always selffertilized-for example, shep-

herd's purse, groundsel, and so on. They are all small, inconspicuous, weedy plants, but marvellously prolific, and from that point of view thoroughly successful, for they grow anywhere and everywhere. It is among those species in which marriage between separate plants takes place most freely, in which the marriage law is most strictly adhered to, that we find the greatest beauty of colour and form and the most wonderful ingenuity of construction.



small and insignificant.

689

1491

A Winner by Instinct

A Roving Story
By
Charles Inge

But in that grim institution—for years he squirmed at asphalte playgrounds—they told him that his surname, Burden, was sufficient. They also told him that his mother would come back for him when she had made a home. Then they set to discipline his young mind with the virtues of citizenship. But the other boys were only concerned with the theory and practice of savagery. So one day he ran away to find his mother and tell her to be quick about it.

Very foolishly he slipped out between those dreadful iron gates without knowing her address. He would not go back. London, the London that awaits homeless boys, promptly swallowed him up.

In that period he gave up all idea of home or even a mother. He spoke of her once to a van-man; a window glimmering warmly amid the night murk of railway arches stirred his memory. He did not try again, but set himself to acquire a heavier reserve and a greater endurance against hunger. He acquired both painfully. But he was a heavy lad to knock about; his mind was equally cumbersome. So either by luck or natural ineptitude for roguery he remained obstinately honest.

When he got his chance of promotion from the van tailboard, that early training, that had so scared his slow intelligence, served him well. At twenty-two he had arrived at a stool in the counting-house of Messrs. Trench and Freebody, toy merchants, of Newgate Street, London.

Thus in eight years he had progressed from drudge of the gas-lit packing counter to invoice clerk without anyone suspecting that he was an animal in captivity.

He did not know it himself. He did not look like it. His round, homely face, set in a mould of stolid respectability, pronounced him the type that goes on until age or infirmity should push him into unmemoried retirement.

There were anomalies, even after railinged playgrounds and the cutting edge of

straps had ceased to be a terror. For one thing he called himself an orphan. But more peculiar was that he unhesitatingly declared his father's occupation to be farming, under the first inquisition of the junior staff. For he had never known his father. Yet the tangible thing was his respectable security, bounded by the morning and evening pipe. He was dreadfully lonely, with the loneliness only possible in a big city; the family he lodged with in Camden Town never got near him. But he had no active discontent.

That began on a certain Saturday in February. One whole Saturday in every month was a precious holiday for each member of the staff. For Messrs. Trench and Freebody not only had a box for suggestions, but acted on the suggestions whenever possible. After a morning of healthy buffering on Hampstead Heath, he was led to the National Gallery by one Melrose, an uncouth, ape-faced packer who had tempered his early martyrdom in the dispatch-room, thereby earning Luke's real, though inarticulate gratitude.

It was the first time he had seen real pictures. But it was Melrose at the teashop afterwards, coming on top of those wondrous landscapes of sunshine and repose, who started the cumbrous machinery of his mind. Melrose asked his question with a full mouth:

"You never said where your father farmed? An' whyever didn't you farm too?"

Luke answered as one who has learned to jump from the blow. "Down Surrey way—place called Spalding." The second question he made a joke of; but he wasted his Sunday, wandering from one square of sooty evergreens to another, wondering. Monday gave him another jolt.

Melrose challenged him amid the packing-cases in the dim corridor: "Spalding's in 'Ertfordshire," he announced, manipulating the inevitable bit of string across with his tongue.

Again Luke spoke quickly, for him:

A WINNER BY INSTINCT

"May be; but you go to the station by a raised plank footway over the splash." "You said Surrey; an' there ain't no

station Spalding. Looked it up."

"Who said there was? I was talking of the road to the station from Spalding."

Luke got away then, trying to feel only surprised that there was a place called Spalding. His vision of the footway, too, was curiously distinct. It had a length of handrail missing. He must have read about it. He liked reading stories of country

life.

oru

e

one

But

de-

ng,

aff.

Yet

ble

and

ly,

big

den

no

eb-

ath

of

ee-

ns,

08-

et-

he

ın-

ed

m,

ar-

al

op

us

ho

id.

ıll

er

m

ed

ev

nd

ed

of

g.

38

11-

55

He accepted this explanation. But on the way home that evening he entered the terminus he had passed unentered for years and helped himself to the fluttering handbills. Of the seaside excursions he made red and yellow spills and stuck them in the pink and magenta abominations on his bedroom mantelpiece. But even in his examination of the others-the cheap trains into the country-there was no plan in his slow brain. Only as he read the names of the places, Spalding revealed itself to him more vividly: a place at the bottom of a steep road with a drinking trough in front There was a white of a cobbled space. house, too, that faced a corner field of black withered things; beans he knew them to be. Yet he did not remember having seen field-beans ready for harvesting. He had always taken his yearly holiday at the seaside.

From this the slow processes of his mind arrived by gradual degrees at dissatisfaction with the room in which he worked.

"If only we'd a window!" he announced one day to his companion in an interval taken to eye the dingy skylight.

"What's the use in lookin' out if you can't go out?" The man was notoriously surly.

But Luke was wrestling with his own trouble. "We could see the sky."

"The sky! You have got the hump."
Luke did not think it was the hump proper. But he manufactured an immediate errand to the buyer's room, thereby getting a sight of the one plane tree that grew in the square well of grimy garden quite walled in by surrounding offices; a sooty, sodden tree it was, just then with last year's seed balls hanging tasselwise from its twisted branches. He had got into the habit of communing with that tree, much as a child will make a confidante of a possession. It stood to him for some-

thing. Only he knew better than to speak out loud to it as a child will.

Melrose caught him at it. "Got a lady friend in those windows opposite?"

Luke's pronouncement came then quite naturally: "I'm going into the country my next Saturday. Will you come?"

"'Ampton Court this time o' year?"

"I mean real country. We can get a cheap ticket. Somewhere in . . . Hertfordshire."

"An' we can get a cold in the 'ead without payin' for it." Melrose gauged him and his enwrapped stare at the dank square of garden. "What's the use o' the country this weather? Now a music-'all . . .

Right oh, you go!"

Luke went. He took his ticket in a spirit of adventure. He gave it up amid the little cluster of morning passengers, feeling rather foolish. It was raining faintly; and the day stretched out before him as a period of hours to be spent tramping damply. Directly he started tramping

the change began.

Judged as an excursion, the conditions failed lamentably. But the more he had to hunch his shoulders against the rain the louder he hummed-sure sign with him of It was just that-content. glow of exercise and the mud upon his boots filled him with it; the squelch of a puddle extra deep made him laugh-a queer, deep laugh of satisfaction. He did not often laugh. Then, too, the sodden fields and the dim tracery of trees became his kingdom; he furnished them with crops and green, shimmering in the summer heat. He was somehow conscious in his slow mind of the hidden throb of Nature renewing her vitality with winter sleep. He could not have explained this. But the country gave him thoughts.

Then coming to a village he got a new sensation. The first cottages welcomed him primarily with thoughts of lunch—for here he would eat his sandwiches and patronize the inn—but also mysteriously. It was an odd sense of something beckoning, something that eluded him and yet kept him company. At The Bunch of

Grapes he came even nearer to it.
"Walking for pleasure?" asked the land-

lord.

"Suppose so. Had a bit of rain here lately."

"Tidy bit."

"Not more'n's wanted, I dare say."

The man looked his surprise: "Thought you was a Lon'oner. Made sure you was."

"May be I am."

Luke felt for his handkerchief and used the back of his hand. To wipe his mouth with his knuckles was in keeping with this tone and phraseology that had come so strangely upon him.

"Ain't be long up in t' smoke then, I

reckon?

"Long enough to lose countings. An' m' father worked on the land, he did."

It just came out as it had at Newgate Street. For the life of him he could not have stopped it; and yet here he called it working on the land—a different thing from farming.

"Round these parts?"

The man had asked the inevitable question. Luke had an absurd desire to say Spalding. So he talked with emphasis about the weather and got away soon. On the road again he went slowly, almost gingerly, lest he should disturb this queer sense that was all around him out here amid the wet fields and twisting muddy roads.

Only in the train did he get an explanation; stumbled on it, as it were, amid a recollection of soaked vegetation and the freshness of damp earth. Familiarity. That was it. But familiarity with what?

Melrose never tired of chaffing him. Any day especially stormy he inquired as to the next excursion. At each sally Luke got more and more possessed of that mysterious

familiarity.

A period of restiveness supervened. Progress and success as understood at Newgate Street became empty things. He began to examine the conditions of his life for grievances and found them easily, in spite of the consideration of the partners for their staff. He never got out. The sky was a mere pall of smoke and telegraph wires. The noise and grime of London offended him as something newly discovered. The very hardness of the pavement got to be an injury—that dreadful asphalte playground all over again. He wanted the crunch of grit or friendly mud beneath his feet.

He went into the country again on his next free Saturday, though this he kept from Melrose. He tried south this time; tried it with dogged shyness, absurdly expectant,

and failed abysmally.

Though the pines and heather pleased him and there were glints of spring sunshine, the day was void. He worked hard, in his dull, simple way, to achieve the spirit of his previous excursion. He ate his sandwiches by the roadside; he picked up the loose loam in his hands; he lay full length in the heather; he even chose his inn for its rough benches outside. But at the end he was still only a tripper, a Londoner in the country; and in some curious way he was teased by a sense of having been disloyal.

be

0

That Monday he went to work actively discontented. In anyone more alert it would have been rebellion. By the end of that week Melrose was prophesying disaster.

"You're asking for it proper, young Burden, you are!" Gossip had carried Luke's latest blunder round the building. "Been left money?"

"Don't you begin!" Luke's tone was new, sullen. With heavy bitterness he enumerated the chief clerk's tyrannies.

The ape-face softened quizzically. Melrose removed the string from his mouth—a rare compliment. "True, every word of it. But cheese it, cully! He can pass you the red morocco as easy as biff!"

Luke hinted at indifference. Melrose

summed up callously:

"Spring. Someone always gets sacked in the spring. But I'll be sorry if it's you. Why not wait a month or so to tell him what you think; then you won't want to quite so badly."

Luke hardly heard him. He was listening to the sparrows singing in that square of garden. They helped him to the scorch of sun upon his neck as he had felt it at Southend; but there was also a drink of warm milk amid the sweet pungency of the cowshed. That was not Southend. And then he got it—the real urge beneath his discontent, the temptation that had been niggling at his laborious thoughts for days. He knew with an amazing suddenness that he wanted dismissal. He wanted the excuse of it.

Two weeks later Melrose was apologizing for his prophecy: "I'd 'ave given up the pleasure of bein' right; given it up willin'ly. What you goin' to do?"

"Do?" Luke looked out blankly

through his visions.

Melrose interrupted them brutally: "Yes, I know. Lie abed an' grin at a 'oliday four months before it's due. But afterwards? After your week's screw's spent? What you goin' to do?"

"Do?" Luke's inane content remained

A WINNER BY INSTINCT

unshaken. Then it came out, as at The Bunch of Grapes, an announcement quite beyond his control. "I'm getting away from all this." At once he was looking as one who has said a foolish thing.

But Melrose was only offended. "No business o' mine! I know that. But when a mate asks a civil question . . ."

Luke let it go at that. He had all the slow man's suspicion of speech; besides, he had no explanation.

On Saturday he was listening to a fare-

well homily from the head clerk with curious detachment and an exasperating smile. The man spoke stupidly about lost opportunities; a t least Luke thought so and watched the odd twitch of his scrubby moustache. His manner goaded the man to foretell a horrible end. It roused Melrose later to a spitting of chewed

at

ıe

e

"You'll get twisted badly, you will, young Bur-

den! "

"Good-bye," said Luke, "and thanks."

The smile finished Melrose:
"Oh, good-bye! Eyes to 'eaven! You fair beat me! But when you're sick of lookin' for a job an' your boots is wore out, better come and make shift with me."

Luke roused at that to thank him gratefully. But that smile was creeping back as he called to the doorkeeper for the last time. He smiled

the whole way home, only once coming out of his huge content to buy a bunch of primroses and stick it awkwardly in his button-hole. Once he laughed—his short deep laugh. The head clerk had been so certain about lost opportunities.

This wondrous satisfaction remained with



"He entered the terminus and helped himself to the fluttering handbills?"—p. 691

Drawn by Leo Bates

him until he gave notice for his room and learned—what in his folly he had overlooked—that he had to stay on and pay for another week.

For Sunday and part of Monday he tramped the streets with this dilemma. Not that he hesitated; but it took his mind just so long to hammer out an escape.

On Monday evening he left without good-

His deal at the old-clothes shop had been disastrous financially; nor was he quite sure he had left his landlady enough of his wardrobe. But he went out into the twilight, humming, his luggage a canvas nosebag slung by its strap. The wardrobe dealer had suggested that, having a line of them for sale.

That night he slept in the veranda of a cricket pavilion where suburban fields fringe off the pattern of the Great City's streets.

He fell asleep, humming.

The next day he set off like a homing animal for The Bunch of Grapes. He went strangely transformed. That night in the open had wrought a subtle change in him, as if elfins of the countryside had stolen in and put their mark on him while he slept. It was a good deal more than the mere growth upon his chin. Each mile he walked, a deeper patience settled in his faithful eyes; each mile the staccato walk of the pavement became more and more a trudge; he sought the edge of the road instinctively for its cushion of damp earth. He ate by the roadside hungrily at the corner of his mouth and wiped his hands on his trousers.

He went straight on without once asking the way. A train speeding Londonwards drew from him his rare laugh. Otherwise he asked himself no questions. He knew that this was no excursion; the rest would happen. So he came in the late afternoon to The Bunch of Grapes, as he had known he would, with little left to him of his clerk-dom but his clothes and the desire for his cup of tea. As a man pulled by instinct he went into the bar for it.

The landlord welcomed him with instant recognition: "Had a power of rain since you was here last."

" Aah! "

"An' a bit o' sun would just do fine."

"That so." Luke nodded. The transition in his speech seemed natural now. "Trees be thickenin' nicely, though."

"Won'erful!" The man stopped polish-

ing the tumbler to look across at him. "You ain't on a holiday this time?"

ha

al

110

28.

SU

0

W

d

li

"Was I before?"

"You ain't this time. Now are you?"

" True for you, mister."

The man nodded at his own sagacity and leaned more vigorously over his glasses. "Where you makin' for?"

Luke got it out this time easily; there was nothing to hide now. That he should utter it with all a countryman's vagueness was only proper. "Spalding, may be."

"Ah, Spalding."

Then at last into Luke's set, unquestioning purpose crept the first simmerings of excitement. There had been only an instinct in those weeks of restiveness, in the joy of his dismissal, even in this undeviating tramp; an overlaid desire perhaps touched to life by the mysterious associations of the country; but no more; hardly so much in his conscious mind. Now this man in his meandering description of the way across the fields had arrived at a raised plank footway across the splash;

"An' mighty rotten it is these days; the handrail gone near every length."

Luke needed a sudden big gulp of tea. Then he had said it:

"There's been a length missin' ever since I can remember."

The man held the last tumbler to the light and nodded. "A disgrace I call it. Spalding's not what it was; used to keep itself proper one time."

Luke nodded for safety. The man droned

"I'm talking of fifteen, mor'n fifteen year back; long before old Bob Welsh went an' put them villas up on the road."

" Villas? "

The question was mere emotion. For beneath his stolid calm Luke was grappling with a shivering expectancy. Something was about to happen. He felt it coming. That sense of familiarity was closing in on him.

"Ah, villas!" At last the man put away his cloth and lounged across the bar. "Ain't you been there lately then?"

Luke shook his head. He got up off the bench. What he felt required that he should be standing to meet it. He reached down for his cup mechanically. The man had started speaking again:

"Ah! Six o' em there be. Station side of the splash; in the field where Tom Burden shot hisself. Eh, what's that?"

A WINNER BY INSTINCT

Luke was spluttering and feeling for his handkerchief.

"Thought you spoke. Funny that always seem to me; no manner of reason in it at all. If she hadn't took an' bolted with the child, Mr. Withers he'd ha' done summat for her. None never could make

out why she went; weren't none o' her doin'. Eh? One shilling. Your change an' thank you. Certainly none o' her doin'. And now they tell . . . Got to be Well, gettin' along? good day. Good day."

m.

nd

es,

vas

ter

vas

on-

of

in-

the

ng

led the

his

058

nk

the

ea

ice

he

it.

ep

ed

ear an'

10

ng

ng

ıg.

on

out

ar.

he

he

ed

an

de

om

Luke was already in the road, mouthing words without sound at his discovery. The manner of his going changed. Now he went slowly, looking about him as a man expecting something to jump out on him.

Down the steepness of the last field he felt it coming on-a strange timidity, a sense of awe. The miracle of this homecoming was unfolding. When he reached the road and saw over the stile the dilapidated footway across the splash, he laughed. At the bend in the road he saw the white house. Then all doubt, all fear left him. He knew now what he was going to do as if he had always known.

Mr. Withers lived in that white house. He knew that as certainly.

He was trotting now-a sort of lope-the years sloughed from him. Only the house looked too small, too close to the road. He glanced at the corner field; but it was sown with young green wheat in rows.

He was in the drive now, staring at the house as he went up to it. It used to be a mansion; and there should be a knob off the

bootscraper. Yes. Then he had rung the bell.

"Mr. Withers in?" The old dame who opened the door looked him over ruthlessly, "That's as may be. You ain't a tramp. 'What is it?"

He had no hesitation: "I come to work

for Mr. Withers, same as m' father done. He that shot hisself. . . . Burden. . . I'm now? 22



""The old man peered at him. 'You ain't having a game with me?'"-p. 696

The old dame had fled, all elderly sedateness forgotten, crying shrilly as she went: "Mr. Withers! Mr. Withers!"-and as the square, bent figure emerged into the narrow hall-"Oh, Mr. Withers, here's the son come back! Tom Burden's son! 17

The old man spoke testily against her flutterings: "Eh? Tom Burden's son?" Then he saw Luke and came to the doorway. "You Tom Burden's son?"

" I'm Tom Burden's son."

The old man peered at him. "You ain't having a game with me?"

" Me?"

"Ah, you."

"I've tramped from London on purpose, anyways. I come to work on your land, same as he done."

Luke spoke stubbornly. To him, with his revelation new upon him, all this bother seemed unnecessary. But the old man's face had already changed, the rheumy, weather-beaten eyes almost gentle. He spoke enwrapped in some emotion:

"Tom Burden's son, eh? What's your

name?"

" Luke."

The old head nodded. "Ah. Luke Burden. And you want to work for me, Luke? Came on purpose?" Again he nodded at his wonder. "Tom Burden's son come home. Well, I'm blowed! How d'you know? Ah, I'll take you on all right. Are you scared easy?"

Luke felt suddenly afraid. He had come here as a dog finds his way home. He was going to work here as his father had worked. What more could there be? His slow brain jibbed. He shifted where he stood. "No easier'n most, I reckon."

The old dame caused a diversion. She came ready dressed to go out—a hasty dressing. Her black bonnet was all awry.

"Hallo!" The old man eyed her.

The jet in her bonnet set a-dancing to her portentous nod. "I'm a-going on ahead."

Mr. Withers turned again as she scurried down the drive. His hand came down heavy on Luke's shoulder. "Trust a woman to get quick off the mark when there's a tellin'. Not scared easier than most, eh? I said as I'd put Joe Glover on to do a bit of repairs to the place; the creeper's pulled the tiles off cruel. Tom Burden's son, eh? "

Luke shifted again. "Beg pardon, but I'm a bit done. What I got to be scared

of? "

"A bit done, ch? So much the better. You'll be going in quieter then. 'Cause she be a bit ailin', Luke, a bit ailin'." Now the old man was speaking to himself as old folk will. "Ah! a bit ailin' and no wonder. An' for all her talk it'll be a mighty big surprise. But good news never filled a grave yet."

Then it was that the whole wonderful truth, the full message of his instinct, dropped plumb down into Luke's brain. This home-coming, this discovery of his father, was merely a prelude. He laughed his deep laugh, almost sheepishly, as the heavy hand came down again on his shoulder, giving him a gentle push.

"There! Old 'Lizbeth's had the length of the village. Do you cut along, lad. Last cottage past the trough outside the inn. You should know it since you come so far. But quietly, Luke, mind! Quietly."

Luke grinned. He knew; but he wanted to hear it: "Who'll I see, mister? You not told me yet. Who'll I see?"

The old man got quite huffy. His rheumy smile broke up in testy protest:

"Who'll you see? Why, who but your mother, lad? I be tellin' you! Come back nigh on six months ago. Always said as you'd come too. Harped on it. There, cut along. Old 'Lizbeth'll have told her by

now; and she'll be sort o' hankering."

Yesterday's Rain

By Grace Mary Golden

YESTERDAY'S rain is over,
And yesterday's buds are flowers.
There's life in the air and the land is fair
Because of yesterday's showers.

Yesterday's griefs are over, But yesterday's joys remain. The skies that were grey are sunny to-day— Why fret about yesterday's rain?

INSECT WORKERS AND FIGHTERS

Snail drawing a weight of 1 lb.

he

er, he ow old no a ver

ful ct.

his

the

his

gth

ad.

nn.

ar.

ted

lou

my

oui

ack

25

cut

by

By Marion H. Crawford

(With photographs by the author)

HE intelligence of insects is of an absolutely different kind from our own, so different that we have no means of understanding it, for we cannot feel, see or hear in their way. We possess a brain and spinal cord; they have three nerve centres, all acting independently but communicating with each other. We have an extraordinarily sensitive skin; they have no "skin" at all. In no case can one of their nerve centres be called a brain; and, really, it is hardly a nerve centre either. But it must be called something, and we have to get as near to the correct description as possible. shall never get very near, because we have not one sense in common with the insects, and, therefore, we can only apply tests suggested by our human brains, with which an insect's intelligence has no connexion at all.

Where do they get their Senses?

All we can do is to watch it fighting and working-for, to our eyes, that is all that it ever does. We know, actually, just as much of it as its name implies-insecare. the Latin verb meaning "to cut into"; that is, an insect has three parts, head, thorax, and abdomen. According to these three parts we classify insects generally; but how they live out their complicated little lives, where they store their intelligence, we shall never find out. That they do possess intelligence is, of course, indisputable; one need go no farther than think for a moment of the social organizations of the familiar ants and hive bees; they are beyond monarchies or republics or the finest human Utopias ever dreamt of. They are not mere clockwork machines either; they are liable to temporary disorganization and degeneration. They can also accommodate themselves to changed conditions; it is certain that the hive bees' "city" has undergone age-long development and elaboration.

Seeing without Eyes? Thinking without a Brain?

There is a sort of satisfaction in accepting the fact that we can never understand the motive power of insects; they feel things differently, they hear things differently, they see things differently. In spite, or because of its very strange form, it is probable that the expressionless eye of an insect does not record the image of an object at all, and this may be true quite apart from the fact that there is no brain to receive the image even if it is recorded. It is apparently quite obvious that a dragon-fly clearly sees the fly it is stalking, and yet the eight-eyed wolf-spider quite as obviously does not "see" the egg bag that is taken from her and placed a couple of inches in front of

So we can only observe what an insect does, and such observation is quite sufficient to provide a hobby for a lifetime. I have been examining "red spider" mites under a magnifying glass. Of course, mites are, strictly speaking, not insects, in that they have no antennæ, and the body is a plain oval or round shape: but they are tiny members of the Arthropoda group to which all insects belong. They are always tremendously busy under their tent-like webs, which they build, not for snaring food, but

probably for protection against the weather or, perhaps, other mites.

Immensely Strong

Have you ever considered how immensely strong some minute workers are? They are not only active and busy, they are, comparatively speaking, very much stronger than we are. The hive bee, for instance, has been found capable of drawing twenty times its own weight; that means that it is about thirty times stronger than a horse. A blow-fly is still stronger; experiments have been made by harnessing it, and this small fly has been able to draw one hundred and fifty times its own weight! There is a simple little experiment on a blue-bottle that can be carried out by anyone. Catch

must be impossible for an insect to know a minute of boredom or dullness or even of idleness. Three of the busiest beetles I know are the rove or cocktails, the sextons. and the ground beetles. All inhabit my garden, all are carnivorous, and all are good workers and excellent fighters. The sextons quickly inter any small dead birds or mice they find; they do such work at a speed that would be equalled by two men who could dig a grave for an elephant in half an hour! Cocktails, or devil's-coachhorse beetles, shine conspicuously in valour and irrepressible pugnacity, attacking any foe, large or small, never knowing when they are beaten. They know no fear at all. But this is a characteristic of all this tribe; they have no notion of the meaning of fear.

because they cannot feel pain; if they could, the tragedy of their lives would be a daily horror, for millions of them seem only to live to be eaten.

The Artful Snail

It is not by any means the carnivorous insects that are the strongest. The powers of recuperation possessed by the common snail are little short of marvellous, and this applies also to its muscular strength. It can mend its shell when not too hopelessly smashed, and it can pull a weight of at least half a pound. By some people this would be considered pretty good for such a strict vegetarian as the snail. wherever it may store its "brain power" it seems to possess something that is a good substitute for common sense. It

will be seen in the photograph that a thread attaches the snail to the little loaded truck. Now, that snail would pull for a second only; as soon as it felt the drag behind it it stopped dead, then moved backwards, so that the thread slipped forward on to its fleshy body in front of the shell. Its next act was to draw in its horns right under the shell. When it pushed them slowly out again they were above the thread! All it had to do then was to glide on and leave the truck behind. It did this again and again; it knew exactly the right and only thing to do, and did it at once.



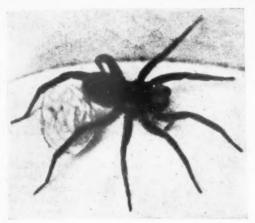
The Hive Bee
This insect is capable of drawing twenty times its own weight.

a blue-bottle and place a box of matches, open, on the table. If you hold the fly by the wings and allow it to grip a match it will lift it clear out of the box and then, after a second, drop it; the box will be empty before the fly is tired. Not only is the suction power of the foot-pad thus shown, but the strength of the leg muscles is also proved.

Always at it

These small creatures are always fighting and working; when they stop they die, so that, though their lives in their mature state are short, they are full of interest. It

INSECT WORKERS AND FIGHTERS



The Wolf-Spider

This ingenious little insect carries its egg-bag about with it wherever it goes. If by any chance it becomes separated the spider will hunt everywhere for it.

Stupid Caterpillars

of

ıs,

ny

re

he

de

a

en

in

ur

nv

e;

of

ly

ne

of

29

h.

11

le

ty

e-

0,

in

55

at

m

d.

ad

nt

in

it

20

en

d.

ly

it

Caterpillars and grubs are very robust vegetarians, but they are generally considered more than usually "brainless"; perhaps this is simply because they are in a transition state, and their powers are very limited. They do not seem able to surmount any difficulties at all, either natural or artificial. But, though they can do little else but eat, they can do that little remarkably well; they have extremely strong jaws; the goat-moth caterpillar, for instance, can manage to eat its way through anything but metal.

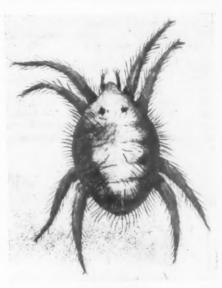
Grubs, however, which differ from caterpillars in having very horny heads and being more or less legless, are sometimes carnivorous, and have, therefore, need for more intelligence than leaf-eating caterpillars.

Take the "worm" of the caddis-fly. It is a simple matter to fish these out of almost any pond, place them in a jar, and examine them. They live in tube-shaped houses, which they build for themselves out of a variety of materials, such as grains of sand or leaves. Induce one or two to leave their homes—not a difficult matter if you pinch the tail part—and you will find the worm such a defenceless creature that it is very necessary for it to rebuild as soon as possible; if the materials it likes best are not obtainable it will often make use of anything else you provide.

The Clever Old Spider

Spiders are notoriously genious. The wolf-spider is not quite so much in evidence as the garden or diamond-back, but she is a very common spider in every garden, all the same. Only her way of life demands secrecy and cover, so she chooses hidden paths under the plants and bushes; here she chases her prey, carrying all the time about her all her worldly possessions, consisting of a large bag of eggs. There are often as many as two hundred in a single little silken egg-case, and, though the weight to us may be exceedingly small, it cannot be so to the spider, especially as she carries it with her wherever she goes. She would almost rather lose her life than her egg-case, and when it is taken from her it is very evident

that all her faculties are called into play in order to discover its whereabouts. It is easy enough to capture a wolf-spider with her eggs on any summer day, and with a little care she may be separated from them. She will then begin to hunt for them, feeling her way over every inch of ground for a considerable distance all round. But how does she carry on this



The Red Spider

search? If the egg-bag is placed quite near she may or may not come across it. She certainly does not look for it with her eyes, and when she finds it she probably does not see it. It has been suggested that, as she carries the bag behind her and manufactured it. with silk from her spinnerets, also behind her, she has never actually seen it. It seems impossible to prove or disprove this, but I do not think it solves the puzzle. Anyway, the fact remains that, when she finds it again, it is not by

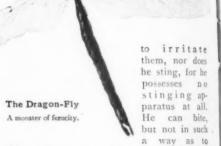
The Brilliant Dragon-Fly

means of her eyesight.

The dragon-fly is another common garden visitor easy to capture and easy to examine. Sooner or later he settles, with stiff, brilliant, transparent wings, on some projecting leaf or twig, and here he stays for several seconds or minutes. . Sometimes, on being approached, he takes flight, at other times he remains motionless and is captured without trouble. If it is true that he can see distinctly, then one can only conclude that sometimes he falls asleep, and for that reason is not aware of our approach. The probability is that his eyes do not help him to see us, though they may help him to feel us. For instance, he seems to take alarm if one's shadow falls across him; wind direction is very likely another cause of his being affected by our nearness.

A Monster of Ferocity

He is truly a monster of ferocity, judged by our human notions. Actually, he may be only rather extra well adapted for chasing and catching his food in the air. He is often called a "horse-stinger," but he has in this case been maligned; he does not follow horses



pr

fo:

su

hurt a horse; his strong and formidable jaws, with their sharp points, and his powerful mandibles can grasp and pull to pieces any fly or butterfly met with on the aerial ways, and his six strong legs are capable of closing round and carrying away to some convenient place the living and struggling prev, but here the dragon-fly's power ends. The savage violence seen at the courting period is horribly repulsive to our eyes, but after some consideration it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that feelings of pain and tortured nerves are totally absent from the whole proceedings. From this conclusion it is but a step, a single step, to the comforting belief that the moths and butterflies and crane-flies caught by the dragon-fly have no other sensation than the consciousness of a sudden stoppage of all things familiar; the vital spark flies else-

where, it survives, but as it is not allied to a brain, only to the three automatically acting ganglia, it is quite reasonable to suppose that there is nowhere the sensation of dying. Undoubtedly

the rabbit, for instance, has this sensation, though not so acutely as a human being.

Knowing, but not Feeling

But invertebrates almost certainly have no capacity for feeling anything, though it is almost certain, at the same time, that they



A "hopper" from the grass patch
A grasshopper can jump easily two hundred times its own length,

700

INSECT WORKERS AND FIGHTERS

know and are capable of resentment, as expressed by their ability and readiness to fight for their homes, for their mates, for their families, and for their own lives. Some will equally willingly fight for the simple plea-Rove or cocktail beetles will sure of it. fight anything that stands in their way: earwigs will defend their young though otherwise they are peaceful creatures; spiders will defend their egg-bags with their lives; the female gnat will attack and suck the blood of newly hatched trout; ants keep highly organized armies of fighters; the water-beetle appears to be particularly ferocious.

The gnat shows absolutely no fight when

te

oes

he no all. ite. uch . to ble verces rial e of me ing ids. ing yes, imngs ally rom tep, and the

the

lse-

is it

only

ally

uite

that

nsa-

edly

this

y as

cer-

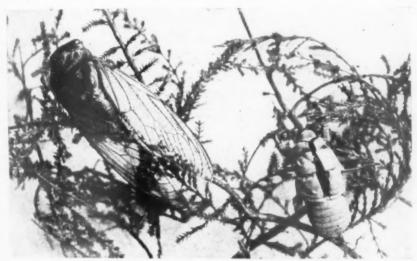
ling

cer-

they

and tempted by the little hopper's chirp, but when they arrive at the spot where the chirp came from there is no hopper! The "drum" of the cicada and the "fiddle" of the grasshopper are capable of producing noises, or music, that cannot be ignored, but the real object of this music is unknown. It is said that grasshoppers can hear, but no auditory organ has been traced in the internal mechanism of the cicada, male or female.

As a grub the cicada is a hard worker. As soon as he emerges from the egg he digs himself into the earth with his powerful legs, often to a depth of three feet, and here he sleeps through the winter. In the spring he wakes up to feed on root-sap and



The Cicada is a hard worker, and is a musical little thing, too—though his wife cannot utter a sound.

a ladybird meets it; it hardly seems to care to take the trouble to move away, but keeps quiet and unprotesting as the little beetle slowly sucks it dry.

Huge Jumpers

An athlete can jump about four times his own length, but probably an untrained man could not manage half this distance. Now consider the jumping powers of the little grasshopper in the fields. An ordinary and quite untrained grasshopper can jump easily two hundred times its own length, and keep on doing this all day long. Birds are very fond of grasshoppers, and they must get disappointed very often; they are attracted

to go on digging and burrowing. mature insect, most of the life of the male is spent in vigorously drumming out his music, which is so loud that we are fortunate in possessing only one rare species in The Greeks, however, were this country. very fond of the noise; they considered it in the light of a very agreeable song. The fact that the cicada's mate is dumb seems also to have greatly appealed to them; they evidently envied the fortunate creature who could go on talking all his life without fear of interruption! One of their poets, Xenarchus, originated the saying, "Happy the cicadas' lives, Since they all have voiceless wives!"

WHISPERS IN INK

Charles Inge

No. 2 .- Your side of the road is always the muddier

TRAMP a sufficient number of miles—ten will do it, perhaps less—in the rain on minor roads and you will be quite sure that you have most of the mud. So in Life, except you be a superman; and supermen are rare. The other fellow always has the luck.

It is not really so. There is a wonderful counterpoise in life. You may not always sec it; you may be sure at times it does not exist; but it

is always there.

Every trade, profession or calling has its own penalties: the risk of dyspepsia for the plutocrat, the certainty of damp feet for the tramp. Yet the tramp has some enjoyments denied to millionaires. He may not always appreciate them, but were he suddenly the millionaire he would often regret his trampdom.

So every life has its own troubles. That is a truism. But we are so immersed in our own that we forget it. Our forgetfulness leads on to a conviction that the troubles of others do not exist. Even if we grudgingly vouchsafe their existence we are quite satisfied that they are not nearly so

bad as our own.

It is a very natural mistake. We know our own troubles. We only hear of theirs. Things heard are so often things disbelieved. The mere mention of difficulties by others sounds like grumbling. If truth must be recorded, we often like to think it is,

Yet this sort of mistake makes for a dreadful lot of misunderstanding. The omnibus conductor, harassed by exigeant women and the east wind, does not always appreciate the real anxiety of the old lady, not often up in London, who does not know her way. The conscientious housekeeper, mindful only of a swelling expenditure,

forgets the sustainea fatigue of serving hundreds of other conscientious house-keepers in a shop. A minute's thinking would correct these things.

It is thought well spent. It begets sympathy. It widens our understanding. It does more. It kills that bugbear discontent. Nothing spoils everything quite so thoroughly as discontent. We would not mind anything quite so much did we not imagine that the other chap was better off. Do not be quite so sure he is.

He is not really. His troubles may be different from yours; they may come at different times. But he has them. The farmer may lie awake at night hating the drought, while the hirer of pleasure boats grins the day through. The ice-cream merchant scowls at a frost which the seller of roast chestnuts welcomes. So it is in every life.

So keep busy dodging your own puddles in the road. Do not bother whether they are wider or deeper than those of other folk. Never compare. Did we change on the road we should assuredly be just in time for the muddy

bit on the other side.

We would not change our individual pleasures, be they never so simple. They are us. But our individual troubles are also us. So we can accept them without any sideways glances to see whether other folk have more or less. We can think ours are the less without comparison, and gain by the thought. It is sufficient.

To each come misfortunes, sudden strokes that bow us down and even tax our faith. They are things apart. But of the mere mud and worry in life each man gets his share. To remember this is to gain sympathy. To gain sympathy for others is to lessen

our own load.

-00000

Brac of the Blue Underworld

As the wolves once followed the buffalo herds, as the dolphins follow the herring, as the falcons follow the migrating legions of the upper air, so Brac and his kindred were following the iridescent armies of the salmon smolts voyaging downwards to the sea. I say "following," but I use the word diffidently. It is not the way of the pike to follow. He lies in murky ambush, a sinister shadow within the shadowy depth, till chance brings his quarry within reach of his devilish rush.

200000

Nature has designed and camouflaged the pike for this method of hunting, for even in running water Brac and the others of his race who were accompanying the young salmon could lie perfectly motionless, almost without visible movement of their fins. Moreover, they possessed the marvellous gift of being able to lie thus at any angle to the current, whereas other fish can lie motionless only when head on to it. Thus, had our vision been capable of penetrating the depths of that majestic Highland river, we would have seen first the smolts, wonderful in the silvery brightness of their seaward bound attire-thousands of smolts, drifting with the current in the upper sunlight of the stream-but below them, lying motionless at all angles, some horizontal, some almost vertical, with glassy eyes peering skywards, those sinister black shapes, like waterlogged stakes-Brac and his fellows. Now and then one would drift slightly in the same direction as the smolts were drifting, elsewhere another would dash into the thick of the migrants, and as he slowly sank a shower of silvery scales, drifting snow-like into the gloom, would tell its own story. In this sense, then, the pike were "following," for every movement they made, every drift and dash, was in the same direction as that of the drifting host.

How many pike were there? I suppose that in that single stretch of level water, little more than half a mile in length, there must have been a thousand, and each pike, we may safely say, destroyed five salmon smolts per day. That gives 5,000 smolts for that given half mile, and the silvery fish had already run through ninety miles of

A Pike's Romance By H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S.

pike-infested waters, and had yet to run the gauntlet of ninety more. And each smolt, be it realized, was a prospective salmon. Each member of that silvery host would, by the normal order of things, voyage back in course of time through those same waters as a silver king from the sea, fighting its way upwards towards the historic redds where these little fishes were born, so in turn to produce their kind.

Figures merely stun the imagination, for every tiny salmon hatched in that most famous of our Highland rivers, whence thousands of beautiful fish find their way annually to our markets, must needs run the fiery gauntlet of the pike armies ere its life

fairly begins.

Brac was in those days a five-pound fish, and, as pike go, he was a fine specimen. True that he was long and lean and spikelike-big-finned and flat-headed, his wicked eyes set at a wicked angle, his skin barred as Nature sees fit to bar so many of her blood-loving kindred, from the wild cat and the falcon to the hornet and even minuter killers-but though the satanic embodiment of murder unmasked, the capture of Brac might have delighted the heart of a southern angler, for he was a well-conditioned fish. And well he might have been. Born high up in those crystal waters, he had lived his days hedged in by shoals of the choicest trout and salmon parr. Hunger was unknown to him. At regular intervals, whenever the impulse fell upon him, he had simply dashed about and gorged till he was so fed up that the little fishes might come and nibble at his flanks as he lay immobile-thus to remain till again the impulse came, and again he would murder right and left. As an example of brainless ferocity Brac stood aloft and aloof among all fresh-water fishes.

Thus, with the passing of the glistening multitude, the day came when Brac gained the point at which the river widened out into a noble loch, and there, with many miles of stagnant depths at his bidding, a new phase of his life began. The smolts, guided by some mysterious instinct, stuck to their recognized migration route. The shoals did not split up and wander at random across

the great sheet of water; instead, shoal followed shoal, and they stuck unerringly to the old bed of the river, winding down the centre of the loch-the river by which their forefathers had travelled for untold ages before the loch existed. which in turn was farther back in the recesses of time than mortal history probes. There was little or nothing to mark their route through those azure depths, and Brac and many of his fellows lost them.

Thus, when the impulse to destroy came again upon the young pike, he wandered off through the shallow waters of the loch margin, nor were his desires long ungratified. Everywhere were shoals of perch, but Brac's instincts told him that they were not good fare on account of their spines, though he would have dashed into their midst and swallowed them im--partially had the desire for food been sufficiently pressing. As it was, more attractive chanced to come his way.

The rushes at the loch margin were alive with wild fowl of all kinds, and at

this season most of them were accompanied by their chicks. Thus Brac saw something moving in the very shallow water among the rushes, so he dashed in to investigate. It chanced to be a mother moorhen with her





"He would wait till a mother wild duck went paddling"

seven chicks, and, as the tiger of the deep bore down upon them, the chicks, less than a week old, instinctively dived, crouching on the mud a few inches below the surface.

Had they made for the dry land all but the first, which Brac took from the surface, might have escaped, but as it was they were at his mercy. Dashing hither and thither, half out of the water, casting the spray high up into the air as he snapped up one, then another, Brac swallowed five of them whole, while the desperate mother ran up and down, calling, fluttering, but utterly powerless to divert the calamity.

Satisfied for the time, Brac came to rest at the edge of the reeds, where he remained motionless, basking in the sunshine, for many hours, and thus it came about that he learnt to regard this little bay as his own. Every pike, indeed, in those vast waters, had its own individual patch, and day after day might have been seen basking at the same place and in the same position. Brac, like the rest, was a solitary fish, which means that he soon got rid of all intruders by the simple process of swallowing them, but at night time he was given to wandering off to poach on the reserves of other pike, though he did so at the peril of his life.

But Brac had tasted warm blood, and during the days that

followed he lived chiefly on the young of water fowl. Lying unseen in the depths, his glassy stare concentrated upwards towards the surface, he would wait till a mother wild duck went paddling by, fol-

BRAC OF THE BLUE UNDERWORLD

lowed by her huddled train of ducklings. Then upward he would lunge, rising sometimes half out of the water as he took the tail-end duckling, while the others fled in all directions, "peeping" their terror in response to their mother's frantic alarms. So the mother wild duck, which proudly led ten ducklings from her nest, was lucky if she succeeded in safely rearing two.

Brac's next door neighbour was a pike of about the same size as himself, which was unfortunate, since neither was able to clear the air by the effective process of swallowing the other. Repeatedly they fought, generally at night time, dashing through the shallow water with a rushing sound that could be heard half a mile away. The old man who lived at the point heard it, and decided that a pike of unusual size must be responsible. Accordingly he threw out a night-line, batted with a quarter-pound trout.

A little while later Bracheheld his neighbour behaving curiously. He was lying in the sand and corkscrewing over and over, varying the process every now and then by rising to the surface as a trout rises to a fly. Clearly he was in difficulties, so Brack santered up, whereupon the other fish became frantic, as indeed he had good need to do.

ir

n

e

e

it

That was the signal. For two hours Brac tried hard to swallow the other fish, but fortunately he did not succeed in getting a fair start. Had he been able to do so the other fish would assuredly have choked him, for it was too big to swallow, and Brac's backward-slanting teeth did not permit him to disgorge anything over which he had strained his accommodating jaws. He simply had to go on with it or choke in the attempt, as many pike are choked by trying to swallow brother or sister. But he very effectively tore the other pike to ribbons, and a bold, bad band of little perch, which were swarming round, ate up the ribbons.

Thus when the old man drew in his line he found at the end of it a tattered pike skin—little, indeed, but the head and vertebræ of a six-pound pike.

This merely strengthened his opinion that a mammoth occupied the corner, so going with his boat he cast overboard half a dozen glass bottles, to each of which was attached a line terminating in six inches of twisted brass wire and a triangle hook baited with a small trout. Brac took one of the baits, and immediately set out for the open lake, towing the bottle behind him. Dusk was settling, and the old man lost sight of the bobbing object of his quest ere he could get within certain distance of it.

For three days Brac towed that wretched



1492

from remaining with it on the surface. How he escaped the other pike I do not know; nor do I know how he eventually got rid of that great triangle hook fast in his gullet. I only know that nearly a week later the bottle was picked up, still with its line intact, five miles from the point at which Brachad taken the bait!

Summer was getting on now, and the wild bird harvest was drawing to a close. Every day had found Brac larger and fiercer, and during his nocturnal wanderings it was rarely that he met another of his kind so large that he had much to fear. There were, to be sure, pike of enormous size in that loch which would have swallowed Brac without hesitation, but these huge fish stuck for the most part to the murky depths, while Brac was still a creature of the light.

One day—it was autumn now—Brac, swimming far out in the lake, rose to the surface in order to skim off some floating matter, when a peregrine, on the look-out for diving ducks, chanced to catch sight of him as his dark back rose from the water. Evidently the peregrine mistook him for a diving duck, but at all events the savage bird struck, prepared to inquire into the matter later on. His strong claws sank deeply into the flesh of the fish, and either he could not instantly withdraw them or it did not occur to him to do so. Anyway, as Brac lunged downwards into the gloom, he took the creature of the sunshine with him.

Down, down they went, a train of bubbles marking their course, and there, in the halflight of that dim world to which Brac belonged, the great fish turned upon his assailant and worried it to bits.

Hitherto Brac had killed only the young of wild fowl, but now that he had learnt that he was able to accommodate an adult bird nothing on that loch was safe from him—save the wild geese and the great black-backed gulls.

That was a severe winter, and bit by bit the loch froze over till only about an acre or so of the surface, and that at the point at which the river flowed in, remained open. Here the wild fowl congregated in thousands—bands of black-headed gulls, mallards, teal, pintail, and indeed almost every variety of inland wild duck known to this land.

It was a very wonderful sight to watch them, especially at sundown, the patch of water shimmering vivid sapphire, the reeds around bearded and crisp with frost, while sentinel-like at the corner, gaunt and hungry-looking, stood the grey-coated heron.

But, if one watched closely, one saw now and then a slight stampede among the glistening flotillas. It was only momentary and local—for indeed there was little to signify that the one which had disappeared had not dived of its own accord. It simply went under—sometimes, to be sure, with wings erected and with a cry of alarm, dragged under by Brac, who had clutched its feet from below, or by one of his race who, like himself, had chanced to acquire the habit of hunting feathered game.

Thus this living nightmare of a fish took his living toll, but, ere the ice was gone, he all but lost his own life while hunting that crowded acre of open water. At this season the salmon were voyaging inland to their upstream redds, and crossing the loch they stuck for the most part to the old river bed, which the smolts had followed down.

Arriving at the point at which the river flowed into the loch, the current told them that this was the place at which to rest ere they resumed their upward climb, and so, as the surface was dotted with wild fowl, so the sandy bed directly below was alive with recumbent fish. And journeying inland with the salmon were the great "sea otters"—following at the heels of the voyaging host as eight months ago, Brac and his kind had followed in the train of the scintillating smolts.

But how different these great fish, absorbed by the one desire to voyage upwards, from the flashing multitudes that Brac had followed! It was hard to believe that they were of the same race, for the silver and sunlight had faded from their coats, they were heavy-jowled and took no interest in anything save the journey in hand. Food they spurned. Always they were travelling or resting. And it was lucky, too, that the desire for food had left them when they left the sea, for otherwise so many monstrous fish would have gleaned the waters of every living thing.

Had that otter been hungry there would have been no escape for Brac, for they came face to face and stared into each other's eyes. Then for the first time in his life, and I believe the last, fear fell upon Brac! He turned and fled as he had never fled before—away under the ice, while the otter,

BRAC OF THE BLUE UNDERWORLD

ranging wide, a silver train of bubbles rising upwards to the light, coursed him into deep water and there left him. For pike is a coarse fish and not worth pursuing save for the joy of the chase.

ile

nd

ed

YU

he

to ed

th

m.

ed

ce

re

ok

e,

1g

is

ta.

h

ed

er

m

re

0,

1,

9

n-

a

d

ne

d

V

d

V

n

d

g

of

1

00

To record Brac's adventures one by one would entail much that borders upon repetition, so now we must leave him for a time to the murky depths which shrouded so The manner of his much of his later life. going is, however, worthy of record. Five years later, during one sweltering September day, two juvenile warriors, armed with bows and arrows made for them by their grandfather-the old man at the point-were hunting along the lake margin when one of them saw what at first he took to be a submerged log lying in the shallow water among the rushes. Then, to use his own lingo, he saw "twa een" glaring at him from the near end of the log-a pike, a mammoth pike, lying and sunning itself at the water's edge.

The boy drew back, not a little afraid, for the sight of that dark and sinister brute was enough to have frightened a grown man, then he pointed out the monster to his brother, and trembling a little at their daring, both of them pulled taut their bows, and simultaneously the arrows sped their way.

Had the aim been good they would assuredly have missed, but as it was the refraction of the water counteracted the inaccuracy of one of the sharpened spears. Next moment there was a roar of water and a flash of grey as the great fish turned over and was lost from view.

Brac dashed into deep water, where, at the scent of his own life's blood, he turned savagely about, ready to destroy, and a band of banded perch fled like a flock of reed buntings for the cover of the rushes.

A week or so later a visiting angler, trolling a huge spoon bait behind his boat, hooked and landed a pike of 22 pounds in weight, but which for its length should have weighed 40 pounds. Nor was the cause

of its emaciated condition far to seek, for traversing its gullet just behind the gills, so as totally to bar the passage of



food, was a child's arrow, protruding crosswise, and heavy with entangled weed.





"She looked at its painter, still perched on the parapet of the bridge"-p. 710

The Young Man who talked to Tramps by Austin Philips

THROUGH the leaves of the great elm trees the hot August sunshine dappled the red-brown earth of the Midland roadway and the cool brook brawled across the pebbles beneath the old recessed bridge. A young man who had been transferring his personal impressions of these things to a thirty-by-twenty canvas got up from his camp-stool and retired a pace or two backwards, in order to contemplate his work.

It seemed to him good. Indeed, it seemed to him very good. And yet, strangely enough, having walked towards the bridge and having climbed the ancient parapet, he very definitely sighed. He looked so nice and clean, and brown-faced and lithe-bodied—so overwhelmingly British—that he would have enlisted anyone's sympathies—even though they did not know him mad.

Mad! Yes, most certainly. In the eyes of friends, Englishmen, countrymen, relations, all who had known him in London, John Carrington was an outsize hatter among lunatics; a veritable Bedlamite unchained.

He, who before the war had passed at the top of the Indian Civil list and had chosen a home billet and had been appointed a Brahmin at St. Martin's, had requested an obscure provincial postmastership in a minor Midland town.

And because he had served with distinction and been several times wounded, the Mandarins, though aghast at his perversity, had grudgingly given him his way.

It was megalomania (they all said) which had broken him—sheer, unqualified megalomania brought about by the chance acceptance by the Royal Academy of a picture painted when in hospital which had brought him great men's praise. Painting had been John Carrington's bent since babyhood. He had wanted (that was his point of view!) not to shirk his office work but to be lord of his leisure and his freedom. He

rose with the lark, worked with crayon and with brush until breakfast, walked down to his pleasant room at his pleasant little office, stayed there till one, and was free—happy man!—to paint his fill in the wooded countryside until after tea-time (when postal pressure began again) on any old day that he chose.

Yet (he had sighed, you will remember!) John Carrington was not altogether happy. He was spiritually very much alone. There had once been a girl. She had been quite a nice girl. Her tastes were artistic and intellectual. But a small country headpostmastership is not usually regarded as a "gentleman's billet," and Doris Incledon, who possessed social ambitions, was anything but suited to walking the harder way. So when John suggested that she should accompany him to Brinetown and that they should essay "love in a cottage" she had jibbed and thanked him and said "No."

Now a young man—especially a very luman, intelligent and sympathetic young man—must talk to somebody. The local solicitors and doctors were all dreadfully dull. The true artist has ever deep down in him a certain kinship with the vagrant. John Carrington, alike by inclination and necessity, had acquired the friendly habit of walking and talking with tramps.

He found them deeply interesting. There were, too, so many of them. Brinetown was on the main road between the Cathedral city of Belboro and the great Midland centre of Murcester. He listened frequently to their stories. He gave them food, often, at his lodgings. Never did he help them, though, with money, but he sometimes went to the station to pay a sick man's fare.

He was just going to pack up his sketch and walk home to tea and thence down the hill to his office when he heard the sound of footsteps. He turned. A girl was coming towards him, dusty and travel-stained.

She wore no hat. Her hair was bobbed and curling. Her eyes were bright, blue, and careless. She walked like Beauty itself. Her skirt was threadbare. Her jumper was frankly ragged. On her back hung an apology for a rucksack, made, apparently, from an old horse's nosebag plus a couple of passé leather straps.

She stopped when level with the picture and looked at it closely for some time. Then she looked at its painter, still perched

on the parapet of the bridge.

"Do you like it?" he asked her with that spontaneous friendliness towards humanity which was the basic thing in his nature.

"Awfully!"

"That's good. Are you on a walking tour?" He glanced at the improvised rucksack rather dubiously.

"A walking tour? Heavens, no. I'm tramping!"

"Where to?"

"The Hop Gardens—seven miles from Belboro."

"You're going to pick there?"

"Yes--for a month or so. They don't pay much, but they give one nightly shelter, so that at any rate one can always be certain of getting sleep and food."

He nodded comprehendingly. They remained awhile considering one another: he from his vantage on the parapet; she, sans souci, in the road. Then his questions came like whipcracks, swift, straightforward, to the point.

"You're out of a job, then?"

"Yes."

"What are you?"

"A nursemaid. I was trained at a place in Hampstead—they called us 'lady-nurses,' though I'm sure we were a very vulgar tribe. I had a 'place' or two. But I hated them. . . ."

"So you came out-on strike?"

"Exactly."

"What about your people?"

"I haven't got any—except a stepmother. She was furious. She wouldn't let me train as a secretary—as I wanted to —and I've drifted from job to job since. I know I'm dreadful, but I simply can't stand cities—and I hate being indoors."

John Carrington smiled sympathetically. He knew something about that feeling—he, of all men, who had retinquished, for a petty postmastership, a snug billet at

St. Martin's-le-Grand.

"I'm going back into Brinetown," he said

suddenly. "I'll pick up my traps and walk along with you. That is, if you've no objection. . . ."

"Objection! I shall be delighted.

Nothing could be nicer."

He nodded, and put himself into step with her and began to ask questions as they went. She answered him very frankly about her experiences in workhouses and the ways and customs of tramps. He had gleaned much knowledge from others. Her replies showed him she was genuine She knew. She had been, she was, a vagrant; no mere impostor on the cadge.

Walking together—young, both of them, she moving easily, even exquisitely, with a proud, free carriage always, probably native in her but brought out, as he told himself, by the strange free life she was living—they drew to the upper outskirts of the little, low-lying town. They reached the house where he had lodgings in two large rooms above a shop.

"Well, I go in here," said John Carrington friendlily, about to bid good-bye to her. And then, feeling himself churlish, he added: "Mayn't I give you some tea?"

"I should love it," she answered grate-

fully.

In another moment he had the door open and was motioning to her to pass through it. He led her straight to the first floor and into his well-furnished sitting-room. He waved to her immediately to take his biggest arm-chair.

"How jolly!" she said, sinking into it.
"I didn't know I was tired—until this moment." And she lay back happily, comfortably, glancing appreciatively at the pictures and at her host's sketches and

books.

Tea-things were on the table. John Carrington rang the bell. The maid appeared, started, regarded the traveller with all the dislike and disdain felt by those of her kind for those who are out of fortune—and fetched another cup. The host did the honours. The visitor talked frankly and intelligently, but not in the least bitterly. Her father, she said, had been a Civil Servant. He had died, and her mother had inherited, and then presently had remarried. Home had become impossible.

The clock struck five-thirty. John Carrington, who had been listening intently and sympathetically, rose with great regret.

"Well, I must be getting down to my office now," he told her. "I'm glad you

THE YOUNG MAN WHO TALKED TO TRAMPS

came in. I've really enjoyed your visit.

It's done me good, I'm sure."

"And you've heartened and encouraged me. People are often so cruel. You've been quite different. I'm grateful awfully—"

"You needn't be."

ralk

no

ted.

step

they

nkly

and

had

ers.

line

, a

e.

em,

th a

ably

told

was

s of

ched

two

ing-

her.

he

rate-

pen

ugh

floor

om.

his

o it.

this

the

Car-

red,

the

kind

-and

the

and

erly.

Ser-

had

re-

Car-

ntly

gret.

my

you

"But I am. And your kindness gives me courage to ask you something now."

John Carrington started and looked at her.

"I want you to buy something."

"To buy something?"

"Yes-this. You can have it cheaply. I'd far rather sell it than pawn it. Look. Here it is!"

Her hand entered a skirt pocket and brought out a gold thing. It was a wristwatch—quite a good one—worth, even in pre-war days, not less than five pounds. John Carrington dubiously examined it. It was made by a well-known firm.

"How much do you want for it?" he

asked her.

"Two pounds."

"Why, you'd get that at least from a pawnbroker."

"I know I should. But I loathe to do it—the watch was given me by my father. It might go to someone horrible. I can't bear to think about it. And yet I must have the money. Do buy it, I beg!"

John Carrington stood there hesitant. Yet he felt her honest to the core. He decided, therefore, to obige her. After all, he was human, and a bargain is a bargain to most of us; and there was a young sister he could send it to on a birthday, which was rapidly coming nearer, while at the same time it made him happy to be doing someone a good turn.

"All right," he said suddenly. "I'll give

you what you ask for it."

"Thank you!" The girl's eyes lighted eagerly—and so beautifully and gratefully that what he was doing became doubly and trebly pleasant to him. "You're a good sort. You're different from everybody—like no one else I've met!"

He laughed and handed her the Bradburys, and took and pocketed the watch. Then they went downstairs together. Out-

side the house they separated.

John Carrington reached his office and put the watch in a drawer there, to await his young sister's birthday, and despite his preoccupations he thought more than once of the tramp. She had been a nice creature—really and truly womanly and

human. He wondered, as the days passed, how she was getting on in the Hop Gardens. Had it not been for his painting he might

even have cycled out to see.

He had a reminder of her, though, shortly. A few days later, one of the district surveyors, a hide-bound Mandarin who could find no fault with his office, for it shone like a new pin and the staff was disciplined to perfection, but who could not understand a man who had sacrificed such prospects at St. Martin's (and who grubbed for motives with a muckrake), was paying a brief visit of inspection, and was talking in Carrington's room. There came, presently, a knock on the outer door of it—which opened on the public office—and a man in uniform appeared.

"Good morning, Mr. Carrington," he

said.

"Good morning, superintendent," the

young postmaster answered.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, for interrupting you. But I've come to ask after a young woman who was on tramp through here some days ago. She's a suspected character..."

"Really!"

"Yes, sir. And the rector told me that he'd seen her going with you into your lodgings."

"He's quite right, superintendent."

"She was begging?"

"Not a bit of it. I met her on the road and walked along with her. I was sorry for her—very—and so I gave her some tea."

"At your rooms, Mr. Carrington?" The interruption came from the postal surveyor who had been listening very intently.

"Yes, Mr. Lankester. Why not? She

seemed very nice and quiet."

"She tried to sell you a gold watch, I expect?" went on the superintendent.

"She did sell it to me."

"What!"

"Yes, I gave her two pounds for it." John Carrington opened the top left-hand drawer of the desk and produced the article in question. "I was just coming down here when she sold it me, and I stuck it, for safety, in this drawer."

The police superintendent examined it. The postal surveyor looked most grave.

"Is it stolen, superintendent?" he asked consequentially.

"That we don't know, sir. All we do know is that she offered it to a number of people on the road between Derby and here.

and they all thought her suspicious—and many of them reported it—and we've been

asked to keep a look out."

The superintendent asked other questions, and took number and details of the watch. He went out, leaving it on the table. Mr. Lankester, a Mandarin of Mandarins, picked it up, turned it over, and shook his head.

"Mr. Carrington," he said gravely.

"Yes, Mr. Lankester."

"I think you have behaved very foolishly. You ought to have known better. You have been indiscreet. You have attracted attention, and so have got yourself talked about. You have brought yourself—and, therefore, the department—into disrepute, locally. I shall have to report the incident to Mr. Scudamore." (Mr. Scudamore was the head postal surveyor of the whole postal district.) "The idea of a man in your official position walking and talking with tramps—women tramps—and taking them to tea at his rooms!"

The zealous Mandarin then departed. John Carrington was alone. He sat at his desk awhile and then got up to walk about a space and ponder on all that had happened. He did not feel too merry. He guessed that the watch had been stolen. He had been deceived in that girl. He had let himself in, and very badly. Certainly no one could find fault with him as regards the administration of his office, which was just about as good as was possible. But he wanted peace-peace in which to get on with his painting-and when it came to a question of "tact" it would not be at all difficult for a hostile head district surveyor (if Mr. Scudamore was hostile, and he had no means of knowing) to "make a case" against him and to report adversely to town.

A month passed. Up at five every morning, working all day, like one possessed, at his pictures and his post office until bedtime, John Carrington had all but forgotten tramp, watch, police-inquiry, and the foolish Mandarin's censure, when he had a reminder in good truth. A man was admitted to see him—tall, grave, handsome, fifty-five.

The young postmaster knew him instantly. His visitor was Malcolm Arkwright, the particular assistant secretary at St. Martin's in charge of Discipline and Appointments, the man whom he had inter-

viewed when applying to leave headquarters and to bury his career—as all thought. The high official had the reputation of being strong, cultivated, efficient, severe and thoroughly just.

"Good morning, Mr. Carrington," he

-aid.

"Good morning, sir," the younger man answered.

There was a very formal handshake. John Carrington immediately offered his own arm-chair. The high official, though, refused it, motioning his junior into it and then taking another, which stood beside the desk.

A silence followed. In it Mr. Arkwright looked closely at the young postmaster who quietly sustained the stern gaze.

"Mr. Carrington," began the older man, "you make a habit of talking with

vagrants? 22

"I believe I do, sir."

"And of giving them money?"

"Never, sir."

"But of feeding them?"

"Yes, I don't think it's statute-barred or criminal. . . ."

"No. I don't say it is. But I want you to think a little. There was one particular tramp you gave a meal to...."

"A woman?"

"Yes-a young woman,"

"The one Mr. Lankester, of the surveying branch, was so down on me for entertaining, and who sold me a gold watch which the police thought she'd stolen..."

"That is so. Do you think you'd know her if you saw her?"

"Certainly."

"You are positive?"

"Absolutely."

"Very well, then. Just a moment. We shall see "

Mr. Arkwright rose. He walked to the door by which he had entered, and which gave upon the public office, and beckoned to someone. It was a young woman. John

Carrington gasped.

She was well dressed, quietly dressed, charming, with bright blue careless eyes. Her carriage was Beauty incarnate. She exhaled delicious, nameless grace. But it was she, nevertheless—the tramp, the vagrant, the would-be hop-picker, the woman of the watch, by him befriended, about whom the police had inquired.

"My daughter," said Mr. Arkwright, smiling. "Rosamund, your Good Samari-

"'My daughter,' said Mr. Arkwright, smiling. 'Rosamund, your Good Samaritan''

Dealen by Syuney S. Lucas

ke. his gh, and the

it. of

he

ght who an, with

you ular

nterratch know

We or the which koned John essed,

essed, eyes. She But it , the , the ended, eright,

tan. Mr. Carrington, I fear she deceived you. She wasn't 'on the rocks' when you met her. She was doing a series of articles -tramping from Newcastle to Bristol on behalf of The Daily Mockbird "

"And trying, father, to sell a gold watch to suspicious people, and failing hopelessly

-till I met one trustful man."

John Carrington, red all over, looked at her, bewildered but more charmed. Mr. Arkwright pondered him, smiling. Then

he picked up hat and stick.

Carrington," he said. daughter is in your debt. I want you to allow me to pay a very small instalment of it by taking you to the Angel for some luncheon. I'm staying over-night. Before tea I shall go and take a brine bath-so you and she can have a talk."

John Carrington accepted with alacrity. They had coffee after lunch on the hotel lawn. Mr. Arkwright went away presently to his brine bath. His daughter accompanied John to his lodgings to look at his

latest work.

She examined his pictures and criticized them as one who knew what she said. He gave her tea a second time. The maid, who had regarded her with such hostility on the occasion of her previous visit, did not recognize the ex-tramp.

"Was it good fun, tramping?" he asked her presently, feeling that he had made her

talk too long about his pictures.

"Fun!" she answered him. "Well. hardly. Great-indeed infinite-experience: but fun is scarcely the word for it. tramps themselves I loved . . . and the matrons at the unions were kindly. It was the people-the poor people-the class who were not tramping but living on the wayside in cottages who treated me with greatest disdain."

"Did you try to sell the watch to them?"

"Not to them. But to richer peoplewell-to-do travel'ers on the road. They thought it was stolen. The police tracked me and 'phoned ahead of me. I was actually arrested . . . then let go again. You were the only so-called 'gentle person' who treated me as a human being. You're different from everybody. . . ."

"I rather thought you were," said John

Carrington, speaking very quickly.

"Did you? That is really very nice of you. Why were you so awfully kind to

"Because you were you."

"And you were you?"

"Yes-and being lonely here, I felt sympathetic. . . ."

"Are you lonely?"

"I should just say so. You know the step I took-giving up my official prospects and burying myself. . . .

"Yes, why did you?"

"Because of my work. Because of a great inward impulse. I obeyed the counsel of

my heart."

Miss Arkwright nodded and sat looking at him. There were tears in her beautiful bright eyes. They were tears not of sorrow . but of sympathy-such as strivers feel always for the strong. And John Carrington was aware, now, of the magnificent reaction which she gave him, how she filled him with new strength because of character which was his and her gift from Fate.

"I don't wonder," she said presently. "And what you dared to do has begun to show in your pictures: they don't slop over. They show power. You must give a show in London when the spring comes, I'll, help you. I have influence-and friends."

He thanked her. They sat on some time talking. He took her back to the hotel. In the morning she left with her father. John Carrington, who had also dined with them, went to see them to the train. As it started, Miss Arkwright leaned forward and said these stimulating words:

"' Work and despair not.' 'He who wills can,' you know. 'You have only to blow

on your hands." " do

If John Carrington before had been lonely, he, who at last had tasted true sympathy, lived now for six months in desert wastes. But he worked-heavens, how he worked !-like a man should work in his heyday. He wrote also wonderful letters to a woman journalist in town.

In appointed season his "show" cameat a well-known gallery in Bond Street. He applied for, and got, a fortnight's leave. The work was good, and people were waiting there to say so-since Miss Arkwright, who herself wrote art criticisms, had passed the word to a multitude of friends.

When it closed, and he was bulging in pocket, he went down one Sunday to lunch with Mr. Arkwright at Berkhamsted, and took his daughter afterwards for a tramp among the hills. They had tea at an inn in a village. It was a very silent meal.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO TALKED TO TRAMPS

"You're not talking much," she said suddenly.

"No. I'm thinking," John Carrington answered her. "I've come to a great decision."

"Really!"

n.

he

cts

at

01

ng

ful

าขก

eel

ng-

ent

ter

ly.

to

er.

OW

I'II.

me

tel

er.

ith

s it

and

ow

een

ym-

sert

he

his

ters

le-

eet.

ht's

ple

liss

ms,

of

in

nch

and

mp

inn

"Yes, You know I dared much once to leave London and take my Brinetown billet and get more freedom for my painting. Well, I'm now going to advance on it."

"You mean give up the Civil Service?"

she asked.

"Exactly."

"Have you any private income?"

"Not a farthing. But I've brains, energy, ambition, plus a certain amount of initiative . . . and I've made myself sure of a living. I shall certainly never starve. I'm going now to France, somewhere not too far from Paris and all the great galleries of the world."

Miss Arkwright sat perfectly silent. There were tears of sympathy in her eyes. There were tears also of admiration—such admiration as a woman of character feels—feels invariably—for a single-minded, hard-

striving man.

"You're doing right—trebly right," she made answer presently. "You are doing what your own heart dictates. And all true Progress comes through daring. You are sure bigly to win through."

"Thank you. Thank you." John Carrington's hand shot out and grasped her hand, "It's like you. You're alive—so full of help. It's half through you I'm succeeding. . . ."

"Is it?"

"Yes, yes. You know it is. You stimulate me so tremendously. You always send me back to my work full of eagerness. I want to make it permanent." His voice was eager, quick, and tremulous. "Won't you risk it and come with me? You've your work. We shan't bore each other. We're such perfectly splendid friends."

Miss Arkwright sat silent for a little. Then she slowly turned. She shook her head gently but decidedly. Her eyes were

shining through her tears.

"My dear man," she said, "it's impossible because we're such friends—impossible because we so stimulate each other, taken in small doses—impossible because in big doses we should get on one another's nerves. We were never meant to be lovers. We've too much character. We've too

much personality. We've got to walk alone."

"Oh, but---"

"Let me finish. You did me a good turn some time ago. Let me do you a good turn to-day. I'm fond of you. I admire you, I don't love you—when I marry it will be a much weaker man. And you—when you've succeeded, if you're true to the finest things in yourself—you'll choose a woman, very feminine, one whom you'll yearn to protect. People like you and I don't really need each other. We can only meet and cheer each other . . . like ships that pass in the night."

John Carrington did not answer. He knew, in his heart, she spoke truth. And presently she rose, and he accompanied her in the direction of her father's home.

At the corner of the road she stayed him and there gave him her hand. For a space they regarded each other—as equal alone regards equal, and as throne considers throne.

"Good-bye, then," he said. "You'll write to me?"

"Rather. And you to me?"

"Of course I shall. It's been wonderful luck, our meeting. You don't know how you've encouraged me."

"And you me. You're a real man."

"And you're a real woman."

"Am 1?" She threw up her head proudly and squared her shoulders and smiled as though she hid perhaps more than she was showing. "I'm glad. Good-bye, once more."

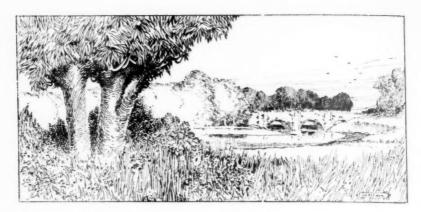
She turned swiftly and left him. John Carrington watched her down the road. At the gate of her home she stopped and turned and waved to him... and disappeared from view.

He stood there, rooted, for a minute. Then he swung round on his heel. Men of his calibre act quickly. He returned to

Brinetown that night,

A week later—his resignation given and accepted—he drew his final pounds of pay. The same night saw him on the steamer bound for Dieppe, bound for a little Norman village, to work, to commune with his soul.

Lonely he would be. Risks he was taking —risks tremendous. But, true to his best instincts, trustful in himself and greatly daring, he was going to win through bigly —like a man.



Why the Nightingale Sang in the Morning

By Coulson Kernahan

THE Nightingale, as everybody knows, and as his name implies, sings after dark. Why he should do so, many of us have wondered.

"Perhaps it is," I said to myself, "that his song-tides, like the sea-tides, are moonswayed, and come to their full only when the moon is round and high.

"But no, that is not the explanation," I went on, "for I have heard the Nightingale before the moon was up, and even when there was no moon at all, so I must seek another reason."

Then, as often happens when I am restless or perplexed, I took counsel with the flowers.

The Rosebud's Silence

"Good morning, little Rosebud," I said.
"You have not yet been many hours in the world, and so cannot very long ago have said good-bye to God, Who made you and me and everything in the garden. So I have come to ask whether you, who have but newly left the green groves and gardens of the heaven that knows no night, but only golden day, and that rings with the choir-song of God's happy birds, can tell me why here on earth, the divinest of His singers, the Nightingale, sings after dark?"

That the Rosebud whispered a reply I am sure, but what I do not know, for the words seemed to me more like an exquisite perfume than a sound. Then the Mother-Rose spoke:

"Love has taught you to interpret not a little of what we flowers say to each other, to the sun, the trees, the butterflies, and the birds; but this little one's talk is as yet soul-speech, rather than flower-language, and that only by God's holy angels is to be heard. So, though my little one could answer your question, her voice is as yet too low for you or me to hear, and I feat that, before she is old enough to tell you what she knows, she will have been too long away from heaven to remember what there is to tell.

"Now I must hush her to sleep. Already, for so young a child, she has been too long awake."

So I put my question next time to a fullgrown flower.

The Colour-Queen of the Garden

"I have come to ask you a question, Queen Peony," I said. "It is this. A few birds—isn't the Sedge Warbler one?—trill a song sometimes in the night. The others, though they carol their matins with the first of the dawn and their vespers with the very last of the day, do not sing after dark, as the Nightingale does. Can you tell me why he so sings, for I have known him to continue quite late into the night?"

But just then, as it happened, I was not in the Peony's good graces. She is the

WHY THE NIGHTINGALE SANG IN THE MORNING

reigning Colour-Queen of the garden, and as Colour-Queen I never fail to pay her due court. But I do not gather her blooms, as I do those of some other flowers, to stand in a lender vase of cut crystal, filled to the brim with cool spring water, and set upon the desk at which I write.

She is to me the Royal Standard of the garden, and we fly the Standard in the sun and the wind, unfurled; we do not take it from its place of honour to bear within doors.

That morning I had so carried a star-sptay of white Jessamine. The Peony I had left in the company of the sun (blood red as that sun himself at setting), and this affront, as she chose to think it, had mightily offended the Peony, who is a very flower-peacock of pride and self-importance.

The Mischief-Making Starling

a

et

e,

(4)

et

ar

ou

ng

re

ly,

m,

(11)

rs,

rst

erv

28

hy

on-

not

the

The news of her displeasure had come to me by way of that old scandal-monger, the Starling, whom I heard chuckling, gibing and gittering about it to his cronies on the house top. He is always beside himself with malicious glee when he has set other folk by the ears, and he it was who had started the mischief by telling the Peony about the spray of white Jessamine. Remembering this, I should have done more wisely in leaving her majesty to herself until she had recovered from her tantrums.

As it was, both the Jessamine and the Nightingale, as well as myself, the original offender, came under her displeasure. "Hadn't VOU better inquire," she said, "of your confidante, Miss Jessamine, of whose company you are so fond that you take her-ver; bad for her health!into that stuffy, tobacco-reeking room of yours within the house? A poor, sickly (I suspect consumption), anæmic creature like that should never be away from the Fresh Air treatment.

"I am not convent-bred or conservatory-born. I give myself no airs about my superior education, my high connexions or my family. My folk came originally—I make no secret of it—from the cottage. I am a selfmade flower, and proud of it. Of course I am Colour-Queen of the garden, but I have come to that position only by my deserts. Except the crimson Rhododendron - and she is no more than one of those coarse things, a wayside bush, or, coarser still, a mere tree, and no dainty flower at all -I am without a rival. No one would think of comparing the Rose to me, for by comparison with the smallest Peony the Rose is a puny thing in size. You had better ask her about your dowdy friend the Nightingale, though I should say that he sings by night because he is so shabbily dressed that he is ashamed to be seen in the day. Or perhaps it is that he fancies himself so as a singer that he won't condescend to perform when there are other vocalists and an orchestra, and so mounts the rostrum only when he is sure of having the audience and the applause to himself. Why don't you ask him instead of coming here to bother me? 11

Off to the Nightingale

If the Peony's temper was bad her advice was good, so off I went to the woods in search of the Nightingale.

I was a long time in finding him, for one might think the Nightingale a soldier, so clever is he in taking cover. The better to escape observation by an enemy, he wears service kit of olive-coloured khaki, and his mate's eggs are as olive-khaki in colour as himself. The comparison of a bird to a soldier is not so fanciful and far-fetched as it seems, for, unlike men-folk, every bird wears his regimental uniform and is never in mufti. One often observes flocks of birds flying in recognized army formations, whether in "close" or "open" order, as, for instance, artillery ("diamond") formation, in which our men so often moved in the war, in "columns or companies," in "lines of sections," and in "echelon." Wild geese and wild duck, moreover, fly in V ("patrol") formation.

They fight, and desperately, as the legions of bird enemies have reason to know; but as a soldier the Nightingale must, I think, be a

member of some Bird "Special Reserve" or "Militia" unit, which serves only a few months annually, returning thereafter, and for the rest of the year, to civil life. Even so the members of his corps seem to be detailed to act singly or in "file" (front and rear rank bird) as scouts or snipers, for one does not see them operate in platoons, companies or battalions.



Nightingales, indeed, I have never yet seen "on parade." If a Nightingale regimental depôt, drill-yard or barrack ground there be I have failed to locate it. Nor is it easy to locate the Nightingale himself, except by his song. Only by his song did I find him on this occasion. All the morning I had explored copse, glade, and wood, making inquiries of other birds, who referred me to the Night Policeman, the Owl, and more than hinted that birds who kept respectable hours could not be expected to know anything of a class of person who is habitually abroad at night. Some of them seemed to suspect that I was no better than I ought to be in inquiring for the address of such a bird. A Jackdaw, who said he had once lived in a town, was particularly unpleasant, and aired what I took to be an old grievance by telling me pointedly, and as if he suspected me to be the offender, about a man who once disturbed Mr. and Mrs. Jackdaw and their young family's slumbers-"and our residence a church, too!" interpolated the scandalized Jackdaw-by the bawling of ribald songs after midnight, and when wellconducted folk, human as well as feathered, were abed.

A Nasty Caterpillar

I was not more fortunate when address-

ing my inquiry to a Caterpillar, who was quite nasty about it, and said that the person who went around looking for a Nightingale-unless, if a man, with a gun, if a boy, with a catapult-deserved to have a gun or a catapult turned upon himself. "Perhaps it will be best," I said to myself, "to give up the idea of paying a call upon the Nightingale by daylight, and to wait until the night-it looks like being a still one, as well as warm, and the moon rises early-when, without bothering to find

where he lives, I can trace him to his thicket by his

Just then I heard three far-away bird notes which could have come from no other bird than the Nightingale.

"There's your lovely vocalist," said the Jackdaw disagreeably, "and talking about 'jugs' again, and at this time in the morning! Not that he means any-

thing worse than a milk jug, but to 'Sing a song of crockery' is as silly as to 'Sing a song of sixpence,' about which I have heard human folk prattle to their children in connexion with 'four-and-twenty blackbirds.' No wonder your children grow up as greedy as they are cruel-an unfeeling boy whizzed a stone at me this very morning-when told that four-and-twenty blackbirds, baked in a pie, form 'a dainty dish to set before a king'! If blackbirds, why not jackdaws?-and I have before now heard men say how appetizing rook pie is! So none of us is safe frem your greed."

The Jackdaw flicked his tail, as if to imply his disgust with all things human,

and flew away.

Again I heard the Nightingale's note from some far thicket, and again I set off to find the retiring bird-soldier. The most dangerous hour of a soldier's day is that preceding dawn, for then it is that, under cover of dark, an enemy moves stealthily upon him. Dawn come, and daylight abroad, he relaxes his vigilance, and so it was perhaps that I was able to approach and listen to the Nightingale unobserved. As nearly as I can I will set down the burden of what he sarig, but first to say that, as with flowers, so with birds. Some of us only look upon the flower we love.

WHY THE NIGHTINGALE SANG IN THE MORNING

Others look into that flower's soul, and see hidden there, perhaps, the thought which God had in mind when He called the flower into being.

And so with bird-song. I am not speaking now of bird-call or bird-cry, which, as in the case when we human beings shout at, call to, or hail each other, conveys a greeting, an intention, a wish, a request, or a command. But whereas bird-song is to some of us no more than a sound, more or less pure, sweet, and musical, to others it is a language which they have, if slowly, learned to decipher and to translate, as from another language, into human speech. A few can not only interpret, but can understand the whole meaning and message of the song, and for the reason that they have not only heard, but—as with the flowers—have seen into the bird's soul.

The Nightingale's Song

t-

If.

on

it

es

nd

ce

ils

ee

ch

no

11-

ly

W

ng

at

V-

to

lly

ut

tle

ith

ler

ey

ne

hat

ie,

I

pe-

afe

10

an,

ote

off

ost

hat

der

ily

ght

it

ach

ed.

the

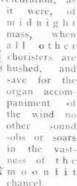
say

me

ve.

Now to tell of the Nightingale's song. To hear him at his best, as chorister, one must be present in Nature's own cathedral,

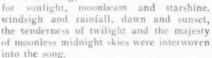
not at matins nor at vespers, but at some high celebration, as



Heard thus, with Old Night as a back ground, or rather as his echoing sounding-board, when every breeze-ruffled pool is

a shaken censer from which the incense mists of prayer are ascending, and when the very world herself seems at her orisons—heard thus his voice is that of Nature's High Priest, standing before Nature's own altar, and pouringoutto Nature's God the heartthoughts, the prayers, and the aspirations of us all.

But that morning it was not the voice of High Priest, nor of chorister, nor of celebrant, but of Nature herself to which I was listening,



He swept the wide gamut of the twentyfour hours in a few staves. The day was at dawn with that first cold-clear, delicate, shaken trill. Night stirred, shivering on her couch, and knew that she must prepare to depart.



Then, more ethereal still, the pulsing song seemed to hold the great world poised—as a crystal globe is poised upon the summit of an upspringing fountain jet of water between light and dark. Bush, grass, and tree, even the bird-singer himself, were seen in the wan, watery, unearthly half-light which heralds the sun's eclipse.

Then, as if the shadow upon the sun had suddenly been withdrawn, the song-rays became, as it were, sun-rays, and God's glad world was ablaze with noonday brilliance and heat.

Next, the music fell—it was sad and longdrawn now—as with the slowing of pulse, the slackening of spirit, the heaviness of body which come with late noon.

Then again it deepened, and was colour rather than carol--colour that seemed to wash and to enfold the world in sunset-waves of crimson and gold.

Now the most wonderful song of all—first of twilight-pearl, when a slender moon lay like a finger upon the lip of night enjoin-



ing silence, and as, in the light of day, I saw the same slender moon, though but a spectre now, I thought that moon must surely be a curved finger upon the hand of God, upheld to hush the world to hearken.

Through Silvern Gates of Twilight

Through silvern gates of twilight one was borne on wings of song into the vast pavilion of the heavens, but what the Nightingale sang of twilight-pearl, of evening star affoat in blue lagoons of translucent but slowly fading light, of moonlight skies, and of the purple majesty of aloof and awful night, none could in written words record.

The song ceased, and more breathless with wonder and worship than he by his song, I came softly forward to make known to the Nightingale the purpose of my quest.

"I sing in the morning," he made answer, "for the sake of my sisters, the flowers. They, save a very few, are folded in sleep by night, and so they pleaded to me that I would sing to them, not only of the day, but of the twilight and midnight skies which they have never seen. So wearied are they by the long day's heat, so frail is the loveliness of flower-life, that but for the light slumber into which they softly fall, after set of sun, and that becomes sleep, deep and soundless, as night draws on—for them there would be awakening in the

The Day and the Night

morning nevermore.

"And because the flowers have heard the wind, the trees, the raindrop, and the dew tell each other that by day we are as children, shut in—it may be to play as in a nursery, or it may be to con our lessons as in a school—within the walls of this glad and beautiful world, yet whether in school or nursery, we are as children within a house, the windows of which are close-

curtained, that none may see what lies outside.

"But at night God Who had seemed to withdraw Himself and to be afar from us and from the world, in the glare, the noise and dust of day, comes back—as an earthly father, his day's work done, comes back to his children at night—God comes back to us then to roll aside the curtains from our world's window and Himself to lead us thither by the hand, and to bid us look out on what lies beyond.

Floating on the Sea of Fternity

"He points us to His gardens of the skies, thick-sown with flowers, each flower a flaming sun or glorious star-as are the gardens of this our world with this world's flowers; and He points us to universes, compared with which our universe is as a pond to the ocean, our world scarce more than a bubble upon the pond's surface; and shows us these universes floating, islandwise, infinite millions in number, upon the Sea of Eternity to which there is no end. For the sake of my sisters, the flowers, who have never seen the twilight or midnight skies, I have striven, even to heart-break, to make my song a window through which to show them the things of God.

"Look now upon the faces of the flowers,

for mine own eyes are so dim with tears that I cannot see, and tell me whether my sisters, the flowers, have listened to my song, and whether, listening, they have understood the full message and the meaning."

"I cannot see the faces of the flowers," I made answer, "for the face of every flower that listened to your song is bowed in prayer."

But the Nightingale did notheat my words. Heart-broken by his song, he had fallen dead from the bough; and with my head bowed in prayer, softly I stole away.







Charity: Little Mites kept alive by the "Save the Children Fund"

The Riddle of Russia

to us bise hly to to our

ies, a the

ses,

s a

ore and

nd-

the nd. who

ght

, 10

to i

ers,

and

the

ing.

ave

and

the

the

ned

er."

rear

his

the

wed

Europe's Nightmare By George Godwin

Year after year since the Russian Revolution we have been hoping against hope for some light in darkness. But the Russian riddle remains. Who can solve it? Do we really understand the problem? This article will, at least, give the elementary facts.

THE tide of progress that carried the other countries of Europe forward from barbarism to culture passed over Russia as over a great and immovable rock impervious to social, political and religious influences.

Long after the emancipation of the peasantry of the rest of the Continent the Russian peasant remained the chattel of his master, and emancipation in 1861, without the liberalizing influences of education, did little to improve his condition.

The political system was that of Absolutism, with the Tsar as Autocrat, whilst the Church followed the Byzantine path of isolation.

People as Cattle

It was Peter the Great who said, "Other European peoples one can treat as human beings, but I have to do with cattle." And for centuries the autocratic rulers of Russia acted as though this dictum of great Peter were true. The illiterate millions who have been in the past, and will again be in the future, the source of the wealth of this great grain-growing country were denied every

opportunity of proving how wrong was the estimate of them which actuated their rulers.

If they became debased and brutalized it was the logical sequence to this age-long oppression. Even to-day the Russian peasant is too often quite illiterate, with only an extraordinary talent for handicrafts to offset his tremendous handicap.

Before the Revolution his one conception of his function in the State was to obey those in authority over him; to do that and to work desperately to meet the incessant demands of the tax gatherer,

Blind Obedience

To what extent this blind obedience was carried may be judged by the following story of an incident which occurred shortly before the last of the Tsars ascended the throne.

"What," asked a commanding officer of a raw recruit, "is military discipline?"

"It means, your Excellency, that a soldier has got to do exactly what his superior officer tells him, only nothing against the Tsar."

"Right: and now let us see how it works

1493

1 .1

out. Take your cap, bid farewell to your comrades, and go and drown yourself in the lake there. Look sharp!"

In this instance, as related by Dr. Dillon, the wretched man went immediately to carry out the order and was only saved at the last minute by the arrival of a sergeant sent to stop him.

This story suffices to illustrate the extraordinary passive acceptance of injustice, hardship and mercilessness that characterizes these simple folk.

And it is a characteristic which is serving them to-day to some purpose in that vast region of the Volga valley where they are experiencing famine on an unprecedented scale.

For the Sake of the Children

"Often themselves starving," said a member of the American Relief Organization, "it is most touching to see how these poor people discipline themselves against the



Unequally Yoked

A sample or the disorganized transport system of Russia at the present time.

The idea of political justice has never entered the head of the Russian peasant; for his forbears suffered injustice and oppresion, and, as far as he knew, there was no such thing in the world as justice and comfort.

Therefore his senses became blunted, and in course of time he came to be regarded by the rest of Europe as a silent, suffering enigma.

To the Western mind the character of the Slav, with his admixture of Slavic, Turkish and Finnish blood, always presented difficulties. Along with his abysmal ignorance, and perhaps because of it, the Russian peasant became something of a mystic. It is a quality that shows in the folksongs, a sad, plaintive quality, suggestive of suffering, and suggestive, too, of undefined longings. One may hear it, for example, in the music of Dvorák, in such pieces as "Songs my Mother Taught me."

A Strange Human Enigma

This strange human enigma seems capable of running the whole gamut of human qualities, whether good or bad. Spiritual to a degree, and tender with a softness almost effeminate, there is a vein of latent cruelty which rears a Medusa head in times of up-

heaval. But despite much that is repugnant to our own standards of conduct—a lack of honour, as we understand that word, and a propensity for talsehood—many are the witnesses who attest to the lovable qualities of the Russian mooshik, his pliancy, eloquence and capacity for self-denial and endurance.

The Dream of Liberty

How, then, was this human material likely to handle the great gift of liberty?

We know dimly what happened. How, first, with the upheaval of the Great War there was for a time a welding of the national unity: then an orgy of bloodshed with the passing of the Tsardom; and after that the experiments of the visionaries, men who mistook the dream for the substance of liberty.

It was the tragedy of Russia that when 1917 saw the overthrow of Absolutism there were no leaders capable of steering this unwieldy

ship of State into deep and safe waters.
When, after Kerensky's brief reign, the
Bolsheviks took over the reins of government, if one may dignify such an orgy of cruelty and chaos by that word, the country was delivered into the hands of men utterly incapable of constructive effort unless the precept of Bukunin that "The desire to destroy is at the same time a creative desire" be accepted as sound.

nd

nd

ed

ng

the

ish ifi-

ce,

ian

It

, a

fer-

ned

ole,

as

ble

ali-

o a

nost

elty upt is

s of

2.0

pro-

are

the

sian

ence

and

man

reat

ned.

1 of

time

1 the

after

sion-

ream

that

w of

aders

ieldy

, the

vern-

orgy

TS.

Just as it was the peasantry who bore the burden of the Tsar's régime, so now they were the chief sufferers at the hands of these mad experimenters.



Agricultural

When thinking of Russia and Russian

problems it is necessary always to bear in mind the fact that Russia is pre-eminently an agricultural country, the wealth of which comes not so much from manufactures and commerce as from the land itself in the form of grain.

That the cities should have been paralysed by the destruction of factories and the dedine of private enterprise was bad enough, but worse was that the great grain-growing provinces should be brought to ruin.

It will be remembered that the Soviet Government instituted a form of requisitioning; in other words, in order to get the men, material and food necessary to carry on some semblance of government, unending demands were made upon the resources of the peasantry.

Some idea of the relative importance of the cities to the rural communities may be gleaned from the fact that in the Tver government, for example, some 23,000 people were employed in factories, against some 149,000 who tilled the land or followed one of the several village handicraft industries which brought in no inconsiderable portion of the peasants' wealth during the long months when the land lay deep under the snow.

Like a Swarm of Locusts

To the requisitions of the Soviet must be added the earlier depredations of the



Doling out Relief Stores

"Red Guards" protecting a consignment of food.

armies of Denekin and Koltchak, which overran the most fertile wheatfields of Southern and Eastern Russia like a horde of locusts.

At this crisis of the life of rural Russia came the final blow of outrageous fortune. The normal rainfall of sixteen inches between the months of October and June fell to three inches in 1921. The result was famine—famine over an area bigger than the British Isles and involving the lives of some thirty million peasants. All that fertile land through which the Volga flows for 2,325 miles, from Viatka and Ufa in the north to the Crimea and Caspian Sea in the south, was involved.

Now it is suggested that the problem of Russia is the problem of setting her peasantry on their feet. To this end the several organizations for relief work are thinking not only of the immediate and pressing needs of the stricken people, but also of to-morrow.

The Obvious Duty

It were worse than useless to feed these people to-day and let them die to-morrow, So obvious is the right solution that even the Soviet Government is doing all in its power to undo the mischief for which it is principally responsible.

If famine is to be avoided in 1923 then these fertile fields must be brought back to their old productivity.

That, aside from the humanitarian aspect of the task, is the aim of the organizations. British, Continental and American, to get into Russia the seed for this spring. It has been remarked that in the past the bulk of Russia's wealth came from the peasants. It was something of a grim joke with the rulers of old Russia that they extracted so much money from men who had so little. Under the old régime the peasant produced sufficient, despite his inefficient methods of farming, to provide for himself all the necessary comforts of life. That he so often starved was because this wealth was filched from him to give to the foreigner cheap corn. Between the foreigner in need of corn and his Government in need of money the peasant starved.

But all that is past. The present plight of a large section of Russia's peasantry is the result of causes which are known, understood and remediable.

What of the Future?

What does the future hold for him?

It is suggested that it holds—and for the first time in the history of these people, a history going back to the days of the

Scythians-political power,

Upon what is such a prediction based? it may be asked. Well, it is based upon the fact that must never be lost sight of, that Russia is pre-eminently an agricultural country; that the old iniquitous system of Absolutism is gone; that the immovable rock that stood for so long against the tide of progress is now reduced to its component parts, is become as sand.

Out of this malleable material, sooner or later, there must come coherence and design, for it will be worked upon by minds hitherto held in ignorance but not lacking

in genius.

In Canada to-day one of the most astonishing things in the political life of the country is the rise of the political party known as the United Farmers. Canada, like Russia, is pre-eminently an agricultural country; her wealth is in the hands of those who produce it. And they are becoming a political party of great and increasing influence.

So it may be in the future when education has leavened the coming generations, when the term mooshik is no longer synonymous with ignorance and stupidity. Then Russia will pass from the hands of dreamers and visionaries to the hands of those to whom she rightly belongs, to the people who have tilled her rich black soil through the ages—the peasants.

The Shadow of the Hand of Death

To think of Russia to-day is to think of famine. That is inevitable, for the shadow of the hand of death lies upon the whole of Europe, closing out the prospect of a future that has in it more of hope than the tragedy

of to-day promises.

When those dark fields of death are one more yellow in the sun, when once more the peasant turns to the handicrafts of his village, tanning leather, carving *Ikons*, weaving, spinning, sewing, then, it may be we shall look back upon these years of famine as already we are looking back upon the dark days of war, our vision of a dreadful past coloured by the rose-hues of a happier present.

The passage of political power from the exploiters to the exploited, the transfer of wealth from the cities to the land, the light of education in place of the darkness of ignorance—these things will, perhaps, come

to pass.

When they do we shall have the answer to the Russian riddle.

The immediate concern of the world is to see to it that Russia does not die of her growing pains.



non Margaret Peterson.

"Ninon, Ninon, que fais tu de la vie, Toi, qui n'a pas d'amour?"

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

Att her life. Niuon had posed—a pose of superb frivolity. This had been a source of infinite annoyance to her maiden aunt, Miss Susan Dobson, a grim, silent spinster. Miss Dobson was puritanical. Ninon felt herself to be ornamental—and from an early age their natures had clashed. Yet Miss Dobson loved Ninon, whose monter, a chorus girl of some travelling company, had descreted her husband soon after the birth of the child. Baby Ninon had been left on John Dobson's hands—and he, helpless, had pas-ed on the charge to his sister, afterwards dying. And then, one day, when Ninon was sixteen, her mother came back and claimed her—and Ninon had chosen to go away to the mother she did not know rather than remain with the aunt who had reared her.

The choice was to be regretted. Life with her mother and her stepfather was sordid in the extreme. They go to South Africa, where the mother dies. On the voyage home the ship is wrecked and Ninon is saved very romantically by a young man, Dick Sutley. Their rescuers think they are married—and Dick suggests they shall marry indeed. They marry, but all too soon the seeds of suspicion are sown. Ninon's stepfather returns, sees, Dick, and suggests that he has been trapped into the marriage, and that Ninon's past is not what it ought to be. Dick suspects that the man is telling lies, but the poison does its work. Ultimately he takes her to East Africa.

CHAPTER VIII Zidoki

rty da.

ral 0se 5 3 in lon hen

oussia and ioni

ave

iges

3

0 don e oi ture edy nce tore his

ons.

be.

e of

pon

ead-

hap-

the

r of

light

s of

ome

swet

is to

her

" Heed well, before you teach them, Your scarce learnt rules of right. Look well, before you lead them, To where your wise men fight. To where your women huy and sell Things—that for shame you cannot tell, Lest, one day, you should chance to meet A black man at God's judgment seat."

HE house that Dick Sutley had built for himself stood, well shaded by trees, in the centre of his plantation. You came up to it by a circuitous path that led through acres of coffee trees, and the house and the garden with its guardian trees stood out like an oasis amid the low-growing coffee shrubs and the stumpy banana trees that acted as their shade. It was a long low house, built after Dick's own pattern. A wide veranda ran its length, and the poles and railing of the veranda were festooned and covered with every kind of creeper that Dick had been able to persuade to grow. When the plants were in flower they turned the house into a floral bower. Alway- their thick green foliage, their twisting stalks brought a sense of coolness and shadow to the rooms within. There were quite a number of rooms. Dick had built his house with a view to entertain ing all the neighbourhood when he felt like it. And, even with all the neighbourhood gathered together, he would still have had room to spare. For there were not many white people within the province of Zadaka.

It is a small, hardly known stretch of native territory on the borders of East Africa. A protectorate, that mysterious word that seems capable of so many interpretations. For the people of Zadaka possess a kingdom and a king, vet neither the one nor the other is really theirs. The white people are in possession. They have adopted the rôle of protectors; they have measured and doled out the land; they have brought peace and order out of wild troublesome days of raiding and bloodshed; they have established laws to which they enforce obedience; they have said to the king, "So far you can go and no farther-you must indeed be a puppet king and we will pull the strings."

It may be all rather perplexing to the people of Zadaka, but at the same time they accept it with the same blind acquiescence that they have always given their rulers. They are being protected, and, in return, they give their protectors land and service and submission. It would really have been the same if they had been conquered-and perhaps that was how they looked upon the matter. The white men were too clever, too awe-inspiring to fight against. They might be few in number, but they had many strange and wonderful methods of defending themselves. The people of Zadaka flew the Union Jack and expressed unending gratitude for the protection it afforded. And Zidoki, the king, did as he was told and used his kingly powers with discretion and caution, that is to say, well out of sight of his white advisers,

So much for the natives of Zadaka. white people consisted of four or five scattered planters, including Dick Sutley and the Moultrays-whose plantations joined each other-and a small station of white officials living under the shelter of the Union Jack at the

Government headquarters, a place situated about twenty miles from Dick's plantation, with its houses, its shops and its club perched on the hillside where the old kings of Zadaka had held their court. Altogether it might be reckoned that the white people in the kingdom of Zadaka amounted to about forty; but, from the peace and security with which they reigned you would have come to the conclusion that there were three million of them.

All this is rather getting away from the house with its wide, creeper-covered veranda, its many empty rooms, and its garden alive with flowers. It was the emptiness of the house that weighed most heavily upon Ninon. She would have liked to fill the rooms to overflowing with noisy, cheerful guests, so that she could have moved among them and hidden herself from Dick and the overpowering sense of Dick's presence. For out of the solitude of the house this fact seemed to rise and haunt her. She was alone with Dick. She felt herself stripped bare. There was no companionship behind which she could hide, no one to whom she could turn to gather fresh defiance with which to meet his cold, watching scorn.

They arrived at the house one afternoon on a day of blazing heat. The last part of the journey, from the Moultrays' house, where they had stopped to have lunch, had been done in Dick's little car, and he had hardly spoken to her, so intent was he on the intricacies of the road and on noting the things that had been done on either side. The Moultrays had left a white manager in charge of their place, and the man had-on Dick's invitation-extended his supervision to Sutley's plantation. So that everything showed in perfect order, and in among the coffee trees the rows of native workers could be seen busily engaged in picking.

" It's done well," was Dick's comment with a sigh of satisfaction. "How do you like it,

Ninon? Think it pretty? "

This was as they drove up to the house. The place brought to him a sense of satisfaction. offered him distraction from the tangle of his thoughts. He proposed to lose himself in work during the following months, and leave the problem of his relations with Ninon to settle

themselves as fate should see fit.

" Man's love is of man's life a thing apart," as a poet who certainly gave a great part of his life to the problem has decided. Dick could decide to and apparently succeed in relegating it to that place apart. He had his work. He rose to it early in the morning, he spent his days out of doors. Only his overseer could have told you that their white master seemed strangely restless, unusually irritable, that he hurried from thing to thing, and changed his mind very often. And the Moultrays said to each other that Dick Sutley was unhappy and striving to hide his unhappiness from their sympathetic eyes. They never said openly that Ninon was responsible for this, but individually they all knew it, and it served to fan the dislike and the passion for protection of Dick

that had started burning in Rachel's soul. They saw a good deal of him, and very little of Ninon. She always had some excuse ready when he spoke of going over to see the Moul. trays about something. And when he would add, half apologetically, that it would mean being away for lunch or tea, Ninon would shrug her shoulders, "It doesn't matter," she would say. "I can just exist without you, Dick."

If he had been less driven in the conflict of his own emotions Dick would have realized that life on the plantation was deadly dull for her. She came to miss, as she had never dreamt she could miss, the companions of her theatrical days. Most women can build their entire life on love. which supports the above-mentioned post's con-With love, life and contentment is possible to them under any circumstances; that is how women live and spread round them an atmosphere of peace and happiness in these outof the way places on the outskirts of the world, where life is indeed hard and monotonous and uncomfortable, and where there are very few

outside distractions to be found.

There was a piano in the house; it stood in the large centre room that Ninon had turned into the drawing-room. She had made the room very pretty with the things she and Dick had bought together at home. She had always loved beautiful things. It was the loss of them in her life with the Samuelsons that had so hardened her and distorted her nature. However miserably unhappy or on edge she felt, to come into this cool, soft-coloured room soothed and quietened her. She never missed doing the flowers; they stood everywhere in the room, on the tables by the open doors leading on to the verandas, great fragrant bowls and long-stemmed glasses. Conversely, the room irritated Dick. It testified too obviously to Ninon's disturbing presencethe scent that she used in her dresses, on her hair, seemed to cling to the cushions. He could not sit in the room and work, or think of work. It was full of some other vague disturbing force, that shook him, that clamoured to be heard and expressed. heard and expressed. And yet its beauty thrilled him. He would come to it from his so-called study, that stood next door and was an untidy place of stiff chairs and tables and innumerable papers, and he would stand enthralled. Ninon had brought all this beauty and glamour into his life, and something stood between his soul and Ninon with a drawn sword. And the worst of it was that if Ninon, playing softly to herself on the piano, looked up and saw him standing there, she would fling suddenly into one of her most hateful songs, mocking his grim disapproval by her theatrical rendering of some music hall vulgarity. He was too blind to see that his very virtue and her sense of defeat goaded her into this pitiful defiance. The words were just as bitter to her ears as they were to his. But she had always posed, she could go on posing, very stupidly, yet with a certain courage, to the end.

When she was by herself, when she knew him to be either out on the plantation or over at the Moultrays', Ninon would lay her pose aside, and the piano became in some way her confidant, her songs the expression of her unconfessed thoughts. She was really very clever with music, though she had had small training. She would sit for hours evolving quaint, beautiful tunes to words that she found either in books or out of her own head. And she had a very clear, true voice. When she was singing to herself and for herself it was almost beautiful.

tle

ul

an

ug

uld

life

She

VS.

ne.

on-

005-

is

an

out-

and

few

in

had

ved

her

ned

ser-

into

iet-

ers;

bles

das,

ses

fied

ce-

her

ould

ork.

bing

be

auty

his

and

en-

auty

tood

awn

non,

d up

fling

ngs,

rical

was

her

itiful

her

ways idly,

him

er at

Anyhow that was how it struck a caller who arrived one day on foot at the Sutleys' bungalow. He had left his motor-bicycle at the foot of the drive, for-even though he were a kinghe knew it was not considered seemly for a black man to ride up to a white man's house. He must walk, and, if he did the strictly right thing, he would take the shoes from off his feet before he entered. This was one of the lessons that a succession of English supervisors had sucreeded in implanting in Zidoki's heart. But though he was quite willing to admit the truth of the assertions, Zidoki did not always feel bound to carry them out. He was in himself a very curious mixture. It is said, with truth, that no European can understand the complexity of the African nature. Zidoki was so successfully complex that it is very doubtful if he understood himself. For he had had a European mind, capable and trained to think as a European thinks, planted on an African nature. The result was often puzzling to himself. The instincts that drove him, the impulses upon which he occasionally acted, were altogether at variance with his thoughts, his ideals. For he had, strange as it may appear, a great many ideals. He was a dreamer and a planner, which in a way was almost as curious as his dual nature. He came of a stock that was known in Government parlance as rotten. His grandfather, who had been the reigning king in Zadaka when the white men had first discovered it, had been an unscrupulous, amazingly clever old savage. He had lured the white people to his country; he had encouraged them; he had talked very politely and picturesquely and learnt from these early pioneers how to obtain gains and how to use them. He had dipped into the mysterious fascination of whisky drinking, and then he had murdered them quietly and unobtrusively. Swift retribution had followed from a righteously annoyed England, and old Matonso had died fighting among his warriors. His son, Dunfardu, had succeeded, with the white men's approval. But left to himself, for the country had not as yet reached to the dignity of being a protectorate, he had proved himself to be ten times more villainous than Matonso. He had all Matonso's savagery and cunning and none of his wisdom or discretion. Bloodshed, torture, murder, lust, these things became paramount during his reign. White men he killed on sight without any parleying. He was (even his own terrified people testified to this) a bloodthirsty monster without one redeeming virtue. Again the white man held himself bound to intervene. Justice and charity and a past inheritance of ideals could not allow them to stand idle and allow such a king to live and reign. Once more the white soldiers and the black soldiers, under white supervision and tutelage, swept down upon Zadaka. But this time they met with scant opposition. Dunfardu was a coward in addition to his many other attractions. Taking his women with him, he fled to the hills for refuge, and there he was hounded down by his own warriors and horribly slaughtered.

The white men were received in the embuga of the kings by Zidoki, a slim, graceful, even in those days strikingly handsome boy of six. He was dressed in the royal robes, and he was supported on the one side by his great-uncle, old Matonso's brother, and on the other hand by his mother, a young beautiful woman descended from a family of Egyptian Arabs who had once passed through the country.

With so young a king to succeed, with the country in its miserable impoverished state, brought about by the excesses of King Dunfardu, there seemed nothing for it but for the white people to assume control. In six months from the date of Dunfardu's downfall the country had become a protectorate, the Union Jack flew over the temporary quarters of a Government House, and Zidoki was in the hands of an English tutor.

It appeared imperative that he should be removed from his old-time surroundings. If he was to grow up different from his notorious father, the old influences, the intrigue, the secret forces of native life in the embuga must be counter-charged. Old Matonso's brother could be no fit guide for the future king of a British protectorate—the less so since he had fallen a victim to the insidious joys of whisky, first introduced in Matonso's reign, and was on most occasions too drink-sodden to exercise any control whatsoever.

The need for imperative action was brought home to Zidoki's tutor when it was discovered that the boy's mother had been brutally murdered, sleeping, as it was her custom to sleep. on a mat at the entrance to her son's hut. Therefore Zidoki was sent to England. He was twelve when this eventful step was taken. For six years he had learnt under English tuition how best to hide and defeat the native instinct that appeared to make him distasteful to his white protectors. He was a singularly receptive He modelled himself on the teaching given him as no grown man could have done. When he went home to school in England he was, but for his colour, an English schoolboy to all intents and purposes. His instructors, the clergyman's family with whom he spent his holidays, thought very highly of him. They admitted it was a little difficult to love him; they put that down to the rather instinctive colour question.

"He seems, if you can understand me," the worthy clergyman wrote to the at that time Resident of Zadaka, "rather shut away from love. One gathers that he neither has it to

give nor does he desire it. But he is a dear, good boy, clever, upright and scrupulously honest. He is also a good, devout Christian. I think we may with confidence look forward to the good effects that his reign will have on the country."

The Resident read the letter and smiled. He had known Dunfardu, it seemed a little ridiculous to believe that his son had developed into

all this.

Zidoki returned to take up his inheritance when he was eighteen. He was a finely grown, well-proportioned native, with a handsome face inherited from his mother, and a very kingly carriage of his head. He was altogether European in dress, in speech and in manners. It came upon him with a distinct shock of dismay to see the place where he was supposed to live. One of his first acts was to pull down the old embuga of the kings and build himself a house He was very keen on tennis and cricket and football. He instituted all these things for his people to play. He was only a boy, and behind the bravado, the adoption of kingly prerogative and swagger which he strove to display, was the hurt wonder of a boy's heart because of the constant snubbing and cold shouldering dealt out to him by the English community. It was as if they said to him, " England has turned your head, we must make it our business to teach you that out here you are only a native, and between a native and a white man there can be nothing but servitude and mastership." He, who had been so quick to learn, so receptive to all teaching, took this lesson hardly. He could not stomach their assumption of superiority. Again and again he flung himself hotheartedly at the red tape of their conventions. He wanted to be one of them, he was so much nearer them in all his thoughts and ambitions than he was near his own people. It drove him to stubborn, sulky rage that they would have none of him. Then came the war, and Zidoki tasted for a little the satisfaction of an active life, attached as an officer to an English regiment that went through the campaign in East Africa. In the regiment, at the mess, among his brother officers he found his feet again as he had found them in England. He was voted a good fellow, and there were too many common hardships shared by black and white troops alike for much time to be spent on the colour question. Theirs was no false allegiance, the allegiance of these savages to an Empire in which they have so small a share yet under whose banners they fought and died in such countless numbers. England owes a debt to her black levies in Africa, which, let us hope, she will not soon forget.

But, be that as it may, Zidoki returned to Zadaka upon demobilization, ceased to be a subaltern in the British Army and became once more a king. Became once more bitterly aware of the stone wall of prejudice that closed him in. It was observed by those whose interest was intelligent enough to take note of these things, that this time Zidoki took his lesson differently.

He had grown older during his four years' service in the field. He was infinitely more reserved, less friendly. You felt now, in talking to him, that you were up against a stone wall. as Mr. Prendergast, the commissioner, said. Mr. Prendergast also knew that his advice, his tactfully concealed orders, were very often ignored and set aside. Young Zidoki, officially, was getting out of hand. There were even whispers that he was falling away from his education and training, lapsing back into the degenerate savage from which it was felt he had been redeemed. And it was stated quite openly by the police officer in charge of such matters that whisky, large quantities of it, was by some means or other being smuggled into the king's house. The old uncle had drunk himself to death over ten years ago, the present supply could only be intended for Zidoki.

Outwardly, at least, Zidoki as yet showed no trace of all this. On the day when he called on the Sutleys and met Ninon for the first time he was dressed and looked, save for his colour, like any other Englishman whom she might have met in Zadaka. Khaki shorts and a shirt, football stockings and boots, and a sun helmet.

He had called, he explained, studying her gravely as she came forward from behind the piano to greet him, to find out if Mr. Sutley would play in the football team he was trying to get up. He spoke with perfect ease of manner, and none of that gaucherie which is generally noticeable in a native when speaking to a lady, however well educated he may be. Seeing her look a little puzzled at the end of his explanation, he laughed quite naturally and added:

" I must introduce myself. I am the King

Zidoki, you know."

The name brought back rather vaguely to Ninon Major Carruthers and his talks of the king of Zadaka. She looked at him with renewed interest. He struck her as being extraordinarily handsome, with refined proud features and very tragic eyes. Tragedy always seems to lie behind an African's eyes. It is as though he realized himself to be a soul in bondage.

"Oh," she said, a little taken aback, uncertain what she should do. "Won't you sit down? My husband is out, he has gone across to the Moultrays. I am sure he will be very sorry to miss you, and he may be back at any

moment."

"Thank you," said Zidoki. He sat down and put aside his hat. "Will you not go on playing and singing? I heard you as I came up the drive, it seemed to me beautiful."

Ninon flushed a little and turned away to hide it. She wondered if Dick would be angry, consider it impudence of this native to sit there and talk to her like that. She was a little in the dark as to how Dick felt towards natives, but she had heard Major Carruthers and other men express very definite ideas.

"I am afraid I was only strumming," she said. She turned to look at him; his eyes, large and intelligent and sad, never seemed to have



"'I don't know that I am altogetner grateful.
It has made me, perhaps, dissatisfied'"

P. B. Hickling

wandered from her. "Do you like, I mean, are you fond of music?"

ng 11, d. iis en ly, en iis he he ite as ito nk ent no on he ke ive oter ley er. ly,

ier

ny

to

the

re-

ra-

bud

ays

35

in

er-

sit

058

ery

my

WD

on

up

to

ry,

ere

in

res.

her

she

rge

ave

"I have loved it," he said. "Here I hear so little. At least," he laughed again—there was something frank and boyish in his laughter—"I am afraid that the music of my own country does not appeal to me. That is about the truth."

"I should think you would need to be used to it," agreed Ninon, and wondered if her remark was not, on the face of it, rather sunid.

He seemed to read her thoughts, at least he answered them.

"No," he said presently. "I have not had time yet to get used to it. You know, Mrs. Sutley, they sent me home to England for six years, from twelve till I was eighteen. I don't know that I am altogether grateful. It has made me, perhaps, dissatisfied," he raised his shoulders, "taught me to look higher than I can ever hope to fly. And all the things I learnt to be fond of over there I have, here, to learn to do without. Music—your music as against ours—is one of them."

She felt auddenly sorry for him. Ninon was always very susceptible to flattery, and in everything he had said and looked the man had conveyed humble, quite unobtrusive admiration.

"You must come over here whenever you

like," she said impulsively. "I, too, love music, and out here there is no one who cares to listen. Here is my husband." She moved to the door as the sound of Dick's motor-car was heard outside. "He will be glad that you waited to see him."

Following upon what she realized might well have been considered a rash invitation it was a relief to her to see that Dick's manner to the native was quite cordial. They sat chatting together for some time on the veranda after she had gone away to her own room to dress for dinner.

And that evening when she mentioned the fact that she had told Zidoki he must come again as he was keen on music, Dick seemed quite pleased. "Zidoki is a good chap," Dick said, "and I'm often very sorry for him. They made a rotten mistake in sending the boy home, and it is he that has to foot the bill for the mistake."

Yet, curiously enough, a little shiver of distaste had come to Ninon as she had seen the two men together. It was as though Dick's coming had suddenly shown her—what she had only been uneasily aware of before—how deep and unfordable was the gulf between black man and white.

She could not shake hands with Zidoki after that; the thought of his black skin was repulsive to her.

CHAPTER IX "Moon Flowers"

Down into hell I would go for her:
Conquer death, if I might, for her:
Shame and dishonour and secret doubt,
The touch of her lips puts them all to rout.
But the woman he spoke of hid her head,
For it seemed as though love on his throne
were dead."

O Zidoki became a frequent visitor at the Sutleys' house, more frequent than Dick had any idea of. It was most often when he himself was over at the Moultrays' that the green motor-bicycle would drive up to the gates and Zidoki would stroll on to the veranda with a grave "hodie." And as the days went past and his presence two or three times a week became an accepted fact, Ninon came to forget the shrinking repulsion which she had first felt in watching and talking to him. He was in his mind, his conversation, so essentially of her own race and colour. And, in addition to that, he flattered a share in Ninon's nature that so far other men had ignored. It was not her beauty that he seemingly worshipped, the woman in her that he strove to rouse. That she would have drawn back from, coming from a black man it would have struck her as an insult. But in Zidoki's homage there was more of the reverence that you might expect to find in a pupil towards his teacher. It was her intellect, her intelligence, that he seemed to seek. He came to her for advice, he laid all his troubles, his ambitions, his thwarted schemes at her feet. And he woke pity in her heart, a thing which no one else had ever done before. With it a' he was admirably frank and boyish. He made no attempt to conceal that he thought everything she did was perfect; her music quite obviously enthralled him. She came to find his companionship pleasant, he broke up the monotony of the days. There was much in Zidoki that was indeed very likeable, and he was very careful never to offend.

He was never in the least blinded to his own position. People will tell you that love is a question of education. It is our poets, our thinkers, our dreamers, that have laid down for us the lines upon which we must love. Christianity raised woman to a position of reverence she had never attained to before. The African savage buys his wife, and uses her as a beast of burden. Love, as we have come to understand it, as we have been educated up to appreciate it, does not enter into his category. Yet behind our talk move, pulse, the blind forces of Nature. Animal selection, the male selecting the female of his choice and fighting till the death to obtain her. Zidoki loved the white woman. He loved her with both sides of his nature. With his savage instinct, which said, she is a woman, take her. With his educated, civilized side, which whispered, she is divine, touch her not, lest your touch contaminate. The battle lay between these two forces; the result was hidden in Zidoki's soul. Had she come into his life seven years earlier the decision would have been easier. For seven years ago Zidoki had been full of ideals, fresh from a great belief in the noble truths he had been taught. But seven years had brought bitterness and disappointment, something that was akin to contempt towards a religion and a teaching that had so cruelly failed him. He was very slowly but surely slipping back into the savage. In that lay Ninon's danger, though she herself was so blissfully unaware of it.

From Dick, of course, all this was hidden. Ninon very rarely told him how her day had been spent, and, if his had taken him to the Moultrays' plantation, a more stubborn silence than usual held her. She was bitterly jealous of Rachel, but since her attempt on board ship she had not mentioned the girl's name to Dick. Indeed, the relationship between herself and Dick had reached to be almost that of polite acquaintanceship. Living together in the same house, they saw very little of each other, except at meals, and the desire to break down the barrier which stood between them had almost

gone from Ninon's heart.

It was left to Rachel to bring about the climax between them, and slowly but surely the fire in Rachel's heart was burning up to this point. Very much of a prude in her outlook on life, there was yet hidden away in Rachel the essentially primitive woman whose aim and object in life is union with the man in order that she may have children. No other form of love can satisfy her; there is, unknown to herself, very little that she will hesitate at to achieve this purpose. Pity and the memory of old palship had been the first claims that Dick made on Rachel's heart. She was two years younger than Ninon in age, but in other things she was far older. There were all the instincts of motherhood and wife management awake in Rachel. In her eyes Dick was a man child to be guided and petted and mothered; so far so good. Dick brought her his troubles, spoke to her of his work, acted on her advice, and the silence lay between them, the silence that hid his heart from her. Rachel realized this, and it irked her. She did not imagine for a moment that he loved Ninon. Her heart, intent on the accomplishment of its own object, would have rejected that as impossible; but she did believe that it was his loyalty, his sense of honour, that kept him silent there. Here the prude in her nature came to the front of her arguments. Dick was a married man; he had made a mistake in his marriage, but it none the less held him away from her. Against this thought her spirit chafed itself for several months. She attempted to resign herself to it. Marriage was a thing, she was fain to believe, binding for life and death. But all the time under these arguments that her training brought forward, her instinct clamoured for the end which it felt must be achieved. Until suddenly one day the thing that she must do stood out clearly defined

against her doubts and hesitations. She must show Dick that she loved him, that she was waiting for his love. There was something unholy about marriage in which there was no love, from which there could never be any children. That was her instinct clamouring to be heard. She must bring courage to Dick's heart, show him how to break free, that together they might enter into a newer, fuller heritage of joy.

she

de.

ears

m a

ren

tter-

was

da

He

into

ugh

den.

had

the

ence

lous

ship

lick

and

olite

ame

cept

most

max

e in

oint.

ssen-

she

can

very

this

ship

e on

nger

was

s of

e in

to be

T 80

e to

the

hid

nd it

ment

the

have

lieve

that

her

Dick

ce in

way

pirit

pted

ing.

and

nents

tinct

t be

hing

fined

So Rachel with the pure, sweet face, the Madonna-bound hair, waited for Dick that day, and when he came to her, as she had known he would come, she spoke to him of the truth that had that day-so she thought-come into her heart. They had walked down together after tea to a slip of land on the Moultrays' plantation where the cultivated coffee ground ended and a wild range of tropical jungle took its place. Through this belt of old forest, that Moultray had refrained from cutting down because he had wished to keep it as it stood in memory of the primeval splendour that had reigned when he had first taken over the place, ran the small watercourse upon which the farm depended for its water supply-a narrow, slowmoving stream that slid between sloping banks. Palms grew close to its moisture, a tree not often met with except in the vicinity of water. Palms and great giant ferns and huge spreading trees, whose branches carried spread-out growths of erchid and fungus.

The Moultrays had cut a path through this beautiful wilderness. It ran down to the stream and across a native-built bridge and up the other side on to farther acres of cleared ground. It had always been a favourite spot on the plantation to Rachel, though Mr. Moultray never liked her to go down there by herself. The water was as attractive to wild beasts as to the humans who made use of it. In the soft dust and wet mud along its banks it was always possible to trace the pad of hon and leopard and hoofs of the wild pig

To-day Rachel and Dick had walked slowly, and before they reached the bridge the sun had already settled down behind the bank of trees. Dark comes suddenly and quickly after sunset in these lands. The little breeze which heralds night was stirring among the trees, rustling the bushes together with an uncanny sound of

unseen life.

"We ought to be getting back," Dick said.

"It's later than we thought."

He had been telling her about some trouble he had been having with one of his head men. She had listened with her usual intentness, but behind her attention her thoughts had been busy striving to find words to tell him of the truth that she had found.

"Yes," she agreed, a little stiffly to his ques "We ought to go, but, Dick, there is something I want to say to you. Something not

very easy. 11

He turned to look down at her. She was very small, her crown of hair came scarcely to his shoulder. He had, somehow or other, always thought of her as a child.

"What is it?" he asked, half smiling. "Something very serious, Rachel?"

"Yes," she nodded. She put her hands on his. He could feel that they were very warm and soft, he sensed, through them, the nervousness that shook her. "It ought to be easy enough for you and me to speak truth to each other, oughtn't it?" she said. "We have known each other a long time, haven't we, Dick? "

"Yes," he agreed. He could not see her face, she kept it rather obstinately lowered. He could not imagine what the trouble was, but he knew that she was troubled. " Ever since you were a kiddie, Rachel, and we have been good

pals."

He felt her hands close on his, she looked up at him, her face was white, her lips a little tremulous.

"I love you, Dick," she whispered, "that is what I want to say. Ah, wait," she felt the quick, instinctive withdrawal of his hands, " I have thought it all out. I have come to know that it is not wicked for you and me to love each other. At first it did seem to me to be wicked, she seemed to stand between and you belong to her, but that isn't so. I have come to understand, I wanted to show that I understand. Oh, Dick, Dick," she came closer to him, her body was eager for the shelter of his arms. cannot bear to see you unhappy and not be able to help. To know you are miserable and have to stand outside."

Her voice broke, she hid her face against his He could feel her shaking with the tumult of what she had tried to put into words. And he stood stiff and silent, more horrified than he had ever been in his life before. What was this thing he had done? In the face of her trust, her childlike confidence, he felt unspeakably It seemed as though he had cheated and mean. tricked her into giving of her very best and in return he could give her nothing. His very sympathy, regret, would be an outrage. How was he to keep the shame of knowledge from Several wild plans rushed through his brain, each to be rejected as impossible. the end he put his arms round her and held her from him. "Don't," he said, "don't, oh, for heaven's sake, don't, Rachel. You do not know what you are saying or how it hurts. I would have given my life sooner than that this should have happened. I never dreamt that you would grow to care. I was just selfishly happy in your friendship. It meant so much to me.

" And doesn't my love mean anything?" she

asked, studying him with grave eyes. He swung away from her. "If you really love me," he said harshly, " may God forgive me for the thing I have done. But you can't -you don't, Rachel," he turned to her again, he caught her hands. "Why, you are only a kid. A thing like this can't have come into your life. It isn't true, Rachel, it can't be true."

She laughed a little. She could laugh, for she felt it was only horror at his own misdeed of being married that held him. The mother was

uppermost again. Instinctively she wanted to shield him from perplexity and hurt. She had shown him the way to happiness, in time his

own feet would find it.

" It's quite true," she said simply. " But if it horrifies you, Dick, we won't talk of it again. I only wanted to tell you, Dick. Believe me, I realize quite well the things that stand between us. I am brave enough to face them with you, when they have to be faced. That is all I wanted you to know."

He turned away with almost a groan, and in perfect friendliness she slipped her small hand

into his arm.

" Let's go back now," she said, " I have done my share. We won't talk of it again until you

want to."

She seemed to take no exception to his remorse, his silence, his constraint. She had expected all these from him. She dreamed that she looked behind them and saw his love, very clear, very honest, leap up and burn in answer That he did not love her, could not to hers. love her because of Ninon and the great longing in his heart for Ninon, never occurred to her. Nor could he at the moment find the courage to tell her.

One thing at least he evoked out of the interview. He must come to some understanding with Ninon. He owed so much to Rachel. Perhaps he imagined himself in some heroic mood making reparation to Rachel, with Ninon

pushed definitely out of his life.

It was late when he got home and Ninon was . alf-way through dinner. She looked up and nodded in a friendly way as he came in, though before his arrival she had been conscious of very fierce resentment. Just this last month she had found Dick's constant visits to the Moultrays more than she could well bear. It had occurred to her also more than once that some definite arrangement must be come to. Yet always she shrank from putting her angry doubts to the test. He sat down and ate his meal opposite her in silence. She was quick to imagine that he had been through some nerve crisis and she looked no farther than Rachel for the cause. So that she was not surprised when after dinner he rose and followed her out on the veranda.

" I have something that must be said to you to-night, Ninon," he said, and his voice was as constrained as his figure showed stiff held and stern in the lighted doorway, and suddenly a great wave of tenderness surged up in her

towards him.

She was in the shadow herself, she could turn and look at him and he could see nothing of her face and eyes. Only her voice sounded cool and untroubled. He had a feeling that she was

mocking his discomfort.

" I half thought you would be saying something soon," she said. "Come out into the shadow, Dick. You will find it easier to talk in the dark. I "-there was an odd little thrill in the words-" I want to make it as easy for you as I can."

He moved forward to beside her. The silence round them was scented by the heavy fragrance of tropical plants. Outside it was bright still the trees cast great clear-cut moonlight, shadows, the flowers and leaves of the shrubs stood out in vivid outlines. The moonlight crept up the steps of the veranda and filtered through the meshes of the creeper. But it was dark where they stood; they spoke out of the darkness to each other, almost in whispers.

"You say you would make things easy for me, Ninon. Heavens! isn't it a little late for

you to think of doing that? "

"And yet I would like to," she answered. " Poor Dick ! " she moved a little from him. He knew that she sat down on the veranda rail, her head would be against the mass of moonflower creeper that grew there. If she put out her hand she would be able to touch one of its great velvet blooms. And from where she sat the scent of the moonflower crept out to him, heavy, intoxicating-like the scent of nicotine plants in bloom.

" Isn't it like this," Ninon went on, "you married me on impulse? A fine generous impulse, wasn't it, and it was a little mixed up with the fact that I was nice to look at, that I set something affame in your heart. A great many men," there was almost reminiscent laughter in her voice, though indeed her heart felt nearer tears, " have felt that about me. But having had me and tried me, you tired of me. Isn't that so? Love and passion as men see them and use them, I haven't quite been able to disentangle them yet, but I do know they are different. For me you have felt passion, for this other girl," just for a second she hesi-tated, "you feel love. Isn't that what you wanted to tell me? "

" No," he answered, " before God, no," The scented night shook him, desire, long held at bay, flamed in his heart. He strode towards her; his arms were round her, he had swung her off her feet into their hold before she knew what was happening. What did right or wrong or probings of conscience or the soul of man matter? She was his. Love swept over him in a flame. At the touch of her, at the scent of her hair floating against his lips, everything was forgotten, as indeed he had known it would be forgotten were he to allow her to draw so near. It was the night of his abnegation, he was a suppliant at her feet as he had foreseen

he would be.

"It is you I love," he whispered against the face that lay so close to his, "you-you. I have fought and struggled, but you are too strong for me. I would go to the world's end for you. What does anything matter? Even if you only pretend to love me, Ninon, let me be content with that."

The words stung across her dream. struggled to win free. "You must tell me what it has all meant," she said. "I have a right to know, haven't 1?"

"Yes," he agreed, sobered to sudden earnestness by her withdrawal, "But before I tell

"'I love you, Dick,' she whispered. 'That is what I want to say '"-p. 731

ence ance still r-cut rrubs rrubs light ered was the for tred. He her pwer her treat the avy, s in

you iml up at I reat cent eart But me. see to are for aesiyou

The laterds

ung new ong nan him

t of ing ould so he

the

too end i if be

She me e a

tell

P. B. Hickling

you I want you to know this. I have fought out my battle, Ninon, it is finished. I don't mind what the truth is, I don't want to know it. If you are content to love me we'll turn our

backs on the past."

And then he told her. She sat on one of the veranda chairs and he sat at her feet, his hands holding hers. He told her of Bill Samuelson's visit, of what he had said, of all the torments of doubt that those words had roused, of how he had fought the matter out and come to his decision during that night on Hampstead Heath. And as she listened, a definite chill curtain of fear descended between Ninon and her caught-at joy, for behind all his passionate utterances of love she could hear the doubt which still ruled in his heart.

"And you believed all this of me?" she asked when he had finished. "You did not trust me enough to ask me, 'Is this true—is that

a lie? ' "

He buried his lips against her hands, "I don't ask you now," he answered. "I don't want to know anything. I love you—that is enough."

CHAPTER X "A Fool there was"

"You loy within my orms all night, and I
Can make no swift reply
To all the doubts that sear your love. And so
I pay my debt—and go."

INON woke slowly next morning to a sense of disaster. The memories of last night were with her, and the outstanding facts of Dick's doubts. His belief in her unworthiness, the reckless onward sweep of his passion, were as whips that stung her heart. She had no wish to play the Circe to Dick's manhood. She had almost a herror of the

tribute that he laid at her feet.

There were other instincts awake in her where Dick was concerned. She, who had been content to fool a great many other men. to sell her kisses and her smiles with secret loathing in her heart for those who bought, had now a passionate longing to be wooed by homage and won by reverence. The memory of Dick's abasement terrified her. He had spoken of killing his own soul. Ninon knew very little about souls, but she did know very definitely-Aunt Susan's teaching had seen to that-the difference between good and evil. This morning her mind was aflame with pictures. She seemed to see Dick standing with the scales of life in his hand, and on one scale was written the word "evil" and on the other the word "good." Her heart lay in the scale marked "evil"—the heart of the girl Rachel in the scale marked "good," and Dick stood choosing with the red fire of passion blowing him towards evil, with the steady white star of love drawing him towards good,

"If he loved me," thought Ninon, "he would want to know the truth, and I could tell it him

for it would not hurt him." But he had not wanted the truth. He had wanted only her beauty, the glory of her hair, the softness of her lips.

Ninon sat up in bed, and, at that moment, a discreet native boy paused outside the door on the veranda and coughed to ask admittance.

'Yes," said Ninon, "what do you want?" Dick, she knew, was out. He had wakened her before dawn to whisper that he had to go down into Zadaka about some motor-cars. He would not be able to get back till the afternoon.

"Mukgala," said the man, "there is a Bwana here—he whom we call The Father of one Plate. He desired to see the Bwana. I have told him he has gone, and he says then will I see the Mukgala, as to day he leaves for Mombasa. Also there is a letter here for our Bwana, and the man desires an answer."

Ninon slipped out of bed and into her dressing-gown. The Father of one Plate-as the natives called him-a nickname given because of the man's reputed meanness-she knew as a Mr. Tom Luck, a man who toured the country buying and selling cattle to the natives, doing a great many strictly illegal things as well-so everyone felt. He was rather a thorn in the side of the English community. One or two efforts had been made to deport him, but Mr. Luck. as his name signified, was fortunate in that he made a point of sailing near the wind, but never near enough to be caught. He dragged round the country with him a white woman, who was in polite parlance alluded to as Mrs. Luck, though Luck himself never introduced her as such, nor did she often put in an appearance where there were other white people. On one occasion, however, Luck had had to call in at the Sutleys' place to ask for some assistance for his companion who appeared at the time to be dying of black water, and Ninon had met her then and helped in a measure to nurse her.

"Tell the Bwana I will come," she said to the boy, "and give me the letter. I will see if

there is an answer needed."

Not till she had opened the letter and the first words of the writing had caught her eye, did she guess or imagine that it might be from Rachel. The first words told her it could be no business letter, that it would call for no answer from her, and she signed to the boy to go away. "There is no answer," she said quietly, yet she did not lay the letter down. The writing danced before her to be read. It seemed to her, after those first two words, that she owed it to herself to know how Rachel and Dick stood to each other. And then she read.

"My dearest," Rachel had written, "what I said last night is still true. I love you. There can be nothing wrong in a love like outs. I will wait for you till Eternity—if it must be till

then .- Yours, RACHEL.'

Quite still and straight stood Ninon as she read. She could see again Dick's white anxious face at the dinner table; hear the constraint in his voice when he had first speken to her; the sudden rush of hot words that had followed; feel his eager hands, his rough kisses. A little twisted smile came on her face as she stood there, it hid the contempt that, for the moment, 30 hurt' her heart.

"Poor Dick," her thoughts ran. "Things were against him last night. The moonlight, the scent of those flowers, and I-I wanted him. I suppose I must have shown I wanted

not

her

of

, a

on

2 11

her

nwo

a of 1

hen

for

our

ess.

the

use

s a

try

ing

-50

ide

orts

ick,

he

ver

ind

was

ick,

as

nce

one

at

for be

her

e if

irst

om

wer

go

tly,

rit-

1 10

ved

11

ere

till

she

ous

int er;

ed;

She put the letter down and began to dress herself with swift, deft hands. She was fighting to get back into the armour of pretence that all these years had kept her heart from being hurt. It helped her to see herself in the glass looking as perfect, as calm and selfish as ever. And as she dressed she had come to a sudden swift conclusion. She had not quite worked out how it was to be done, but she must get away, away from Dick, away from Zadaka. She had money. Dick always gave her far more than she ever wanted for the house-his account stood in their joint names in the bank at Zadaka. It was not till she was standing in front of Mr. Luck that the idea of escape that way flashed into Ninon's mind. It meant-in a way-making him her confidant, but that thought only made her hesitate for a second. After all, he would only be used as a means to in end, and once away from Zadaka she could very soon get rid of him.

Mr. Luck had risen on her greeting. He was a thin dried-up man between fifty and sixty. The sun and the various diseases of the tropics seemed to have taken every drop of red blood nut of his body. His face and hands and neck md hair were grey, and his eyes, steel-like pieces of blue set between narrow lids, watched everyone and everything with cold dislike. Yet the man had been-in some past age-a gentleman. He had not been able to lose the hallmark from his voice and manners. If he gave you an unpleasant sensation of low evil that had nothing to do with the way he greeted you, or his conversation which, when he chose to make it so, could be very witty and agreeable.

He came forward to Ninon, one withered hand held out. "You will pardon me, I have disturbed you, I know," he said. "Yet I could not leave this district, Mrs. Sutley, without saying good-bye, and expressing my gratitude for what you did for us the other day."

"You are going away? " said Ninon. "Yes," Luck admitted. He rubbed his hands together. " I lead a wandering life, Mrs. Sutley. It has eaten into my bones, I am never satisfied to be still."

She hesitated a second, looking at him. She did not for one moment trust him, but she might be able to make it worth his while to

help her.

"Will you let me come with you, Mr. Luck?" She put her amazing proposition quite calmly. "Wait, I must explain myself. Will you not sit down again for a minute? "

Mr. Luck did as she suggested, his eyes on There was something in his expression that betrayed amazed pleasure as well as

its usual cunning. It was as if he was saying to himself, "What an amazing bit of luck." But this Ninon did not see. She hurried on

with the explanation.

"You see," she said, "I want to get away. I am tired, like you get tired, Mr. Luck, of being here, and I do not want Dick, my husband, to know where I have gone. I want to vanish. It would be awfully difficult to do unless you and Mrs. Luck will help me. I have the money. Seven hundred rupees in the house, and more when I can get a cheque cashed. want to go at once-to-day."

Mr. Luck stood up. " My dear young lady," he began, "twenty years ago I ran away from my wife in much the same way. I believe I can understand your feelings, but--" He scemed to hesitate, it would not do to appear

too keen.

" I thought," Ninon put in quickly, " if you were trekking down to the coast-vou do go that way sometimes-I could just go with you, and at Mombasa I would settle up what I owe you and book a passage on some boat. I expect by that time Dick will have given up looking for me. Of course, you have only got my word for it-about the payment, I mean-but there are the seven hundred rupees I have now. That would go a long way towards expenses, wouldn't

"We have no need to talk about expenses," Luck assured her. " I hope I am still gentleman enough to do what I can to help a young and beautiful girl without waiting to talk about money; I was going to have said, Mrs. Sutley. But are you sure you want to leave your husband?"

"Quite sure," Ninon answered. "Then you will help me." She turned to the door. "I will go and get ready. It will not take me an hour. I will only bring the money and a change of clothes. I have khaki suits, you know. I got them to go shooting with my husband, but we have never been. Then, in an hour's time, if you will meet me where our coffee trees touch on the road. I think it would be better not to go by the main gate. I will carry my bag down as far as that myself. No one need see me go, and after that I must trust to you to hide me."

"Quite so," agreed Luck, "and it can be done, it can be done. Only let me make you understand, Mrs. Sutley, our method of life and travel is very far from comfortable. Matilde is a poor companion, and only a passable cook, and," he eyed her closely, " we are not going straight to the coast. I have a little job to put through for Zidoki, which means pushing up farther towards the hills. It might be three months and more before we see Mombasa."

"That doesn't matter," said Ninon. "Only I want to get away at once, to-day. Will you put up with me for that length of time, Mr. Luck? "

" I am only too delighted to be of what help I can," Mr. Luck assured her. "Matrimony is not always a success. Mrs. Sutley.

He stood, rubbing his thin hands, his quick eyes glinting about the room after she had gone. No one had ever been able to guess at Mr. Luck's thoughts, nor at the motives that drove him. He had come to the country of Zadaka on the heels of the first pioneers. known Matonso and he had escaped the killing of Matonso. Dunfardu he had also known, and during Dunfardu's reign he had kept out of the country, but, with the establishment of the protectorate, Luck had come back. Evidently his business, whatever it might be-beyond the buying and selling of cattle, no one knew what he did do-was productive of profits that pleased him, for though he might vanish periodically from the protectorate, it was always to return with a new lease of life. Many things had made attempts to kill him-black water, sunstroke, a mad elephant, a wounded lion. He was hated and feared by the natives. He ruled among them with sjambok, and thought nothing of inflicting torture to gain his ends. Once or twice he had been had up before the Government on charges of cruelty, but he had always succeeded in wriggling through. In a country where the white rule by a very small minority, it is never wise to let a case in court go against the white man.

Ninon packed the few things she had selected to take with her, leaving the others as they were in the cupboard. She tore up Rachel's note. She did not wish Dick to think that she had left because she had seen it. In its place she

wrote to Dick herself, choosing some pink scented note-paper that he had once been rather annoved with her for wanting to buy.

"Dear Dick," she wrote, "do you know that poem that begins, 'A fool there was and he made his prayer'? You can look for it and read it if you don't, it comes into one of Kipling's books. I am going away, and please do not think that any amount of looking for me will bring me back. Even if all you think of me were true, Dick, I still do not wish to become the vampire in your life,—NINON."

Mr. Luck was waiting for her in the place she had suggested. He had with him his motor-

bicycle and side-car.

"I've sent Matilde through into Zadaka," he told her. "You had made up your mind to travel very light, Mrs. Sutley, but even you will need a camp bed and some bedding. Matilde is buying them for you. I thought that would be the best way of getting them. I told her to keep under 200 rupees. She is quite a capable shoppist, Matilde."

"Thank you," said Ninon. "That was silly of me. I had forgotten those sort of things." His crafty eyes studied her. "But you've remembered the money, ch?" he said. "That

is the main thing."

"Yes, I have remembered that," Ninon answered, and turned to take her last look at the house to which Dick had brought her six months ago.

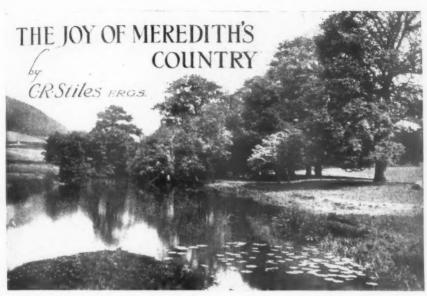
(End of Chapter Ten)



Fairy Tales or School Stories?

There is great controversy among children as to which are the nicer-fairy tales or school stories. Perhaps with the younger ones the former are favourites, whilst school stories appeal more to the twelve year old. Boys and girls of all ages can make their selection from the June LITTLE FOLKS, which contains some delightful fairy stories, and some equally delightful school yarns.

A boy or girl who misses LITTLE FOLKS misses a treat.



On the Mole, near Dorking

hat

of

of

to lace torhe l to vou ing. ight . 1 uite silly S. 31 u've That an. the 813

are

ys

KS.

ool

Photo: Frith & Co.

HERE is a cottage that stands at the foot of Boxhill-described as the strongest and simplest of the Surrey Hills, by Hilaire Belloc formerly the home of Meredith, "the preacher of universal brotherhood with all creatures that have eye and breath: one even with the inanimate." The cottage, from the zig-zag road that winds up to the summit of the evergreen hill, stands out clearly cut against its wooded background. It is wonderfully neat and trim, bowered in climbing roses and with the dark green of ivy showing up to the horizontal line of the roof. The grounds run along by the road for some distance, sleping up to an eminence covered with upstanding pines. Close to the trees and a little way from the cottage stands the chalet which was Meredith's retreat in the long and thoughtful efforts poured forth in the creation of such masterpieces as The Egoist and Diana of the Crossways.

Strength and Power

The cottage is strongly built and faced with the blue-grey flint so abundantly found in chalky country, and, although small, 1494

gives an impression of strength and lasting power, between which and the "master" and his works it is not difficult to find an analogy. The imagination is not strong enough to picture the anomaly of Meredith inhabitating a modern, jerry-built villa, for he loved his little home and its surroundings almost as if it had been part of his physical being.

The Winding Road

The zig-zag road begins from the main Leatherhead-Dorking road and winds up past Flint Cottage to the summit of the hill, the way at intervals marked with an occasional ancient vew-tree. A noticeable feature of Boxhill is the outcropping of chalk through the short, springy turf. In days gone by the hill was known as "White Hill" owing to the frequent break in its verdure; and on the slopes that lead down to the little village of Betchworth, showing up in the distance so plainly by reason of the landmark of its white church standing out from a dark circle of trees, there lies a deep pit from which chalk has been removed for centuries.

From the summit of the hill the rich

222222

Thousands of pilgrims have made their way over Boxhill. In old times pilgrims passed it on their way to Canterbury: to-day the motor horn tells of the impatience of the modern pilgrim.

The Zig-zags, Boxhill

Photo: Frith & Co.



valley of the Mole winds its sinuous way, threading the deep-green meadows that appear cool and moist and refreshing to the eye on the hottest day of summer. The famous little river would seem to be a greedy drinker, yet rarely voids her surfeit; or the flat, riparian fields are less subject

to floods than might be expected, although the surrounding hills readily suggest such a possibility in bad weather.

The Mole is mainly confined to its bed in rainy weather by reason of innumerable cavities in its banks, which draw off large quantities of water that would otherwise speedily flood the adjacent surroundings. Boxhill rises with a steep inclination almost from the banks of the river, and this southern slope is perhaps the most thickly covered with the well-known Buxus Sempervirens, or boxtree, as it is more commonly called. Reed-like water-grasses, rushes, and willows fringe and bend down to the silent stream, making those friendly shadows where lies the sly trout developing its aura of mystery. The tiny rodent from which the Mole derives her name, is not more silent and inscrutable than this o'ershadowed stream, slipping by to bore its way into the dark passage, or maybe, passages, where neither the eye nor day can follow her. Pope in his time addressed the moody stream: "The sullen Mole that dives his hiding flood," and Drayton, who loved his England as an analyst of the doings in nature, gives us a picture of the river's ceaseless effort:

"Mole digs herself a path by working day and night

According to her name to show her native right,

And underneath the earth for three-mile space doth creep."

Many other writers have been intrigued by this curious habit of the river; but I have not yet heard a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon.



Flint Cottage

The Home of George Meredith

THE JOY OF MEREDITH'S COUNTRY

A few hundred yards from Meredith's home, and on the road to Dorking, stands the Burford Bridge Hotel, which was formerly known as the "Hare and Hounds." Endymion was completed at this wayside inn (though somewhat grandiose to-day, and the halting-place of many a luxurious car for the Sunday luncheon-hour) and it is credible that Keats dreamed away many a delightful, languorous hour by the quiet Mole, knowing the language of its sleepy murmur better than any that was to come after. Stevenson, the unconventional, stayed at this inn, or hotel as it is now more

among men—as he speaks, or rather sings (for each word is a note in a scheme of melody) of the lark ascending! He has lifted himself, by the magic of ear and brain, attuned to catch each phase of the worship of God's creatures, to that plane whereon the lark's ecstasy becomes something deeper and rarer than a mere succession of sweet and pleasing sounds. The lark sings because he must; because the genius of oblation is vested in his grey-brown body; because the stupendous gift of life is within and around him, and he must sing perforce at the bidding of the sky and



Boxhill Bridge, Dorking

bed able wise most this ckly cem-

not er-

115

ybe,

day

who

the

the

day

tive

nile

ued

it I

na-

Photo : Frith & Co.

properly described, prior to becoming the guest of his great contemporary, Meredith, the master of literature. What more natural than that these two-the one, a man in the advancing prime of life, and the other, young, yet of precocious judgment in matters pertaining to literature-should meet as kindred souls that find a common and all-satisfying interest in the thousand moods, phases and development of nature and her world. It is clear that the younger man had much to learn from his famous contemporary, for nature was the eternal background of Meredith. His magnificent health and his strong, free temperament went out from him to meet and claim kinship with the vast, enduring universe-a universe external to his spirit, yet intimate therewith in the poet's gift of merging his own great, all-comprehending self into the beloved environment. Hear him-this man

of the open fields and of the great sun whose coming calls him from his nest in the grey dawn up into the pale sky-the first to herald horizon's cleavage by the king of day. Meredith's description of the song does not contain rapturous exaggeration, such as is to be found in the works of wellknown poets; his mind was too clear, too analytical, and too deeply steeped in the underlying truth that is the foundation of art, to cloud his own song with hyperbole. His great effort is aptly described by Mr. Trevelyan as a marvellous piece of observation which brings the reader much nearer the lark's outpouring melody than even the poems of our greatest singers.

Meredith, a genius himself, was ever the first to welcome the developing expression of the quality in others, and it is reasonable to surmise that his wider experience and more finely balanced faculty of criticism

may have been of no little value to R.L.S.—initials of which Sir J. M. Barrie said: "These familiar initials are, I suppose, the best beloved in literature; certainly they are the sweetest to me." Stevenson's one reference to the inn at Burford Bridge occurs in his essay entitled, A Gossip on Romance, where the inn is mentioned in conjunction with a memory of the Hawes Inn at Queensferry. R.L.S. speaks of it tenderly: "with its arbours and green garden and silent, eddying river"; and no sweeter resting-place than its trim, shady

History of the Great Plague. John Stuart Mill had a house at Mickleham; and Byron, Scott, Campbell, Southey, Moore and others made reference to the neighbourhood; Byron residing for a time at Headley in a delightful retreat called The Hermitage. Between Mickleham, and Boxhill stands Juniper Hall; a picture-sque red-brick building with magnificent cedars grouping on the lawn between the Hall and the road. It was beneath this hospitable roof that a party of distinguished French refugees found shelter at the outbreak of the French

Revolution, and among them was General d'Arblay. The General, later, married Frances Burney at Mickleham Dorking is church. eulogized in a pamphlet called The Battle of Dorking, published in May, 1871, and devoted to the imaginary defence of Boxhill against an equally imaginary invading horde of Germans (the writer in the light of subsequent events came near to being vested posthumously in the mantle of the prophet). Sit George Chesney is credited with the authorship: "A little town with the outlines of the houses obscured by blue mist; the massive crispness of the foliage, the outlines of the green trees, lighted by the sun, and relieved by deep-blue shade."



A Typical View at Mickleham

Photo: Frith & Co.

garden, wherein those others of an expression so much greater than our own, too, have rested, could be found.

Mickleham and Dorking are both close to Meredith's one-time home, and if the steep, chalky path that starts from Burford Bridge be followed to the summit of the hill, Dorking, or "Dorchinges" as it was called in the Domesday Book, will be perceived to the south-west. Dickens immortalized the pretty, old-fashioned town. Daniel Defoe lived there, and it is reasonable to associate the town with his immortal Robinson Crusoe and his lesser known

The neighbourhood has not existed without its eccentrics, for it is recorded of one, Major Peter Labelliere, who abode on the western side of Boxhill up to the year 1800, that in fulfilment of his own request he was buried with his head downwards so that when the time came for his eccentric convictions to be materialized the world would be turned upside down and he, of all others, would be found standing erect.

It is rarely that a great man—great in his own time—is not visited by those possessing social or intellectual prominence; and many well-known men stopped at the cottage at

THE JOY OF MEREDITH'S COUNTRY

the foot of the box-clad hill, to be accorded that ready and stately welcome typical of Meredith. One of the great man's delights was to meet a spirit kindred to his own in appreciation of nature generally, and of his charming environment in particular. He had a real intimacy with the countryside, and favoured the unfrequented dale or the little-known by-path, keeping its gentle secrets for the seeker. I have a vivid memory of the poet-philosopher! setting out for one of

art

on,

ers

od:

n a

ge.

nds

the

It

t a

rees

nch

ong

ral

ral.

ices

iam

15

hlet

of

in

oted

de

inst

nary

Ger-

the

uent

ost

ntle

Sir is

the

ittle

ines

ured

mas-

the

s of

hted

with-

one,

the

Soo,

50

itric

fall

his

sing

iany

e at

his rambles—stout staff in hand, a knapsack on his back or slung over one shoulder, and clad in the grey tweed suit of perennial service. There was joy in his stride, and the joy that comes not only from the quickening influence of exercise in the fresh keen air of the hillside, but from the higher emotion of oneness with the radiance and plenitude of his surroundings. Among well-known names, the bearers of which paid homage to his friendship, were Swinburne, Stevenson, Augustine Birrell, Alice Meynell, Lord



The Approach to Mickleham from London

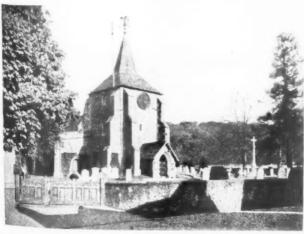
Photo: Frith & Co.

Morley, Sir J. M. Barrie, Justin McCarthy, G. M. Trevelyan, the historian, Thomas Hardy, Lord Haldane, Professor Sully and Grant Allen.

The yew and the beech flourish on the chalky soil, and there are many old oaks and lines of chestnut trees in the neighbour-hood—the chestnut trees in Betchworth Park being unusually fine. Norbury Park possesses a magnificent grove of yew-trees, of which Meredith said that they were saplings when Christ was alive, and provided our far-back ancestors with goodly yew for

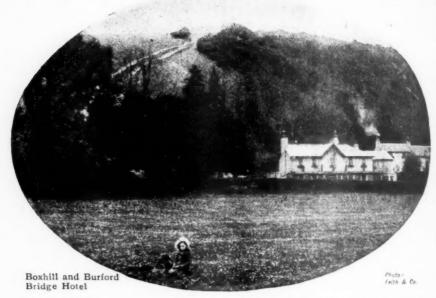
their bows and arrows. Ancient, too, is the Pilgrim's Way, that ran from Winchester to Canterbury and which is crossed by the Roman Stane Street near Dorking. The Pilgrim's Way is still indicated by yews of great age, and in far-off days was used by pilgrims travelling from west to east to pay their devotions to the tomb of Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral.

The Drove road, which is at least a thousand years old, is still in use and runs north of Dorking. It



Mickleham Church, from the N.W.

Photo:



follows a switchback route, up hill and down dale, and in times past was mainly a cattle-road for herds passing south to market towns.

The district is rich in associations with the past, but perhaps there is no record or tradition so honoured as the memory of the great man who lived and worked for many years in that delightful environment which he chose, of all others, as representative of the fairest and best in English scenery: wherein his spirit might develop that freedom and nobility which is released—a fresh and vivant breath—when a volume

of his works lies open in the hand of a comprehending reader.

George Meredith died on May 18, 1909, and was buried in Dorking cemetery. May! "the sweet of the year" as he called it. Sir J. M. Barrie wrote of Meredith, in a graceful, posthumous appreciation, that he was "the greatest since Shakespeare"; and to those who have read and loved his works, and found in them the revelations of a mind that knew Man and his universe as perhaps none other since the passing of that sublime spirit, will agree that Sir J. M. Barrie's comparison is just.



The Little White Road

Grace Mary Golden

THERE'S a little white road leading down to the sea Where the smell of the salt's in the air, And someone who once used to wander with me. Is waiting alone for me there.

Oh, many's the day that we've walked hand in hand Down that little white road to the sea. And kissed as we came within sight of the strand And talked of the sweet years to be.

Some day we'll forget all the troublesome load Of parting and waiting and pain, And walk down that little familiar white read Just straight into Heaven again.



ABOUT BOARDING-HOUSES

Nature-and Tariffs

of a

1000.

May!

ed it.

in a

at he

; and

vorks,

of a

rse as

ng of

t Sir

T is all very well to talk about Nature and the joys of the outdoor trail, but the moment one thinks of holidays one gets up against train fares, hotel chargesboarding-houses. Some people, of course, always go to hotels or hydros, others never dream of anything but apartments at Weston-super-Mare or Margate. But I find that quite an appreciable portion of my friends spend many anxious weeks from Easter to Whitsun obtaining prospectuses of different boarding-houses at various seaside resorts and balancing their rival daims. Two weeks at a "good class" warding-house represents the height of ambition for numbers of worthy young ladies, and the selection of the proper house is a matter of considerable moment.

The history of boarding-houses has never been written. It ought to be—the real secret history of the business from the days when Jacob went as a paying guest to the house of Laban right down to modern times

Has anybody started out in life with the ambition of being a boarding-house proprietor? Many small boys have felt their hearts swell within them at the prospect of becoming a baker, a railway guard, or a sweep, but never a boarding-house proprietor. And no young lady ever refused marriage because she felt destiny was calling her to preside over the fortunes of The Cedars Private Boarding Establishment. Somehow it falls among the after-thoughts of life; it has no place in youth's blissful dream.

Inevitable History

Find out the history of a boarding-house

keeper in Blackpool or Scarborough and you will learn the secret of eighty per cent. of the whole class. Miss A--- was the daughter of a clergyman who lived with her father until he died, leaving her his blessing and the furniture, but little else. Miss A-, being past the time when women usually marry, looked around-and found that running a boarding-house was about the only thing that she could do. So she has been doing it ever since. There are variations on this. A friend of mine, whom we will call Mrs. B-, found that in middle life her husband's ability to keep the family suddenly ceased. In other words, he lost his job. She, being a person of energy and practical common sense, bought a house at the seaside, ran a boarding establishment, added another house to the first, and then another. The husband was of considerable assistance-mainly, I believe, in the direction of cleaning the boots. After a time she amassed money and retired. She is typical of many, with the exception that the average boarding-house keeper never retires; she goes on for ever.

The Long Table

Boarding-houses are of different kinds, but they mostly follow a well-defined order—the scale of charges being the differentiating factor. Observe the words "Separate tables" on the prospectus you get from the Royal. It takes you back to the days when the original boarding-house mistress hist started with one house and gathered all her guests round one long table, at the head of which she sat. I have vivid memories of such. Miss C—— cut the joint (economically) and passed pleasant remarks along with the vegetables round the

table. Her duty consisted not merely in cutting up the food, but in reconciling the quarrels of Mrs. D- and Mrs. E-, and in saying, "Isn't it a fine day?" and "I do hope it will leave off raining; it is such a pity when one is on holidays," at intervals as required. Early recollections of such places still haunt me. At one, I remember, ladies were always served first, beginning with the one who had resided longest at the establishment and ending with the latest arrival. Gentlemen were then served, the same order of precedence being followed. Unluckily, I was always the last arrival, and had a very youthful appetite that contrasted painfully with that of some of the good old dames of sixty who were finished long before I put knife and fork to plate. To compensate for any slight inconvenience that way, prayers were said in the drawing-room twice a day, at which visitors were expected to attend. A missionary box was also kept in the diningroom, and visitors late for meals, or spilling the gravy, were expected to contribute.

Some of these places still exist, but it was a stroke of originality on the part of some enterprising proprietor to introduce "separate tables," leave the guests to pass pleasant remarks, and themselves to retire behind the scenes. The person who introduced the new order of things must have made his or her fortune long since and retired. The example has been copied right and left, and it is a general rule that things go smoothest at the place where the head is least seen.

The Dining-Room Sofa

One of my earliest recollections of boarding-houses is of a place I was sent to when a youth of about fifteen. The people keeping the establishment were friends of the family who, in some unexplained fit of generosity, undertook to take "paying guests." Unfortunately the house was full, but—again with generous condescension—they took me in and gave me the sofa in the dining-room for bed. Of course, I had to be the last to bed—and the first to rise in the morning! How youth is imposed upon! However, I have never slept in the bathroom, though I believe this is the custom at some houses!

Finance

I know nothing about the finance of the boarding-house business—I mean from the

inside. There must be a great deal to be learnt in wise spending and some know-ledge of human nature in the charging, But—speaking without knowledge and only on theory—I should conjecture that it is hard to make a single house pay; the profit comes when one can run twenty or forty bedrooms and keep them filled, even if one has to be elastic with terms on occasion.

Some women make a precarious existence by simply running the one house, doing as much of the work as they can themselves, and try to reap extra profit by raising terms and inventing "extras." A little enterprise—taking a bigger place, engaging more help, advertising, often more than justifies itself. But some people can never rise. Surely the secret of success must be to make your clients thoroughly satisfied, so that they come again and recommend their friends.

The Strange Army of Guests

When I started out on this talk, however, I never intended to discuss boarding-house proprietors. I rather wish I could get the proprietors to talk about their clients! You holiday-makers who just now are hastily booking up for August hope you will meet "a jolly crowd" at the Clarence, and I hope you will too. Romance is said to lurk near the promenade, and matches have been struck up at boarding-houses. In any case, it is jolly to meet young people and enjoy the delights of holiday-making in company. But the usual August holiday-makers know very little about the other side of the picture-the winter boarders. True, some boarding-houses, at such places as Margate, close up for the winter months, and make all their money while the sun shines. But it is different at Bournemouth, Brighton and other places where there is a more or less "all-the-year-round" season. Do you realize that there is a regular community of people -mostly women-who spend the winter months passing from one boarding-house to another? They know exactly the terms at all the boarding-houses in all the coast towns, and they know exactly how to get reductions in the same down to the lowest limit. They balance up the respective merits and demerits of one place and another, and then strike a bargain for a long stay.

Presumably they are widows, or "spinsters of limited means." They toil not, neither do they spin—except that they knit

BETWEEN OURSELVES

innumerable jumpers by the drawing-room fire and wash out their handkerchiefs in the bedroom to save the laundry.

be

ow-

ng.

nly

15

ofit

orty

one

n.

nce

as

ves,

rins

rise

nore

rise.

nake

heir

ver,

ouse

the

You

meet

hope

near

been

case.

njoy

any.

kers

f the

gate,

But

and

less

alize

eople

inter

coast

o get

ective

and

for a

OF

l not, knit At most of the boarding-houses during the long winter months there is a rather pathetic collection of humanity. Nearly always the objectionable and cantankerous old lady is to be found, sometimes in duplicate. She has her whims and fancies, takes violent objections to people, and creates scandal. Perhaps, too, there is an old man in uncertain health. He has strong opinions on politics and hates draughts like poison.

Then there are the more pleasant order; if only you will take the trouble you will gather some very interesting stories from some of the winter boarders. Here is one who has travelled round the world and can tell vou stories of every land. Here one has had a large family of sons and daughters and speaks with pride of the doings of her varied descendants. Many of the ladies have a knowledge of stocks and shares, and follow the financial page of the paper keenly. It is a curious life, flitting about from one establishment to another, spending as little as possible and trying to get as much enjoyment out of life as the restrictions of finance, health and the weather will permit.

What happens to them in the summer? This is a question I cannot answer. Some doubtless stay on at increased rates. They are swamped by the young and vigotous holiday-makers. But most of them, having wintered as cheaply as possible, move on for the summer. Perhaps they go to friends and relatives; perhaps they find some place where the summer is the off season; perhaps they take rooms in suburbia. I do not know.

Romance and the Rate of Exchange

Since the war new resources and wider prospects have been opened to the winter boarder. The most enterprising of the colony discovered as soon as war restrictions were removed that it was possible actually to have a continental holidayand save money. The "rate of exchange" was the secret. Ladies of uncertain age have become adepts at working the exchanges, have entered with all the keenness of speculators into the fine art of buying Italian lire at the proper time and when to purchase francs. The widely depreciated rate of France and Italy-these good ladies

discovered to their joy—meant that you could leave The Cedars and The Hawthorns and spend a most enjoyable winter in Rome at £2 a week.

Alas, it is to be feared they will not do so much longer. Too many have imitated them. I am told that this last winter all the boarding-houses of Italy and France were full to overflowing. It is useless to talk about rates of exchange, the wicked natives of those parts have actually devised different prices for foreigners and their own Boarding-house keepers have learnt to think in pounds and charge in exaggerrated lira and franc. They have discovered the possibilities of the dining-room couch and the bathroom-"and if you don't like it you can find something better elsewhere." The last straw has been put on the camel's back by the ingenious authorities who have devised a visitor's tax, which all foreigners must pay. There is no fixed rate for any one country as far as I can understand. You can be fleeced in varied degree in different places, and once the system was invented there is no end to it.

So back again the winter boarder's will troop—unless, to be sure, they would care to try a German or Austrian holiday. The venturesome have not exploited these countries quite so much—though doubtless the more audacious will make experiments before long. Then, of course, there is Russia—

Perpetual Boarding-Houses

In all this I have not dealt with the London residential hotels. This is yet another side to the social life of the times: young married people, instead of getting a house of their own, board permanently at some "residential hotel" not ten miles from Bloomsbury. These establishments, of course, vary according to terms. Many of them are run on quite a big scale by limited companies, and whilst you can have a tariff card for nothing you have little chance of entering: the waiting list is long. course, South Africa has had this sort of thing for a long time, and doubtless it has existed here for years, only one hasn't come across it-and undoubtedly the house shortage has made it more popular.

The Editor

The Whitewashing of Copper Nob

A Complete Story By James C. Andrews

OM GILBERT, glancing through the evening paper, came upon the heading, "Middle Classes Take to Crime." He grinned at that. It was comment on the periodically published prison reports, and noted the growing influence under pressure of need of the enthusiastic amateur into the ranks of the motor thief and the burglar. He reviewed his own circumstances, confident of justification, the disability pension that had been cut to the limit, the good years wasted in learning no trade more useful than killing, the constant sting of seeing folk more careful of their skins than their country who now found their country applauding their common sense and rewarding their easy passivity with gold. "No, chum," he remarked, nodding to his red-headed reflection in the glass, "right and wrong, as the law sees it, are not real right and wrong. Your conscience needn't kick."

It didn't. It would have been most inconvenient if it had, for Tom had got his rubber shoes on. The torch was in one pocket and the jemmy in the other, though there was no likely need of that. The automatic was far more useful. An empty pistol looks as deadly as a loaded one, and is far less likely to get you into trouble.

When the church clock opposite chimed eight-thirty Tom raised his window and got out on to the leads. A glance at the parapet told him all was well. If anyone were in the neighbouring attics their lights would show on the coping in front of their windows, but as far as he could see along the terrace all was dark.

Planting his feet carefully for fear of loose slates or chips of mortar in the narrow leaden path, he cleared six houses and stopped at the dormer window of the seventh. It was dark and curtainless. He examined the interior cautiously with his torch. It was empty as it had been when a couple of days before he had reconnoitred it by daylight. He forced back the catch of the window and climbed softly in.

So far good. He knew the number of paces to the door and the number of stairs to the lower landing. No one would be in

the upper rooms at that hour. It was only a matter of getting to the lower landing, collecting his pillage from the empty bedrooms and returning as he came. There would not be the slightest clue to his entrance.

He reached a lower landing where the stairs suddenly altered their arrangement. He remembered that fact by comparison with the building of the boarding house in which he lived. The narrow stair to the servants quarters opened here by a side door on to the main staircase. He cautiously slipped through to a lighted landing.

"Hallo!" piped a small voice a yard or two away.

Tom Gilbert looked down to find some six years and about three feet of child in pink and blue pyjamas. "What the dickens," asked Tom, "are you wandering about here for?"

"Looking for Mr. Jinks," explained the pink and blue pyjamas. "Have you seen him?"

"Mr. Jinks?"

"Mr. Jinks ought to be in bed," pronounced the child gravely. "He'll catch cold."

Tom looked at him savagely. His plans were void. Detection and disgrace loomed ahead because of this wisp of pink and blue. He must get rid of him somehow and at once or give the whole scheme up for the night. "You ought to be in bed, young man," he said. "I'll look after Mr. Jinks all right."

"I'm not 'young man,'" argued the child, as though his life depended on getting his condition adequately defined. "I'm Peter. Peter is a good boy."

"Is he?" Tom cursed inwardly. "Well, all good boys have been in bed long ago."

Peter agreed to the proposition, but urged extenuating circumstances. Mr. Jinks had lost his hat, and if Mr. Jinks didn't go to bed he'd catch cold.

"Dash Mr. Jinks!" said Tom.

"That's what grandpa said when he fell over Mr. Jinks on the stairs," Peter informed him. "Grandpa kicked him."

Tom felt that they were getting no

THE WHITEWASHING OF COPPER NOB

for'arder. Any moment might bring someone upstairs. "Look here, Peter," he said. "If you go back to bed I'll look after Mr. Jinks."

"Honest?" asked Peter doubtfully.

S

ly g, dre nis he nt. ith ich nts' to ped 70 me in the ing the seen

proatch lans med lue. d at the

ung

inks

hild,

his his

eter.

Vell,

irged

had

go to

fell

r in-

r no

0."

"Honest," repeated Tom with a bit of a

slipped in at an open door to a nursery bedroom. A night-light flickered in a basin, and by its light Tom dimly saw the cot with the clothes thrown back, whence Peter had started on his search for Mr. Jinks. A dado of silly rabbits surrounded the room.



"'Tom Gilbert!' It was the girl's voice, snarp with dismay and stunning with accusation"-p. 748

Drawn by Charles Crombie

pang, feeling it was pleasanter to lie to people of his own size.

"Grown ups," accused Peter, "tell fibs. Mummy pertends to take my meddy. She says it's nice. She doesn't take it, and it

The flank attack hit Tom hard. Some Quixotic strain in his character made it seem pathetic to deceive a child who has no defence against deception.

"Leave it to me," he told him presently.
"Pil see to Jinks." He felt much smaller than when he had crept through the attic

The word decided Peter. He put his hand in Tom's, pattered along a passage and Tom felt for the switch and, closing the

door, turned on the light.
"Mr. Jinks!" cried Peter, and bounded towards the coal-scuttle.

His lost friend greeted him with equanimity; possibly a sawdust interior does not harbour the finer sentiments. Tom heaved a sigh of relief. All was well. Peter would be in bed and asleep in a couple of minutes. There had been no alarm. Five minutes would be sufficient to clear the dressingtables. He had not planned a big raid. It was merely a snapping up of unconsidered trifles, the silver tops of scent bottles, the backs of hairbrushes, a ring or so left carelessly on a toilet tray, things that could be

broken up or melted down to give him a matter of ten or fifteen pounds for his night's work.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jinks," said Peter, "I

forgot you.

Mr. Jinks smiled. A whimsical creator had made it impossible for him to do otherwise. Pink and blue pyjamas climbed laboriously into bed. Tom picked up Mr. Jinks by one arm and placed him on the pillow.

"Underneaf," directed Peter.

Mr. Jinks, in a sky blue tail coat with orange buttons was placed beneath the coverlet still smiling vacantly.

"Good night, sonny," said Tom. "I must

be off.

"Nighty night," returned Peter, and turning over threw out an arm and pursed his

lips.

"Hang!" muttered Tom, and turned to the door. He had got his hand upon it with the quick, practised grip that makes no sound, when Peter's voice, plaintive with surprise, arrested him. "Auntie Pat always tells me a story."

"Story!" said Tom. "Not to-night, chum. You get off to sleep." At that moment he felt a twisting strain upon the door handle. Someone outside was trying

to come in

That put the lid on it. A dozen possibilities flashed through his brain as he softly snapped off the light. There was only one thing to think of—to get away. Should it be upstairs, or boldly down and out by the front door? He might play the automatic and reach the stairs on the strength of it. Suppose he lay low and waited. Would the intruder investigate the jamming of the door handle? Would Peter give him away? If Peter did, would he be believed?

In the fraction of a second Tom had decided for craft rather than the strong hand. Releasing the door handle, he dodged into the angle between the bed and the opening door. Anyhow, he could not be discovered except from within the room, and then the way of escape would be clear.

The light flashed on as he crouched there, and a girl, tall and slim, tiptoed quietly past his shadowy corner to the head of the bed. Peter looked up sleepily with the sudden light dazzling his eyes. "Fank you, man," he remarked with a beautiful conceit in his own persuasiveness. "You're goin' to tell me a story 'cos I'm good."

"It isn't a man," said the girl. "It's Auntie Pat."

1

re

bi

OI

te

ra

aī

P

t

"Where's man?" asked Peter.

Quick decisions were the vogue. The girl had felt the resistance to her hand upon the door. Against that was one thing. "Man," whoever that sinister syllable might represent, had made no war upon the child, had not even frightened him. She could walk out, pretending ignorance, and summon help. But she didn't. Somehow the implicit deceit of the course offended her. She remembered that "man," skulking in the shadows at the foot of the cot, had at least played the game by Peter.

"I think," said she, "man is kneeling down beside the door tying up his shoe-

laces."

It brought him up swiftly with his hand on the pistol sagging in his pocket. There was nothing for it but open flight, but in the instant before he had the door open the one impossible thing came to delay him.

"Tom Gilbert!"

It was the girl's voice, sharp with dismay and stunning with accusation.

He turned slowly to see her for the first time in the light. "You—you are Patricia Warden. How came you here?"

"By way of the stairs," she said with a little twisted smile that tried to be nonchalant, "and in at the front door. I'm Peter's governess. Was that your route, Mr. Gilbert?"

The blood ran purple into face and neck. "What about it?" he asked rudely.

"They are clearing dinner downstairs," she said. "You had better stay here, Mr. Gilbert."

"He's goin' to tell me a story," urged Peter, "'cos Mr. Jinks stayed out late on the coal-scuttle."

Tom shook his fiery head. "Forgotten all my stories, chum, except some I'd rather not remember."

"Only a very teeny story," pleaded the kid, "about growly lions."

Tom remained unmoved.

"Auntie Pat, tell a story so's I go to sleep."

The girl sat down beside the pillows of the cot. "I've only got one story left," she said.

Peter knew that for capitulation. "Nice!" he murmured, and snuggled down with an arm across the genial Jinks.

"Once upon a time-"

"How long ago?" asked Peter.

THE WHITEWASHING OF COPPER NOB

"About seven years."

"Awful long," said Peter. "I'm six, but

I shall be seven nex' birfday."

"Once upon a time there was a boy with red hair and freckles, and he lived by a big railway bridge that went over a river." "Was he as old as me?" asked Peter.

"Oh, yes, he was quite a big boy. He went to school." At that point Patricia blushed somewhat, which was an extraordinary thing to do. "He was nearly sixteen. And he woke up one night, and the rain was raining and the wind was blowing, and he heard a great crash."

"I know," said Peter. "Jackson had

dropped the soup plates!"

e

n

at

e.

nd

re

in

he

15-

rst

cia

a

on-

ľm

ite,

ck.

rs.

Mr.

ged

on

ten

her

the

10

s of

eft,"

e!"

an

"No," said Patricia firmly. "The railway bridge had fallen into the water, so that if any trains tried to pass over it they would fall in too."

"They would make a splash," said Peter.

"Did they fall in?"

"No, they didn't fall in," explained Patricia. "You see, on the side of the river that the boy lived there were a lot of people, and they lit fires to make the trains stop. But on the other side there was no one to stop the trains. So the people said, 'What shall we do, for we cannot save the trains, and everybody in them will fall into the river and be drowned.' Then this boy sid—"

"What was his name?" asked Peter with a businesslike air.

"Cut it out," growled Tom, who seemed to be in a very bad temper.

Patricia paused. "I don't remember."
"It's not a real story if it hasn't got a

name." Peter gave his judicial ruling.
Patricia compromised. "They used to call him Copper Nob. Well, Copper Nob said that he would swim across the river and stop the trains, but the people said, 'The river is very rough and you will be drowned.' Then Copper Nob said he didn't mind. But they said it was all in the dark and he wouldn't be able to see. But Copper Nob said he knew his way in the dark."

"Ooh!" said Peter. "Did he?"

"Yes," went on the girl. "He swam right across the dark river, and he ran ever so hard till he found a signal post, and then he put it so that the engine-driver would see it and stop the trains."

"And then," said Peter with decision, "Copper Nob came home and married a pretty lady, and they all lived happy ever

after. Fank you, Auntie Pat." He pulled Mr. Jinks a little closer and curled up. "When I'm big," he announced sleepily, "I will be like Copper Nob and Lord Kitchener an' Doctor Raikes."

He slid into sleep with the complete sur-

render of an animal.

The murmured policy hit Tom between the eyes. It wasn't at all a bad idea that Peter should decide to be as Copper Nob was, but what about Copper Nob now? The conscience that had smiled upon Tom when he got in at the attic window looked peeved now that he was in the nursery bedroom with the rabbits running round and round the walls and the girl watching breathless and that scrap of a kid, but six years plucked from its union with Divinity, reaching towards him as a model and example. The old arguments prevailed because they were right. Lustful ease and apish cunning did flourish like a green bay tree. He judged his act so far as not wrong. But it was mere passivity. Peter's credo had an active impulse. It wasn't good enough to do what was not wrong. It was necessary to do what was right. And sneaking rings and scraps of silver from dressing-tables was not actively right.

The girl read his thought. "You'll never make a do of it, Tom," she whispered.

"Wash it out."

"Operations cancelled for to-night," agreed Tom with a feeble grin. "Party will return to base."

He was swiftly round the door, but the girl was after him, sprinting across the room and snapping off the light with that silent efficiency which is the natural dower of all nurses and the envy of the criminal class. She gripped his elbow on the landing outside. "How did you get in, Tom?"

"The roof," said Tom. "Fade away, Pat. You don't want to be seen with me."

"I'm not ashamed of being seen with Copper Nob," said she. "Where is he?" Having nothing else to say, Tom said "Stow it." But Copper Nob was certainly

round the corner.

"Anyhow," continued Pat, "you can't get to the attic. The scullery-maid has gone to bed with 'flu. She went up just before I came in. The place is lighted and there's someone about up there. Come down with me. We can get down and through the hall quite safely."

"Cut it out," he said roughly. "You're going to your own room, Pat, and if any-

thing funny happens while I'm getting out you're not going to know me from Adam." "That's just what Copper Nob would

have said," she returned inconsequently.

"I'm so glad."

But Tom Gilbert didn't answer. He distrusted conferences and was all for action. So without the slightest caution he started straight down stairs at a rate that the girl, try as she did, could not maintain.

On the ground floor he discovered that the hall was occupied by a butler's tray and a manservant. They did not leave much room for anything else. Tom, deciding that the flanks were too well defended, attacked the centre—of the manservant, that is—who dropped three plates on the tiling. The centre gave but did not break, and before Tom could rally his forces from the fragments of broken china, reinforcements came up on his right through the dining-room door.

At that moment Pat, in hot pursuit, reached the head of the staircase and paused

despairingly.

"Well held, Jackson!" announced Reinforcements, planting a foot firmly upon the chest of the recumbent invader. Jackson rose to a more favourable position. "Shall I get a policeman, sir?" he asked. "He's got a pistol."

"No, no!" cried Pat from the staircase.
"It's all a mistake. I know him. He's-

he's a friend of mine."

"Good heavens!" said Copper Nob.

Reinforcements delegated the matter of securing the prisoner to Jackson, and took up a commanding position in regard to the front door. He adjusted his pince-nez. "That pistol, Jackson," he announced, "is a shower not a blower, or he'd have used it before. Won't you persuade your friend to go into the dining-room, Miss Pat? I'd like to see more of him."

Jackson attended to the transfer. Anyhow, Tom was absolutely out-numbered. In two seconds he was inside the dining-room with the girl, while Reinforcements, with his back to the door, smiled benignly. "Won't you introduce your friend, Miss

Pat?"

Pat bit her lip, then she flushed. Have I mentioned that she was a girl of quick decisions and some loyalty? She pointed to the door. "Captain Gilbert, D.S.O., M.C.," she said, "may I introduce Professor Horace Groves? He is Peter's grandfather."

You will notice the order of the introduction? The professor did. So did Tom. It was quite deliberate.

Groves, still with his back to the door, nodded his grey head. "Late for a visit,"

he remarked gently.

Tom pulled himself together. "What's this 'ere?" he asked plaintively. "What's the game? It's a fair cop. You fetch in the flatties, and I'll go quietly."

The professor pondered the remarks, "Then you're not Captain Gilbert?" he

asked.

Tom denied knowledge of any blighted captain. The bird, he reckoned, must be batty in the belfry.

"Certainly," mused Mr. Groves. "It is

an unusual time for a visit."

"Absolutely absurd," agreed Tom strenuously and was caught.

"That sounds a lot more like a commission. I thought the other idiom wasn't natural, captain."

"He came to see me after dinner," put in Pat. "I let him in."

"Nice little rubber shoes you're wearing, captain," said the professor quietly. "Do you always use 'em, or only at night?"

"Look here," returned Tom. "Ring up the police and clear me out. I came in through the roof. I haven't taken anything, worse luck. What Miss Warden says about knowing me is all lies. She must be one of these sentimental flappers."

"Ah!" said the professor. "Miss Warden! Was that thought-reading or a re-

markably good guess?"

Tom fell silent, Then for the second time that night Pat told a story about Copper Nob. It was not the same story. It dealt with France and wild work out there and a boy who lied about his age to bear a hand in it. She knew, because she had lived in the same town, and though she had not seen her hero for some years she had watched his record with more pride and interest than might be accounted for merely by citizenship of the same place. Even Tom was surprised. Of course, he knew that she was familiar with the tale of the broken bridge which had carried the telegraph wires with That was an old matter.

Towards the end of her story the professor left the door and sat down by the fireside. "H'm!" he muttered. "So that's that. Anything to add, captain?"

"It's true enough, sir," said Tom,

THE WHITEWASHING OF COPPER NOB

"though Miss Warden has gassed an awful lot about record and all that sort of thing. You don't think I got in by—by collusion?"

You don't think I got in by—by collusion?"
"Collusion?" The professor grinned.
"Don't flatter yourself, captain. Why did

you go upstairs, Miss Pat?"

it's

in ks.

he

ted

be

t is

om

om-

asn't

put

ring,

"Do

g up

ie in

hing,

about

e one

War-

a re-

at Pat

as not

e and

o lied

She

same

n her

ed his

t than

citizen-

m was

he was

bridge

es with

ne pro-

he fire-

that's

Tom,

"You know," answered Patricia. "Before she started out to Lady Rivers' dance Mrs. Groves asked me to take her pendant up to her room. It had slipped its fastening at dinner."

"I know," said the professor. "Where is it?"

"Peter's sleeping on it," said Pat. "It's

quite safe."

Even Tom laughed at that. "You are

quite right, Pat," he said.
"I'm not smart enough for
this game. I'll have to be
honest."

"But that means work," insisted the old man. "You wouldn't care for work."

Tom rose to the challenge. "Show me some."
Groves paused. "Well," he said at last, "I've got a job of—er—whitewashing. It might go on for a long time with other odds and

ends of-er restoration."

Tom shook his head. "You'll say I'm shirking," he said dismally. "I don't expect you to see my point of view, but if I let myself down it's hard to get up again. I'm worth something more than whitewashing all my life."

"Though you don't mind er-cracking a crib?"

Tom admitted it. "A gamble, If it came off I could have stayed on at my

present address till I got the chance of a decent job. But 'Where do you live?' 'Thompson's Mews,' 'What was your last work?' 'Whitewashing.' Do you think that's a recommendation for the sort of work I could do?"

"No," said the professor, "it isn't. But if you considered this—er—whitewashing, I wouldn't mind telling anybody whom you referred to me that you were engaged in secretarial work—er—in clearing up certain obscure passages in the area of my—er—deeper interests."

"That clears the first hedge," said Tom, grinning at the professor's ingenious paraphrase. "If you'll do that, sir, I'm ready to whitewash your coal cellar twice a day."

"For how much?" asked Groves.



"Before Tom could rally, reinforcements came up through the dining-room door

Drawn by Charles Crombia

"Two pounds three and six a week," returned Tom promptly.

The old man's brows lifted. "You seem to know exactly what you're worth in that line."

"Board and rooms, two pounds," explained Tom. "Baths, two shillings extra. Lights, one and six. Can't do without either." He paused and regarded the old man thoughtfully. "I'm the captive of your bow and spear, sir. I recognize that only your forbearance prevents my sleeping in a cell. Gratitude's an easy thing to

talk about. Instead of wasting words I'm offering you myself for only enough to pay

for my living till I get a job."

"I see," said the professor. "We won't quarrel about that." He got up. "You'll perhaps prefer the front door, Captain Gilbert. It is the usual course. Shall we see you in the morning? . . . Good night, captain."

He turned to Pat as the door closed. "Well, young lady," he said. "As your military friend says, 'Words are easy.' Do you think he will swallow the white-

wash brush? "

Tom did swallow the whitewash brush, which only proves that he was a reasonable person. As he figured it, if he were ready to burgle for the chance of another week or so in a decent neighbourhood while he was looking for a job, he ought to be ready to whitewash for the same advantages. He turned up in a set of dungarees, borrowed from the boot boy at his boardinghouse, and reported for duty at nine-thirty the next daw.

The professor was in his study. "Good!" he said. "I propose to start on this room. The books will have to be moved."

The books went from floor to ceiling all round the room and circled into an annexe in serried ranks, with occasional wings thrown out towards a central pile of crowded shelves.

Tom immediately seized a dozen or so hefty volumes. "Where shall they go, sir?" he asked.

The professor arrested his hand. "Not so quick," he said. "These books must be moved carefully and not disarranged. First you must take each one down and enter the title, author, edition, and year of publication on a slip of paper. Thus they can be arranged in alphabetical order and the names can be transferred to a catalogue. which you will have to prepare."

"How," gasped Tom, "how many books

are there, sir?"

"About four thousand."

"It'll take months before we start," said

"Start what?" asked the professor.

"Whitewashing the walls, sir."

"Oh, I haven't thought about whitewashing the walls," returned the professor thoughtfully, polishing his glasses. "I was-er-thinking of whitewashing Copper Nob."

Wi

an

52

SE

A minute later the old man entered the schoolroom, where Peter was struggling with "mensa." "Miss Pat," he said, "will you go down to that chap, Gilbert? He's in my study, and he's stammering and stuttering and red in the face. I don't know what he wants."

But the professo: had made a very good guess.

FOR THE GARDEN LOVER

000

000

Books by H. H. THOMAS THE COMPLETE GARDENER

15/- net

PRACTICAL AMATEUR GARDENING 8/6 net

ROUND THE YEAR IN THE GARDEN 8/6 net

THE ROSE BOOK H. H. THOMAS & WALTER EASLEA 8/6 net

A complete and Beautifully Illustrated List of Gardening Books will be sent post free on receipt of P.C.

LA BULLE SAUVAGE, The House of Cassell

LONDON, B.C.4

WELDONS NEWEST **JUMPERS**

IN KNITTING & CROCHET LATEST JUMPER DESIGNS FOR WOOL, ARTIFICIAL SILKS, ETC.

ASK FOR NO. 10

WELDONS

SIXPENNY SERIES

Of all Newsagents & Needlework Shops, or Post Free, 7 d., from

WELDONS LTD., Southampton Street, LONDON, W.C.2.

Quick and Easy Crochet Jumper

By
Ellen T. Masters

MATERIALS.—Three hanks and a half of Peri-Lusta Pearl Knit, size 3, in "Beauty Pink" were employed for our model, with a medium sized bone crochet hook. Artificial silk may be used if preferred. Four hanks will be wanted for a large size.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Ch, chain; dc, double crochet; tr, treble; sp, space.

The work should be done fairly loose, but not so loose as to sacrifice its trim and neat appearance. The model jumper fits a figure of less than the average stock size, but is very easily enlarged if necessary. We give instructions for an outsize also, and there should be no difficulty about working in the medium size.

Begin with 90 ch for the lower edge of the FRONT; this is for the small jumper.

ist row.—i ch, i dc, * i ch, miss one ch, i dc; repeat from * all along.

2nd row.—Turn with 1 ch, * 1 dc in the sp made by one ch, 1 ch; repeat from *, finishing with 1 dc in last sp.

3rd row.—5 ch, * miss 2 dc, 3 tr in next sp, miss two dc, 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 tr into next sp; repeat from * all along, finishing after 3 tr, miss two dc, 2 ch, 1 tr at the end.

4th row.—3 ch, 1 tr in the first sp, *
1 tr, 3 ch and 1 tr in the second of the
group of three tr, 3 tr in the sp between two
tr of the preceding row; repeat from * all
along and finish with 2 tr.

5th row.—5 ch, * 3 tr in the sp between tr, 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 tr in the second of the next three tr; repeat from * and finish with 2 ch, 1 tr at the end. Repetition of the last two rows forms the pattern.

Work the 4th and 5th rows twenty-six times in all, which should make the work about twelve inches deep.



Though worked out on such very simple lines, this jumper makes up into a very attractive garment

30th row.—For the first UNDER-ARM GUSSET, after working as in the 4th row, make 11 ch, miss five, 1 tr, miss two ch, 3 tr in next ch, miss two ch, 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 tr on last tr of preceding row, then work according to pattern to end of row. With a short length of the thread work 7 ch, link to the end of the preceding row, and continue along this extra ch, making 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr, miss two ch, 3 tr in next ch, 2 ch, 1 tr at the end.

For the entire length of SLEEVE now make 46 ch, miss three, 1 tr, miss two, 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 tr, miss two, 3 tr. Continue pattern thus all along, finishing with 3 tr. Now with a stray piece of thread make 44 ch for second SLEEVE and link to the last stitch of the preceding row, work the pattern on this to correspond exactly with that at the beginning of the row, finishing with 2 ch, 1 tr. Continue to work to and fro right across according to pattern till four rows are done.

Work as usual till there are twelve groups of three tr and twelve sp between tr

in the row. Finish with 2 tr, then turn and work back. Continue these short rows till eight are done. Fasten off.

Work on the opposite end of front in pattern, making the sleeve of exactly the same length. Leave six groups and five sp unworked for the middle of front opening. Fasten off.

Make a second section for the BACK in just the same way, but instead of dividing for the neck opening continue right across and to and fro till twelve rows in all are done, counting from the under-arm gusset. Cut off the thread.

Next work a BAND OF FILET for the top of the sleeve. Begin with 24 ch and make 6 sp in each row of 2 ch and 1 tr in the usual filet pattern. Always turn with 5 ch. Make 33 rows in all. Two of the bands are needed and they should exactly fit in along the last edges of the front and back sections of the jumper. They should be neatly seamed together on the wrong side.

Sew the two parts of the jumper together under the arms from hip-edge to end of sleeve. Finish the edge of skirt with a row of I ch and I tr like those with which it was begun. This greatly adds to the trim

appearance.

For the NECK OPENING begin by preference in one of the shoulder angles of the hack

ist round .- i tr in a sp, * 2 ch, miss a sp equal in width to two ch, 1 tr; repeat from * all round. In the angles omit the ch between tr.

and and 3rd rounds.-Sp of 2 ch and 1 tr. the ch being omitted between the tr in the angles.

4th and 5th rounds .- Dc and 1 ch with dc in every sp as in edge of skirt.

6th round.- 1 dc between dc, 1 dc, 4 ch. dc in the next small sp between dc; repeat from the beginning of the round.

For the CUFF work 4 rounds of filet; that is, 2 ch and 1 tr, the tr of each row being worked into the sp of the row which pre-

5th and 6th rounds .- Dc and ch as round the neck opening.

7th round .- Like the 6th round of neck. is picots in all.

For the LARGER SIZE make 18 patterns for the bottom of the jumper instead of four-Work as in above instructions till the depth is eighteen inches. Make two gusset rows at each end instead of only one, then work the back to correspond.



Holidays Apart

Should Husbands and Wives Separate?

WORTHY colleague of mine is much exercised over the question of whether married couples should take their holidays apart from one another. He says he has never been separated from his wife for more than twenty-four hours at a time since his marriage, and that the idea of taking a holiday apart from his wife is unthinkable. Yet he observes that many married people are calmly planning holidays apart, and he frankly cannot understand it.

I think that a case can be made out for the separate holiday; of course, it is sometimes a question of necessity. But is it not a fact that an occasional absence makes the heart grow fonder? Is perpetual presence the best proof of married love? Is it not possible for a couple of people always tied together, and always obliged to share their

pleasures, to become rather bored with one another?

The advocates of the separate holiday maintain that a week-fortnight-month apart lends new interest to life, gives one a better perspective, something to talk about to one another, different interests to be put in the common stock.

I express no opinion at this stage; rather I ask my readers to express their opinions.

I shall be glad to award a prize of Five Guineas for the best letter on this subject, with Consolation Prizes where necessary.

Letters must be written on one side of the paper only, and must reach me not later than June 26. Write to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, marking your envelopes, "Holiday Competition." THE EDITOR.

Tea in the Garden

a

he

he

ch,

re-

hat

ng

re-

ind

ck.

for

ur-

ne,

one

day

nth

e a out put

her

ns.

ive

ect,

the

ater

THE

C.4,

pe-

2.

THERE are some of us who never catch even the most transitory glimpse of a homely party gathered round a tea-table set in a garden without experiencing a secret thrill of envy. We may be on our way home to a good dinner, or we may have just come away from an indoor tea-table, but we plan, all the same, that for so long as the summer lasts we ourselves will, as often as possible, have this one easy meal out of doors, if no other.

A few preparations are necessary, for haphazard meals carry with them no sense of homeliness or comfort. A table should be set entirely apart for garden use. Two things are required of it—that it should be very firm on its legs and that its top should

Cookery Pages for June By M. Stuart Macrae

innumerable little spikes of rush or cane that work sad havoc with summer frocks.

The china should accord pleasantly with the garden surroundings. To this end it should be light and delicate, not showing much pattern or colour. Again, a thought should be given to the safety of the cup when lodged in its saucer, for many otherwise charming designs are entirely spoiled for garden use by the insecure lodgment afforded by the saucer for its companion cup.

Catering for Healthy Appetites

One must always reckon that twice as much food must be provided for an out-of-doors tea as would be eaten indoors. It

Showing how a perfectly plain sponge cake can be made to look attractive by fluting it with cream from a medium-sized funnel bag. The larger bag is the kind that is generally used for fluting creamed potatoes over the top of fish pies, etc.



be level. A table that shows a tendency to topple over on the slightest provocation is obviously out of place in a garden, so too, though less obviously, is what is technically known as a "rustic" table, the top planks of which are so imperfectly united that an alarming quantity of tea may drip through from a teapot that is a "bad pourer" right into one's lap. To suffer once in this way is to remember for always how disastrous it may be to allow one's love of rusticity to outrun one's housewifely discretion.

Chairs for garden use should be chosen with care, because so many of them disclose

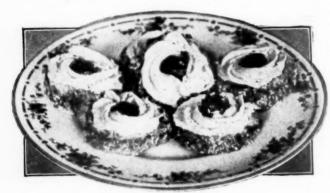
is safe also to conclude that home-made scones, thinly cut bread-and-butter, and savoury sandwiches will take preference over éclairs, cream buns and similar rich confectionery.

Just How to Make Light Scones

Have ready on the table a packet of Raisley flour, a jar of plain white flour, butter, salt, a teacupful of milk (all the better if sour), the pastry board, a knife for mixing, a small teacup for stamping dough into rounds, a baking-sheet.

Method.-Having gathered the necessary

ingredients together, light the gas-oven, turning the gas full on. Measure five heaped tablespoonfuls of fine flour into the mixing bowl, add to it a saltspoonful of salt, then rub into it a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Measure next into the bowl a heaped tablespoonful of Raisley and stir well together. Pour in the milk very



A Dish of Dainty Cakes-Cherry Rosettes

gradually, stirring all the time, and being careful that the dough does not get too moist. The flour should just take up the milk and no more. Dip the right hand into dry flour, and lightly turn the dough round and round till it forms a ball, which lift on to the floured baking-board and roll again, finally patting it into the shape of a roly-poly pudding.

Cut the roll in halves and pat one half with the heel of the hand till it is fairly firm and smooth, stamp into three or four rounds with a teacup, lay the rounds on the baking-sheet (no grease is required), pat out the remaining half of the dough, cut out more rounds, and finally work the trimmings into shape and stamp them like the rest. The quantities given will make from eight to ten scones.

By this time the oven is hot and ready for the baking. The scones are best put high up, with the top shelf above them for browning. When they have been seven minutes in the oven turn them over and let them have five minutes more of sharp heat. They will then be delicately brown on both sides. If served hot they should be split open and buttered liberally, then restored to their first shape. If served a half-hour or more after being taken from the oven they look nicer if cut open and buttered.

Savoury Fillings for Sandwiches

Potted meats of various kinds have been so overdone in recent years as sandwich fillings that it is quite worth while to keep away from them for a whole summer and so mark ourselves out as just a little different from other people.

Some few years ago, being faced with a proposition which implied providing a hearty meal of sandwiches several times a week, I hit by accident upon the following filling, which proved an immense favourite:

Mock Crab Filling

Ingredients. — Three heaped tablespoonfuls grated cheese, a large tomato, a half-teaspoonful dry mustard, a prudent shake of cayenne, a teaspoonful of vinegar.

Method.—Pour boiling water on the tomato, let it stand for half a minute, then peel off the skin, rub the pulp through a strainer just fine enough to keep back the seeds. Mix the mustard and cayenne with the tomato pulp, add next the vinegar, and lastly beat in the grated cheese, working all the ingredients to a smooth paste. This mixture, spread thickly on nicely cut slices of bread-and-butter, makes a really delicious sandwich.

A second filling, even more delicate, is made as follows:

Anchovy Cream Sandwiches

Ingredients.—Six slices of bread-andbutter, cut from a sandwich loaf, six anchovies, a dessertspoonful of finely minced capers, a small cream cheese, cayenne pepper, and a teaspoonful of vinegar.

Method.—Lay a slice of bread-and-butter flat on a board, cover it with shavings of cream cheese cut as thin as possible, spread next over the cheese two anchovies, boned and cut into small strips, sprinkle next with a third of the capers, a third of the vinegar and a few grains of cayenne, cover again with wafer-thin cream cheese, press a slice of bread-and-butter over the top, trim neatly, and cut into quarters.

SIMPLE STORIES OF SUNLIGHT STREET



The name LEVER on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence

eep and attle

eral by folnich

g

oonoruoruore, gar. the

hen

h a the

vith

and

all his

ous

, 15

nd-

SIX

elv

of ead ned ith gar ain

ice

Sunlight Street is intended to represent the heart of every township in the land, where Health and Happiness, joyous work, love and laughter all blend in the life of the community. The clouds of worry and hard work never dim the sunshine where sweet and easy cleanliness holds happy sway.

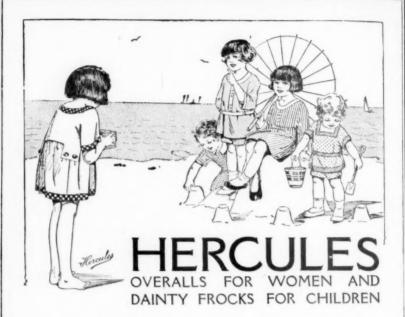
The joy which comes from the wearing of sweet, wholesome linen should be anticipated in the work of washing. Everyone who washes clothes contributes to the country's health and happiness. As soapmakers we have a happy vocation in making a good and pure soap of unchanging Quality and Efficiency.

SUNLIGHT STREET IS THE GREAT HIGHWAY OF HEALTH. A THOROUGH-FARE FOR THOROUGH CLEANLINESS.

£1,000 Guarantee of Purity on Every Bar.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT,



RESH and dainty in appearance, hard-wearing, and sold in a wonderful variety of patterns, HERCULES garments have achieved a deservedly wide popularity.

Ask your draper to show them to you. You will find them reasonable in price and made of material that will stand almost any amount of wear. For use about the house, HERCULES OVERALLS are ideal in effecting economy in dress—clothes last twice as long if so protected. HERCULES can be washed over and over again without losing freshness—the delightful colours will not fade.

All these qualities also apply to HERCULES Children's frecks, which are just what the youngsters delight in wearing, as they can romp to their hearts' content without feur of spoiling their clothes. HERCULES can also be obtained by the yard for making-up at home.

OUR GUARANTEE

Every genuine Hercules garment bears the "Mother and Child" ticket, and is guaranteed. Should any Hercules garment prove unsatisfactory in wash or wear your Draper will at once replace it FREE OF CHARGE.

Mother and Child



If your Draper does not stock Hercules, please send to us for patterns, etc.

JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS, LTD. (Dept. D.F.) Spinners and Manufacturers, MANCHESTER.

(Wholesale and Shipping only supplied.)

TEA IN THE GARDEN

Fruit Sandwiches

Strawberries and cream are at once the despair and the high aim of the hostess who would love to serve them in the garden if she knew how to do so without worry and fuss. The following recipe was given me by a friend noted for her ingenuity in these matters:

Ingredients. Six or more slices of bread cut fairly thin, half-pound strawberries, castor sugar, juice of half a lemon, a jar

of clotted cream.

Method. Prepare the strawberries as long beforehand as convenient by picking them from the stalks, sprinkling first with lemon juice and afterwards with castor sugar and setting them either on ice or in a very cool place. When ready to prepare the sandwiches beat the fruit to a pulp, then spread a slice of bread thickly with cream, lay over the cream a generous dressing of strawberries, spread a second slice of bread with cream and press down over the strawberries. Trim and cut into shape as usual.

The Uses of a Savoy Bag

One doesn't seem to get very far with summer confections before the call for cream becomes urgent, and in this connexion I want to introduce to you the handy little savoy bag which is a really splendid

help to the home cook. All the year round it is at one's service. The homeliest potato pie is transformed by its magic into a thing of flutes and fancies, and in the same way the plainest and most wholesome of homemade cakes, little or big, takes on a quite professional air when decorated with a judicious fluting of nicely flavoured whipped cream. The method of using the bag is clearly shown in the photograph, in which case a plain sponge ring was chosen for

the purpose of demonstrating just how thick a flute of cream comes from a mediumsized funnel. The larger bag, shown at the side of the photograph, is the one generally in use for fluting creamed potatoes over the top of fish or other savoury pies.

The dainty little cakes shown in the

other photograph are made thus:

Cherry Rosettes

Ingredients.—Two ounces butter, one tablespoonful castor sugar, a large fresh egg, a half-teacupful finely chopped nuts, a dessertspoonful ground sweet almonds, two level tablespoonfuls plain white flour, a level dessertspoonful Raisley, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful apricot jam. For the cream—a half-teacupful thick cream, a dessertspoonful icing sugar, a teaspoonful of lemon juice; one ounce glacé cherries for decoration.

Method.—Mix together the plain flour and Raisley, and add a pinch of salt. Beat the butter to a cream, add sugar, and beat again, break the egg on the mixture and beat for several minutes. Sift in the flour a little at a time, adding the ground almonds pinch by pinch, place either in paper-case moulds or in buttered tins (preferably straight-sided), and bake for from five to seven minutes in a sharp oven. Let cool for a few minutes, then coat thinly with apricot jam that has been passed through

a coarse sieve, dust thickly with chopped nuts and set aside to get quite cold. Whisk together the cream and sugar till firm enough to form into flutes when pressed through a tube. To do this, start first with cream only, and whip steadily till it is fairly stiff, then add the sugar by degrees, and whip in the lemon juice a few drops at a time.

Set on ice, if possible, for an hour or two before fluting on to the cakes. Centre with a whole cherry.

Little Things to Remember

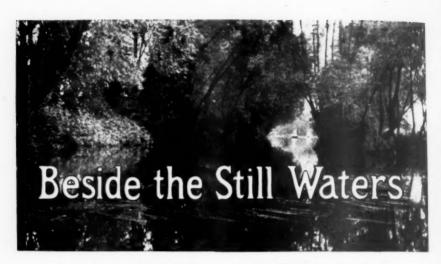
Handle scones as little as possible when moulding them. Use only the heel of the hand for patting them out—never a rolling-pin.

Have a hot oven waiting, and put the scones in it at the earliest possible moment after moistening the flour. This

ensures lightness.

Turn the savoy bag inside out before using. In this way the seam is kept to the outside and the bag is thus very easy to clean after use. All that is needed is to wring it through fairly hot water, then rinse and put to dry. If only sugar has been used, the bag and tube will best be cleaned by soaking in cold water for a few minutes, and then rinsing.

Experiment with creamed potato before you try the more expensive whipped cream. To prepare a delicately light potato cream beat freshly boiled potatoes quite free from lumps, add butter in the proportion of an ounce to a pound, and beat till perfectly smooth.



"EXPERIENCE WORKETH HOPE" By the Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D.

'HAT "experience worketh hope" is perhaps the very last thing we should have said. We are ready to admit that experience has great value. We know that we must live to learn. But the value which we are apt to attach to experience of life is something almost directly opposed to what the Apostle claims for it. He declares that "experience worketh hope"; we should have said (as indeed the entire literature of the Western world at this moment is engaged upon nothing else than saying, making indeed a thriving business of it) that "experience worketh despair." Or, if we ourselves had not the courage to go so far as that, we should certainly have said that the effect of experience upon most people is to dishearten them, to clip their wings, or, to use a phrase, to take the gilt from the gingerbread. And we should say this not intending to be bitter, but only to

The Touch of Bitterness in

Experience

If we were pressed indeed we should have to confess that in a world like ours there was a touch of bitterness in all wisdom. We might even claim that farseeing and deep-living people had always been of this opinion, that the literature of the world—and this not merely the professedly cynical literature like "Omar Khayyam" and "Ecclesiastes"—the litera-

ture which embodied the Catholic vicisitudes of life and the human soul had this as its very burden. We might quote anywhere in the field of reflective or contessional writing, from the saying of the Greeks that "those whom the gods love die young"—that is to say, before life has had time to break their spirit—down through the ages until we reach the great passage in Wordsworth's ode, beginning "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," continuing—

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Shades of the prison-house begin to close upon
the growing boy,"

and concluding-

"At length the man perceives it die away And fade into the light of common day."

All Sorts of Services

Ves, there are all sorts of services which, we should be ready to confess, are rendered to us by experience. We might not go all the way with the sad ones and declare that experience worketh despair, or bitterness, or laughter or contempt, or "acquiescence in the insignificance of events," or a grim and purposed reticence with regard to everything beneath the surface. We might not go so far as that. But we should certainly go so far—and might even think ourselves handsome in going only so far—as to say that experience modifies the extravagances of childhood and youth, that it keeps us to

this world, that it makes us practical and sensible, and though not radiantly happy, at least happy as they settle down into a kind of lazy happiness who have ceased to entertain any glowing expectation.

entertain any glowing expectation.

And yet here is S. Paul saying "experience worketh hope," and saying it casually, without pausing as a man would pause who felt he had said something which sounded paradoxical, or something which would be disputed. He says it as though it were something upon which he and they were agreed.

Not for Despair

1881-

this

any-

nfes-

the die

had

ough

sage

birth

con-

upon

. "

hich,

dered

o all

that

ness.

cence

grim

very-

t not

ainly

selves

o say

ances

us to

The fact is that what S. Paul means by the experience which worketh hope, and what we mean by the experience which worketh sadness and disillusionment and cynicism, are two different things. If S. Paul could say "experience worketh hope" he must have been right, for he said it. If we can say, without affectation, that experience worketh sadness or bitterness or anger, we also must be tight, for we have said it. But, once again, the explanation must be that though we use the same word -S. Paul and we—we mean and must mean a very different thing.

The Disillusionment of Time

I think we all know what we mean when we say that experience takes the idealism out of a man-that it pricks his bubbles, or dips his wings, or brings him down from the clouds, or disposes him to settle down to make the best of a bad job. We mean that life, nature, the passing of time, taken by itself and not taken along with God and a man's immortal spirit, is a dreary business. And so indeed it is, a comedy in the heart of a tragedy, or a tragedy in the heart of a comedy. Of course, it is not felt to be so by children or very young people, for in them there is, by the gift of nature, an early exuberance and curiosity which carry them through many years. There is the stir of life, of the senses and passions and emotions-disposing them to sing and to dance. But unless that natural life is underpinned by faith it is apt to collapse later on. For there is something about a human being which makes him tire of the merely natural life. Its physical satisfactions become tame and tasteless. And so he has to adopt a kind of system of forced draught -so to call it-with the hope of recovering an earlier glow.

But this forced draught, it would seem, damages the works, affects the health. And so, later, the merely natural man becomes peevish and anxious. All the time, as Shakespeare has described it in an immortal passage, he is getting older; he is become hairless, toothless, feck-

less. He sees a new generation coming on. He feels that they are edging him out, and are waiting for his shoes. And so he becomes sour, jealous, angry. He acquires a bitter tongue, or affects a flippant and disillusioned manner in order to conceal from others and from himself his own moral and intellectual bankruptcy. On serious matters, like religion and politics, he adopts the tone of one who is aware of so much and has seen so much that he must be excused from taking a serious part in things. For it is part of the illusion which such people practise upon themselves that they seem to recollect a time when they did take a serious part in life, whereas the fact is there was no such time.

Sinking from the Heights

"Wait," says such a man, "until you are as old as I am, and you will have few illusions. You take it from me, things are what they are and they will never be much different. It is the part of a wise man not to ask for trouble. Let him mind his own business. Take every man for a thief until he proves himself honest, and even then don't be sure. His honesty may be due to the fact that he never had a chance."

Thus, and on and on, a man who has taken life without God and without any high understanding of his own nature may speak, and especially as the days draw on when the grasshopper is a burden, and desire has failed, and he has come within sight of the grave which, of course, is going to wipe out the miserable things for which alone he ever wished to live.



Life and Experience

Yes, but all that is not experience. All that indeed is the very absence of experience: it is the refusal of experience. For a man has not yet begun to have any experience in the Pauline sense until he has turned and faced life, and has in the name and power of some protesting faith overcome the low innuendo which is suggested by the mere passing of time.

It is a thing indeed to ponder, and upon reflection to rejoice in, that the brave and patient and triumphant things that have been said about life have not been said by those who were young and inexperienced, and not by those who had been permitted to be at ease in life.

Good through Fighting

The great things, the good things, the holy things, the dreams of something deeper than we see with our natural eye and of something beyond this present order of life and death—all such radiant and unconquerable things have come to

those and only to those who, like Jacob, have wrestled with life and with God in the darkness of some lonely experience, who have been reduced indeed even to despair, as our blessed Lord was reduced for one awful moment to despair, who, like Him and for the most part by recalling Him, would not accept despair as the final word on life, but cried out against despair and brought God down from heaven to share their agony, and by His presence to cause it to pass away.

The Only Way

Yes, whether we can understand it or not, whether we approve or do not approve of the decree of God which ordains that so it is and so it shall be, the fact of history and the discovery of our own soul who are conscious of a soul within us, is just this, that "experience worketh hope." All the light by which we live, by which we meet and in the end of the days shall meet contending things, has come to us from tragic and exercised souls, and is received by us only when our souls are upon some strain or pressure or anguish of experience. The shallow way of taking life is soon or late the bitter and hopeless way. It is the deep insight which reconciles us to life and makes God and the Future a blessed certitude, because a certitude which is for ever threatened.

Discovering the Meaning

Not in our gay and irresponsible days, in days when this present life almost satisfies us, are we aware of an unfaltering Presence in things which can conquer death

and deliver us from sin. No, but in an hour when, let us say, we are reading or witnessing some tragedy in literature or in life. There, as we sit amidst presences and laws which are morally inevitable and see all things within the grasp of something so great, so understanding and intimate, that it must be God, there and then are we aware that things have a meaning and man has a destiny; that the things which are seen are temporal and the things which are not seen are eternal. In a word, it is the Cross of the Son of Man which makes us sure of God.



The Quotation

The roar of the world is in my ears, Thank God for the roar of the world! Thank God for the mighty tide of fears Against me always hurled!

Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife, And the sting of His chastening rod!

Thank God for the stress and the pain of life,
And oh, thank God for God!

JOYCE KILMER.



DAYER

LORD our God, Thou hast not left Thyself without witness in any one of us, As we look back across the way by which we have come, we see with growing clearness Thy Guiding Presence, the pressure of Thy hand on this side and on that. Things have befallen us in regard to which we were wont to say that should they befall us we should die. And we have not died. Things have gathered about us close and stifling, fears, memories, dread prospects—things which must have brought us to the standstill of despair. But we have moved forward or they

have moved away. The winter is past. Summer is here with the sunshine and the swallows and the flowers. Wherefore bless the Lord, 0 my soul. Amen.





François Coppée, a splendid dark crimson specimen (see next page)

Roses, Pinks and Fleur-de-Lis

aws

so it is

are

is a

are een the

ođ.

n of

R.

yself

we

have

ding

side

gard

they

not

and

nings

11 of

they

win-

here

the

wers.

rd, 0

"And what so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come perfect days,
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

THE procession of flowers, which began with the snowdrops and gathered

volume with the daffodils, swells to a glorious burst blossom in June, in which roses, lilies, irises, pansies, larkspurs and pinks mingle their colours and commingle their fragrance. White lilies grouped close by the tapering blue flower spires of larkspur create an exquisite colour association; the flaming cups of the old orange lily are softened by the cool grey of southernwood and lad's love; Mussini's mint is a delightful harmony of mauve

and grey, and white pinks trespass among the rosecoloured thrift. Mother Earth is in her most bewitching mood, for this is her wedding

"Everywhere are roses, roses, Here ablow and there abud, Here in pairs and there in posies."

Arches are aflame with them; pillars are spangled with them; they blossom on walls and fences and fill beds and borders with incomparable bloom.

How the Rose became Red

Red and crimson roses are chief favourites, probably because almost all roses of those The Garden in June
By
H. H. Thomas

colours are sweet scented. We now expect to have red roses in our gardens as a matter of course—why, we do not trouble to ask—but roses were not always red if one believes the legend set in the musical words of the following verse:

"Once long ago, in some sweet garden's hush A lover gave you, snow white, to his love, And lifted to her cheek you saw her blush,

And blushed to match her damask cheek above."

The dark crimson roses are old, some of them very old, such, for instance, as Prince Camille de Rohan, Fisher Holmes, Victor Hugo and Sultan of Zanzibar. One can almost choose fragrant roses by their colour alone. White roses have no scent, and there are few sweet-scented pink ones. Modern roses make up in brilliant and fascinating colour shades what they may lack

in fragrance, and they bloom from summer until late autumn, whereas those of even thirty years ago were almost solely summer bloom-

ing.



The White Trumpet Lily

A pretty Rose in copper and fawn shades

Origin of the Moss Rose

One of the most fascinating of old-world roses is the moss rose, but one does not often find it in gardens nowadays because there are so many kinds that are more satisfactory from the gardener's point of view. The

THE QUIVER

way in which the moss rose obtained its distinctive character is told in the following century-old verse which records how the angel of the flowers slept beneath a rose bush and on awakening said:

"For the sweet shade thou'st given me Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee! Then said the rose with deepening glow: On me another grace bestow."
The angel paused in silent thought.
"What grace is there this flower has not?"
"Twas but a moment; o'er the rose A veil of moss the angel throws.
Thus robed in nature's simplest weed,
Can there a flower the rose exceed?"

The rambler roses which festoon pillars and arbours with garlands of brilliant bloom are descended from a lowly creeping Japanese kind with small white flowers. How widely they differ from the baby ramblers, little bushes which blossom continuously throughout summer and autumn and fill beds and borders to the best advantage. It is not difficult to plant one's garden with home-grown roses raised from cuttings taken after the blossoms have faded and placed in jars of water in a window or greenhouse. As soon as roots have formed the cuttings must be placed in flower pots of soil.

The Oldest and the Newest Lilies

The Madonna lily, brought by the Crusaders from Palestine, is one of the loveliest flowers of June. One may see great clumps of it in almost every cottage garden, where, left undisturbed from year to year, it thrives and multiplies. The correct time to plant bulbs of this, the oldest lily grown in British gardens, is as soon as the stems have died down. The newest lily is worthy to rank with the oldest in grace and charm; it comes from the Far East, from the highlands of Western China, and is known as the regal lily; it has large white flowers flushed with yellow, borne on slender leafy stems.

Panther and Tiger Lilies

The common names given to some of the lilies are rather remarkable. There are, for example, the panther lily, scarlet with black spots, that makes a gorgeous display at midsummer; the tiger lily, orange with black spots, that opens rather later; and the Turk's cap, with blooms of intense scarlet. The Easter lily, so commonly used for church decoration, is not usually long lived out of doors and is grown under glass to supply the blooms.

Perpetual-flowering Pinks

Iune is the month of old-fashioned flowers -of pink and pansy, paeony and poppy. columbine and sweet-william. Pinks are so delightful that one might fill a garden with them and not regret having done so. Those who know only the old double white variety Mrs. Sinkins, which is so often used as an edging in gardens, have no conception of the charm of modern pinks. There are tall and short, compact and straggling, those that bloom in summer only and others that are gay throughout the season, and most of them are fragrant. The new perpetual-flowering pinks are becoming very popular; they are really half pink and half carnation. They have the form and fragrance of the old-world flower, though they grow taller, and as they make fresh growth they produce fresh blossoms.

Pinks are Easily Grown from Seed

It is such a simple matter to fill beds and borders with pinks that every garden may have them in profusion. Buy a few packets of seed and sow them now in a box of fine soil placed in a shady corner and cover with glass. The seedlings will soon appear if the soil is the planted in the garden.

Another way to increase pinks in June is to take cuttings, put them in sandy soil and cover them with a handlight.

The Fleur-de-Lis of Chivalry

Iris, the fleur-de-lis of chivalry, floods the garden with colour in days of June. Most familiar of all are the flag irises, which have grey-green, sword-shaped leaves and flowers of gold, purple, mauve, pale blue, rose, white and other shades. The Spanish irises in yellow and blue, blue and white, and bronze and vellow are very dainty flowers that are in full beauty in early summer. They are true bulbs, and so differ from the flag irises, which have a rhizome or thickened root-stock; the bulbs must be planted in autumn. Soon afterwards come the so-called English irises, which, however, are found wild in Spain. The story is told that they were introduced years ago by Spanish sailors, and as they became known their cultivation spread rapidly; they have long been known as English irises. They are taller than the true Spanish irises, and their flowers are of purple, mauve and white.



SOCIETY FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF LADIES IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES

e

n).

n

Œ.

nd

ır-

TV

ra.

er

nd ay eis

ine

ear

are

une

me. and lue. nish nite,

inty

arly iffer

ome

t be

ome

ever,

told by

lown

have They

and

and

Under Royal Patronage.

£2,000 WANTED.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I do not know what to do for the best. The General Fund is in a serious condition, and every adverti-ement, unless it brings in money, leaves the condition worse. And still I must cast my bread upon the waters if I am to find it. Kind friends, help me, and all who cam—and there must be many able to do so—promise £5, provided nine others will do the same. I am not afraid, once started, but that other people will follow suit. £5 please. Only promises at first, on these conditions—and kindly do ro soon.

EDITH SMALLWOOD, Hon. Sec. Lancaster House, MALVERN. President-H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The 'ARETHUSA' Training Ship Urgently Need £25,000

(Received to date, £6,500) To prevent curtailment of any branch of the Society's Work.

To prevent curtailment of any branch of the Society's Work.

10,000 Boys have been sent to Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine,
9,000 Boys have been trained or Civil Employment and Emigration.
1,100 Boys and Giths now beine maintained.
1/atrons—THEIR MARESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
1/atrons—THEIR MARESTIES THE KING AND UTTO SO.
1/atrons—THEIR MARESTIES THE KING AND UTTO SO.
1/atrons—Of the Maresties The Marestie

The Shaftesbury Homes & 'Arethusa' Training Ship

. . .







CHOCOLATES

UTWARDLY decorative and inwardly deliciousthat is the striking feature of each Chocolate in FRY'S "Prince of Wales" assortment.

There are all sorts of surprising centres, and some of the chocolates have the daintiest of foils as additional coverings.

4 6 per lb.

2/6 per 1 lb.

GET THE CHILDREN

FRY'S new coloured picture book—full of elves and gnomes: FREE from FRY & ONS, Ltd., 2-10 Union St., Bristol.

THE LIFE FOOD OF INVALIDS

Persons of impaired digestion-produced either by illness or advanced age -should avoid meats of all description, as animal food creates a harmful exertion of the vital powers, unduly stimulating nerves and brain, and producing a most unpleasant reactionary inertia. There is no more scientific means of nutriment for the debilitated system than

THE LIFE FOOD OF INVALI

Persons of impaired digestion—produced either by illness or advanced adsolved meats of all descriptions an animal food creates a harmful exection of the vital powers, unduly stimplating nerves and brain, and producing a most unpleasant reactionary inertial there is no more scientific means nutriment for the debilitated system the sustenance needed by physons disordered stomach or weak digestion. Taken at bedtime it will soothed the nerves, warm the body, and promorefreshing sleep. It is more digestification ness. It can be made in a minu without trouble by simply additioned by the control of the control This admirable food will provide all the sustenance needed by passons of disordered stomach or weak digestion. Taken at bedtime it will soothe the nerves, warm the body, and promote refreshing sleep. It is more digestible than cocoa, and will not cause biliousness. It can be made in a minute without trouble by simply adding

Obtainable at all branches of Boots, Parke's, Lewis and Burrows, Timoth, White, Taylors' and at over 15,000 other chemists and grocers. Insist on having Dr. Ridge's Food and accept no other.

TINS 9d., 1/6, 3/-, & 6/-Ridge's Royal Food Mills, London, N.16



MOST ANNOYING

but delay will be short, as FLUXITE is handy. When travelling by car, take this tip and always have FLUXITE with you.

All mechanics WILL have

BUY A TIN TO-DAY.

Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the nest FLUXITE SOLDERING SET.

It is perfectly simple to use, and will sast for years in constant use. It contains a special "Small-space" Soldering from with son-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Funite, Solder, etc., and till instructions. Price 10.6, Sample Set, post paid, United Kingdom.

FLUXITE, LTD., 226 Bevington St., Bermondeey, England



Summer Service

dy.

ays

Y DEAR READERS,-There is something rather grotesque in starting to write the June instalment with one's feet frizzling before a roaring wood fire and a snow-covered world outside. That, however, is what I am doing in this topsy-turvy climate of ours, and it is difficult to believe that comparatively few weeks separate us from the most languorous month of the year. Still, the daffodils all a-blowing and the wallflowers which are budding bravely are reassuring signs of spring and coming summer, and probably when these words appear in print our chimneys will have been swept and the thought of fires will be oppressive.

Meanwhile, however, with my chair drawn up as near as possible to the comforting blaze, I cannot shut out the thought of the many hearths which would be cold but for our help, and I am therefore still putting my hand into the pocket of the S.O.S. Fund and sending out gifts for coal. When the last of these has gone forth the pocket will be lighter, and there are so many on whom illness and poverty have thrown a burden, irrespective of season, that I shall be intensely grateful to every reader who helps to fill the beneficent coffers.

Money gifts are always welcome; but there is another most valuable form of service specially adapted to summer-time.

Contributions for funds should be sent to Mrs. George Sturgeon, The Quiver Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

Many country readers have gardens; many keep fowls, or cows, or bees. I wonder if they all realize what a little of the everyday country produce-vegetables, butter, eggs-would mean to people who live in dingy, mean streets, and shop in quarters where freshness, in the country sense of the word, is unknown.

Here is a vivid picture of the arrival of a parcel in the home of a helpless invalid and her mother of seventy-four:

"I forget if I told you I had a most lovely parcel of good things from Mrs. Dickson. It was such a surprise and such a treat. We both could not speak for very joy and thankfulness, and I am sure we have not seen such lovely things for years. Of course, I wrote to Mrs. Dickson at once, but I had had such a very bad day that day, and it did cheer me up so. If only Mrs. Dickson could have seen us unpack it! I do not think I shall ever forget my dear old mother's face! It was a picture!"

There is a stimulus in beginning the day with a surprise that should not be underestimated. If any readers are willing to supply it I will gladly give them addresses where the postman's knock and a parcel would produce scenes just as joyful as that described above.

S.O.S. Rivets

Apropos of parcels, I am glad to report that at the time of going to press I have five offers of useful things for Mrs. A.'s house furnishing, but I am sorry to hear that she has been, and still is, very ill. I fear her long struggle and many anxieties have won a temporary victory over her brave spirit and her strength, but I hope that she will soon be well again and start in the new house on a sunnier epoch. Gifts are still invited and will be very gratefully received. It is far better to give away than to hoard. It always annoys me very much to think of the many things lying idle in the cupboards from January to December which would be superlatively useful to people who cannot afford to buy them!

Please have a good spring-clean this year

and see what you can spare.

I have had an unusual number of appeals for clothes lately, and, unfortunately, only one offer of a pair of boots to match against them. As a matter of fact, I was particularly glad of that offer of boots, for the providing of footwear for three children—boys of thirteen and eleven and a girl of eight—was proving a great problem to their widowed and hard-working mother.

"We both want boots badly again, and so many other things," is the cry of another mother of a little boy of thirteen. The

mother's size in boots is 5.

She would be most grateful for blouses, overalls—in fact, useful clothing of any kind for either or both of them, and I

would gladly supply the address.

There has been a good deal of illness amongst those with whom we are in touch, and the S.O.S. Fund has come to the rescue in more than one instance and paid the doctor's bill. Mrs. G., a North of Ireland woman, of whom her vicar says "She is a dear old lady and has a splendid influence in the poor street where she lives," was very pleased with a gift of 15s.:

"It was with deep thankfulness and gratitude I received your kind present this week. It was a great trouble to me that I was unable to pay my doctor's bill, and it lifted such a load off my mind when I was able to do so, Believe me, I do not know what to say to thank you, only I am so very, very thankful and

grateful to you."

Many readers will be sorry to hear that Miss P., the lady with the invalid sister to whom much kindners has been shown, has been very ill herself with a severe heart attack brought on by overwork. Milk and eggs and Hall's wine have been ordered her; these make a big drain on a small income, and the S.O.S. Fund has given some welcome help in this direction.

Two victims of influenza were faced with unforeseen doctor's bills for which there was no surplus. The S.O.S. Fund heard of their worries and waved its wand:

"We both return you many, many most grateful thanks for your great kindness in sending us £1. It will be such a help and comfort in so many ways, and we do feel so thankful for it."

And here is further eloquent testimony to the usefulness of the Fund for lighting fires:

"I cannot tell you how gratefully thankful we are to receive the cheque for a pound you have so very kindly sent us. It came as a most joyful surprise, and you will guess how gladly we welcomed the sight of it, for we have all had bronchitis since January 4th. Two of my sisters were dangerously ill, and the doctor said they must have a fire in their room. This meant using the fuel we had hoped would last for a long time, and we feel as though an S.O.S. message must have gone silently to you, for your generous gift was so unexpected and so very, very opportune. It has so gladdened and cheered our invalids that I am sure the mental as well as the material warmth will tend greatly to their convalescence."

We have also for some months been supplying a little boy, who had a serious illness, with malt and cod-liver oil, and are rewarded by hearing of his renewed health and rosy cheeks.

Small rivets these outlays may seem to represent, but they effect very real repairs.

Generous Gifts

It has always been a heart-breaking experience to try to get an invalid into a Home; in many cases votes must be painfully accumulated year by year at great postal expenditure on the part of the patient and her friends, in others there is a weary wait far down on a long list. And now that the cost of running institutions is so greatly increased, the difficulties are greater than ever, and-much against their will-the heads of some Homes have had to give preference to paying patients. Miss S., who has borne her painful illness for many years most bravely, is now applying for admittance to a Home for Incurables as a paying patient, and has, no doubt, had her chances increased by the kin I action of one of my Helpers, who has promised 2s. 6d. a week towards her maintenance. As this Helper is one on whose ears no appeal ever falls in vain, her generous offer is all the more appreciated. I have guaranteed another 25. 6d. a week for six months from the S.O.S. Fund for Miss S.'s upkeep, and shall be grateful for any gifts earmarked for this purpose.

There have been several welcome contributions to the Blind Babies' Fund, which have brought it up to £36 6s. 6d., and also some gifts of clothes. One pound came all the way from Brazil from Mrs. and Miss Jobson. I do hope that this Fund will con-

7 to

ing we ave

nost adly

all my said This last

an

you and

ened

the

tend

been

ious are ealth

n to

exto a paingreat

tient reary

that

eatly

than

-the

pre-

who

years

aying

ances

f my

week per is ls in

more other the the shall this ontriwhich also ie all Miss con-

TS.

a Worlds Bargain

50,000 yards CARESSA" FADELESS

Range MF217. You can have this splendid Fabric in all colours — guaranteed absolutely fadeless in any climate. Curtains, Draperies, House Frocks, Overalls, etc. Use it for It is 50 ins. wide, and Handleys price is only (Regular price 2/11). per yard per yard

Range MF218 is a superior Repp "Caressa" Casement Cloth. also guaranteed fadeless. 50 ins. wide per yard 2/111 (Regular price 3/11)

Write for patterns without delay.



Should any cloth fade, we supply a fresh length free of charge to QUIVER Readers

G. BRANDAUER & Co., LTD., CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.



Neither Scratch nor Spurt.

Attention is also drawn to the NEW PATENT

ANTI - BLOTTING PENS. Sample Box of either series, 10 hd.

Works: BIRMINGHAM. WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

The Cot is Dainty and Cosy. Light to carry. Folds up. Hammock slides off for washing,

PLAIN WOOD STAINED WOOD WHITE ENAMEL Canopy Drapery extra. Sent on 7 nays' appro. Carr. paid in U.K.

Write for 64-page little Cat.

EVERYTHING for
RABY & NURSERY

Treasure Cot Co. Ltd. (Dept.Mol 103 Oxford St., London,





Removed by a painless method.

Explanatory Booklet sont Free.

Beauty of lace is often disfigured by hairy growths, and how to remove these has caused much arexiety to ladies who study their personal appearances. Sonae have tried the painful process of Electrolysis, which leaves the skin perforated, and often these small holes become clogged, and hence other blemishes arise, such as Blackheads, Pimples, &c. There is also the damgerous depilatory, which only burns off the hair, and often burns the skin. But at last science has devised a method which entirely supersedes the antiquared harmful methods.

Every lady suffering from hairy growths will be pleased to learn that these can be removed for everlay a new method which cannot possibly harm the most delicate skin. It is so sure that it is just a matter of days, and the hair has cone for ever, leaving a beautiful clear skin. There is no expensive treatment or appliances to buy. You will not be put to any inconvenience. All you have to do can be done in the privacy of your own apartments. This new method is worthy of your interest, We specially want those sufferers who have tried other methods to write, as, unless we can prove that we can do all that we claim, we do not ask you to take up this treatment.

HOW TO OBTAIN INFORMATION OF THIS NEW MIETHOD.

**BOS Regent Street, London, W. I. You will receive a full description of this simple and remarkable method, which will enable saled package, and you should have no hesitation in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely superfluous lair can be painlessly removed. Why not write to-day?

Every man should use

ANZORA for his hair. There is no better preparation in the world that will so surely master and control even the most unruly hair. A little rubbed well into the scalp every morning and the hair carefully brushed will ensure a tidy head throughout the day. Try it once and you will always use it.

Stores, etc., in 1,

Anzora Cream for greasy scalps, and Anzora Viola for dry scalps, are sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in 1,6 & 2/6 (double quantity) bottles.

Masters the Heir

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6 (England).



Firmly refuse all proffered substitutes.



HEATH & HEATHER, Ltd.

HERB SPECIALISTS, ST. ALBANS.
BOOK OF HERBS—GRATIS AND POST FREE.

In this book, which has become a household treasure in most of the homes of England, will be found an account of remarkably successful remedies for the common illnesses of mankind. It also contains a letter from Mr. Samuel Ryder, the Managing Director of the great Seed Firm. Recommendations from one of his standing cannot be disregarded, and we consider his approval the hall mark of our enterprise. We have among our clients high Dignitaries of the Church, Luminaries of the Professions, Ladies and Gentlemen of Title, Officers high in the services of their Country, etc., etc. We may now lay claim to the fact that "Heath and Heather" are known in practically every home, and their name is blessed in all parts of the world. HERBS, PILLS, OINTMENTS, etc., are offered in great variety, and the remarkable efficacy of the remedies is astounding to those who have previously had little knowledge of Herbal Compounds. Letters of appreciation from grateful users come to hand by every post.



o years of age and not an ache or pain.

WRITE TO US. TELL US YOUR COMPLAINT. WE CAN PROBABLY SEND YOU THE CURE.

Those who are suffering from the Tobacco or Cigarette Habit should alternate with our Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes. They will act as an antidote to the nicotine and help them to overcome its harmful effect. Large packets of Smoking Mixture 1/6, Post Free; Cigarettes (Hand Made), 20 for 10d., 50 for 2/2, 100 for 3.0. Post Free.

READ THE BOOK. IT WILL PROBABLY ENLIGHTEN YOU.

HEATH & HEATHER, Ltd. (Dept. Q.), ST. ALBANS.

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

tinue to attract subscriptions during the summer months.

Amongst other welcome gifts the S.O.S. Fund received 10s. which represented real sacrifice:

"You have so many needy ones and know so much better than I which has the most urgent claim. I should like to help them all, but am only a working woman myself."

Surgical Aid Letters Wanted

If any readers are able to secure Surgical Aid letters and will kindly spare them I shall gladly pass them on to one who devotes her life to alleviating distress amongst poor gentlewomen. She writes:

"Do you ever get Surgical Aid letters? I want forty for a poor creature who needs a chair, and twelve for surgical boots for another sick person. The one who needs the wheelchair has a dislocated back and fractured hip."

Postcard Pictures and Photo Pictures

An invalid who has suffered from heart trouble for three years and has to spend his mornings in bed and rest the greater part of the remainder of the day, tries to augment a very small income by framing pairs of postcards and photos and selling them-I think, at very reasonable prices. They are glassed, with cardboard backs, and bound with dark green, brown, grey, black, or gilt passepartout, with ring by which to suspend. Postcards and photos of sea and landscapes and churches of North Cornwall (where Mr. F. lives), dogs' heads and "Coloured Art Gem" postcards of different parts of England cost 1s. 3d. a pair plus postage. A larger size of photo prints (all North Cornwall) cost 1s. 6d. a pair plus postage. I shall gladly supply name and address.

Anonymous Gifts

100

A most generous gift of £2 was received with the following anonymous letter:

"When reading THE QUIVER I saw about Alfred Martin wanting a zither harp. I send you £2 in this to get it for him. If he has got one by this time you can spend the money, as you know best what to do with it."

My thanks, though belated, are very hearty. As Alfred Martin was already supplied with a zither I sent him £1 as a help towards his holiday and devoted the other £1 to a needy S.O.S. case.

B. L. is also thanked for a kind offering of 2s. 6d. towards Sunshine House, and K. M. S. for 2s. 6d. "Birthday Book" gift.

The Monthly Mail

My best thanks to all who have sent welcome gifts and letters:

Miss Gladys New, Mr. Famich, Miss Georgina Crouch, Miss M. L. Roberts, Mrs. Wesley, Miss G. H. Muir, Miss Dolly Robinson, Mrs. Carre, Miss Preson, Mrs. Ronaldson, Miss L. A. Robinson, Mrs. Allenby, Miss E. Shirley, Miss E. Roe, Mrs. E. Lawrie, Miss E. M. Winter, Mrs. Penman, Thomas Hancocke, Esq., Misses Bates and Male, Miss E. M. Hunt, Miss Dorothy Wilson, J. Watchous, Esq., Miss Joan Burt, Miss E. M. Hunt, Miss Dorothy Wilson, J. Watchous, Esq., Miss Joan Burt, Miss E. Jones, Miss McMaster, Miss Edith I. M. Thomson, Miss M. C. Mann, Miss Rose Johnson, Miss F. Webb, Mrs. Hart, Rev. F. A. Smith, Mrs. Fawkes, Miss L. K. Baker, Miss Plummer, Miss Isabel Paterson, Miss Jackman, Miss Kathleen Fawkes, Miss Malcolm, Miss M. Mones, Miss Christian Walker, Miss Isa M. Watson, Miss P. Henley, Miss E. Barker, Miss Winnifred Kirkham, Miss W. Knight, Mrs. and Miss Kyffin, Miss Mary Daniels, G. Lewis, Miss Mabel Griffin, Miss Edith Smallwood, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Bennett, Miss Lydia Robinson, Miss Parkes, Miss Rouse, Mrs. Claremont, Miss Mary Arnold, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Gorton, Miss Grice, Mrs. Biggs, Mrs. and Miss Jobson, and others.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment? Address: Mrs. George Sturgeon, The Quiver, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.
Yours sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON.



Running a Tea Room

TEA room should have a good location, usually on or near a much-travelled road, and the surroundings should be attractive. A summer tea room may have an out-of-door dining-porch.

It should have an unusual or expressive name, selected with a view to attracting guests, and it may be well to avoid the name

"tea room."

The furnishings should be distinctive and dainty. Absolute cleanliness should prevail in every part of the establishment, and every effort should be made to create a homelike atmosphere.

The hostess should have a pleasing personality, be fond of people, have executive ability, and a knowledge of cooking.

The waitresses should be quiet, refined, well-groomed, and have good dispositions.

And, above all, a tea room should have good food, well and quickly served, and in portions not too small.

These characteristics in a tea room will cause guests to return again and again.

The things a tea room shouldn't have are:

Poor entrance.

Obscure hall.

Narrow stairs

No advertising.

Slow service.

Too small orders.

Too high prices.

Too low prices, Wrong temperature for the room,

Hot dishes served lukewarm or cold.

Salads and foods that should be cold, served warm.

Mussy, unattractive-looking dishes.

Poorly seasoned sandwiches and salad dressing.

Plan on Paper

Before you equip your establishment, make a kitchen plan and a dining-room plan on paper, then locate the places for mixing cake, making frostings, salads and dressings, slicing and spreading bread for sandwiches, making tea and coffee. Locate drain boards for receiving, sorting, and

Some Requisites for Making the Venture Successful

By Alice Bradley

draining dishes; locate shelves near the sink for clean dishes, and shelves near the work tables for supplies and equipment.

Draw in the lines of travel from refrigerator to work table, to range, to dining room, to sink, etc. Shorten these lines in every possible way, on paper, before building your shelves or setting up refrigerator, sink, and stove, that all the work of you tea room may be accomplished in the most efficient manner, with a place for everything that will be needed, and room for all the help you propose to have.

When you have located everything as well as you can, make a list of the equipment and utensils required, and learn from inquiries made of different dealers what these will

cost.

Overhead Expenses

The probable overhead expense of running a tea room for a day should be carefully calculated before any money is invested. To do this, add together rent for a year for the rooms you propose to occupy; the interest of the proposed investment for repairs, furnish ings and equipment; depreciation, that is, ten to twenty per cent, of the value of equipment (both new and that already owned); probable cost of fuel, lights, water, ice, laundry, telephone, and advertising. Divide this total by the number of days you expect to be open in a year. Next, estimate the wages you must pay to the help you propose to have, including cooks, waitresses, cashier, and a reasonable wage for yourself. Get this cost for one day and add to the other cost. This, plus the average daily cost of all food material used, and any other costs that are not listed above, will be the average amount you must take in daily before you will make any profit over and above your own salary.

What You should Charge

Decide tentatively on your specialties, and learn how to apportion the foods you plan to serve; know the cost and selling prices of a definite amount of each thing, and the number of portions you must sell in

WHEN YOU TAKE OFF YOUR HAT.

Summer-time brings out the best and the worst in woman's looks. The warm weather tempts us to throw off our hats and enjoy the sun and breeze on our bare heads. But what a pitiful revelation the removal of a pretty hat can be! Too often the hair beneath is thin and dull, and the pitiless sun searches out every split hair and taded streak. Yet beautiful hair is the right of every woman, young and old, plain and pretty.

We all start with equal chances in the matter of hair, but through ignorance or neglect, numbers of women let the condition of their locks deteriorate in an alarming manner. Most people are dreadfully careless in the choice of a shampoo. Many shampoos dry up the roots of the hair and cause it to become thin and brittle.

A perfect shampoo is pure stallax. It has the unique property of acting as a tonic as well as a cleanser. Instead of drying up the natural oil supply of the hair, it re-charges the cells with all that they have lost by coming into contact with water or other injurious agents.

If you use this simple shampoo, you need have no fear of exposing your hair to the most searching light; the sun will do no more than show up its beauty and lustre.

Renewing Complexions with Oxygen.

Everyone knows that oxygen consumes waste matter in the body. A poor complexion is merely the accumulation of half deadened, or waste matter, upon the surface of the skin. It sticks on stubbornly, showing in the form of sallowness, moth patches and a generally lifeless appearance. Oxygen may be used with advantage in removing this disfiguration. Any chemist should be able to supply mercolized wax. This contains oxygen in a form that is released when it comes in contact with the skin. Naturally the oxygen attacks the deadened matter but does not affect the healthy skin at all. Thus a few applications of this perfectly harmless substance soon begin to clear the skin and reveal the beautiful complexion which every woman has just underneath the ugly one. The process is pleasant and harmless, and involves no inconvenience whatever.

Full of Energy!

HOVIS keeps you in fine fettle—ready to tackle a day's work; able to enjoy a day's play.

HōVIS

gives you energy and the will to conquer life's little difficulties. Better than all the physic for active minds and healthy bodies and miles ahead of ordinary brown or white bread.

Your Baker Bakes it.

the

sink work

efriginingnes in buildrator, your most ything

s well nt and quiries e will

II the

unning refully d. To for the rest or urnish hat is, equipwned);

r, ice, Divide expect ate the propose a shier, let this er cost. Il food hat are

amount I make salary.

foods selling thing, sell in

LOOKING TO YOU



This fascinating bunch of little ones are looking to you: smilingly, hopefully, happily-although they are all orphaned from infancy. Shall they, shall any of the 262 orphans in our care, look in vain? Do please help us? We are in sore straits through lack of funds. and much perplexed how to feed, clothe and educate our large family. Can you, will you, send a pound note?

INFANT ORPHANAGE, ROYAL

WANSTEAD, ESSEX. JOHN GORDON, Secretary,

Bankers: Williams Deacon's Bank, Ltd. PATRONS: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
Visitors welcomed, Trains to Snaresbrook from Liverpool St. Station, or by Omnibuses, Nos. 97, 19, 102.

Quality

*HE unfailing high quality, the marked reliability, and the smart and distinctive styles of Mascot shoes are appreciated by thousands of satisfied wearers through the British Isles. When the moderate price is taken into consideration Mascot shoes are an irresistible attraction. Once a Mascot wearer always a Mascot wearer.



SHOES for LADIES

Booklet of Styles and name of nearest Agent post free. NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH.

a day in order to pay for the food material and the overhead expenses listed above. A common method of determining the selling price of cooked food is to double the cost of the raw material. Can you get this price? At this rate, can you probably sell enough to pay expenses? You may need to serve smaller portions of some dishes. On some dishes you should charge more than double the cost, because of the time necessary for their preparation. Some may have to be sold at cost or less than cost.

In a small tea room it is desirable to specialize in a very few things, and have them so attractive and delicious that there will be a constantly increasing demand for them.

Avoiding Waste

There is great danger of losing money because of wasted food or poor service, where very many dishes are attempted at one time, unless you have a great deal of help and a very large patronage.

As soon as possible after you are started, learn approximately how much food will be used in a day, that there may be no waste of perishable material. Keep non-perishable supplies on hand in a locked store-room of which you hold the key, so that you may not lose time sending out unnecessarily, and may know when things are getting low.

Learn how many sandwiches you should get from a loaf of bread and from a definite amount of butter and of different fillings, file the data, and strive to maintain this standard.

Beverages

Tea should be made as ordered, in individual earthen pots. Use freshly boiling water for each pot of tea.

It is said that American ice drinks will be increasingly popular this summer in England. A knowledge of how to prepare some of these will be most useful.

Chocolate syrup for hot or iced chocolate may be kept on hand. It is made as follows:

4 squares unsweetened chocolate 1½ teaspoon salt 1½ cups boiling water.

Melt chocolate in saucepan placed in larger saucepan of boiling water, add sugar and salt, and stir until well mixed; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the boiling water. Stir until smooth, bring to the boiling point and let boil five minutes. Cool, turn into a jar and keep in ice box or cold place.

Mint Cup. This is an easily prepared iced fruit drink which will prove popular.

3 lemons 1 bunch mint ½ cup sugar ½ cup water Ginger ale.

Remove leaves from two-thirds of the sprigs of mint and bruise with the fingers. Cook sugar and water five minutes, add mint leaves, lemon juice and green colour paste to make a delicate shade, and let stand overnight. When ready to serve, strain, fill glass of ice half full of syrup, and add ginger ale to fill the glass. Garnish with tips from remaining sprigs of mint. Other fruit juices may be used in place of some of the lemon juice.

Sandwiches

Bread for sandwiches may be purchased in long loaves. A bread-cutting machine will ensure uniformity, and may be regulated so that bread may be cut especially thin, or thick enough for toast.

Fillings should be prepared before the hours at which the tea room is open, or the ingredients for fillings may be made ready and kept in separate dishes ready to be put together at a moment's notice.

Butter for sandwiches should always be creamed, that it may be quickly and easily spread. A small palette knife or spatula is desirable for spreading the filling.

Crusts may or may not be removed. Sandwiches may be cut in squares, strips, Round or fancy oblongs, or triangles. cutters may be used, but with considerable loss of material. Before the hour for opening the tea room, the sliced bread may be spread with butter, piled up and covered with a dry towel and with a wet towel. Sandwich fillings can be put between the slices as orders are received. Many sandwiches are more attractive if served on a lettuce leaf or garnished with a spray of cress or a fresh flower. Bread buttered for sandwiches and not used may be utilized next day for toasted sandwiches.

Cheese Sandwiches. Cream cheese combined with different flavours is always popular as a sandwich filling.

Spread one slice of bread with two tablespoons cheese worked until smooth, spread second slice of bread with raspberry, strawberry or loganberry jam, or with currant

THE QUIVER

jelly, or with marmalade, and put the two slices together; shape as desired.

Many cheese sandwiches are delicious toasted. Toast bread on one side only, butter untoasted side and spread one slice with cream cheese moistened with milk and seasoned with salt and pepper. Cover with three dates, washed, stoned and cut in thin slices crosswise, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts, cover with another slice of toast, cut in two diagonally and serve.

Club Sandwich. On a slice of toast place a leaf of lettuce, then lay a thick slice of tomato on top and cover with mayonnaise dressing. Place another slice of toast above the tomato, and on it arrange sliced chicken covered with crisp bacon. Place a third slice of toast over all, and garnish with large olives, and lettuce cups holding mayonnaise dressing.

Hot Ham Sandwich. Make a French toast sandwich with a filling of two tablespoons chopped ham mixed with one teaspoon creamed butter and a few grains each mustard and pepper.

Chinamon Toast. Cut stale bread in onefourth-inch slices, remove crusts and cut in three pieces crosswise. Toast on one side, spread untoasted side generously with a mixture of three tablespoons butter, two tablespoons brown sugar, and one teaspoon cinnamon; finish toasting.

Salads

Before your tea room opens, have enough lettuce washed to supply for the day the number of patrons you expect to serve. Put it in a large colander, over it lay pieces of ice wrapped in cheesecloth and keep in refrigerator or in a cool place. Have your dressings made and kept very cold. Prepare and cut up the fruit, nuts, celery, chicken, and all the other ingredients you may need, and put in a cool place. Make up each salad as it is ordered. Many times it is well to line a shallow bowl with lettuce and arrange the ingredients of the salad in individual piles, then cover with mayonnaise dressing. For example:

Lobster Salad. Have one pile each of pieces of lobster meat, tomatoes peeled and cut in eights, celery cut in one-inch strips, shredded lettuce leaves.

Chicken Salad. One pile each, chicken cut in dice, celerv or cucumber cut in dice, and hard-cooked egg chopped.

Vegetable Salad. One pile each, green

peas, cooked potato, cooked carrot, cooked beets, cut in dice about the size of the peas.

Fruit Salad. One pile each grapefruit and orange sections cut in pieces, pineapple cut in dice, celery cut in small pieces, nut meats cut in pieces.

Salad ingredients that are left over one day may be used for salad sandwiches the next day.

Cakes and Fancies

Popular cakes are those with soft fluffy frostings such as:

Dark chocolate cake with white frosting. White cake with chocolate frosting.

Yellow cake with white filling and frosting containing nuts and candied fruit.

Macaroons, sponge cake, and angel food cake all have their appeal.

Never serve cake that is more than two days old. Cakes may be sold at cost at the end of the second day; or stale cake, crumbs and ends of cake that result from cutting cake in fancy shapes, may be rubbed through a coarse sieve, or, when dry, forced through the food chopper, and substituted for half the flour in spice cakes and brown bread.

American Ice Creams

Ice Cream Shortcake with Butterscotch Sauce. Place a slice of white cake on the serving dish, cover with a slice of ice cream, with another slice of cake, and pour butterscotch sauce over all.

Butterscotch Sauce. In a saucepan put one and one-fourth cups (one-half pound) brown sugar, two-thirds cup (one-half pound) syrup and four tablespoons butter. Boil to 230° F., or a thick syrup, and add three-fourths cup thin cream. Serve on ice cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Ice Cream Shortcake with Fudge Sauce. Use chocolate ice cream between two slices of cake and cover with fudge sauce.

Meringue Glacé. Two meringues with centres removed, ice cream spread between, and a few crushed strawberries over the ice

Chocolate Peppermint Sundae. Chocolate ice cream served with marshmallow sauce flavoured with oil of peppermint.

Fudge Marshmallow Sauce. Ice cream covered with marshmallow sauce and then with fudge sauce.

Luxury Éclairs. Éclairs filled with ice cream and hot fudge sauce poured over.

Best for Reading Books For Reading

ked eas. ruit ineces,

one

the

uffy

ng.

rost.

1000

t at

from be

dry,

sub-

and

cotch

the

eam.

put

ound)

-half

itter.

add

n ice

auce.

with

veen,

e ice

olate

sauce

ream then h ice

ſ.

CASSELL'S

RUBY M. AYRES Castles in Spain J. M. BARRIE The Little Minister An Awfully Big Adventure A Tall Ship

The Lion's Share E. F. BENSON

A. & E. CASTLE The Secret Orchard The Wind's Will

G. K. CHESTERTON The Wisdom of Father Brown

The Pagoda Tree B. M. CROKER C. CULLEY Naomi of the Mountains

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD Kazan the Wolf Dog WARWICK DEEPING Unrest

The King behind the King Marriage by Conquest The Red Saint

A. CONAN DOYLE The Doings of Raffles Haw MAY EDGINTON

The Adventures of Napoleon Prince NEWMAN FLOWER Crucifixion

MORICE GERARD A Lieutenant of the King

H. RIDER HAGGARD Love Eternal When the World Shook Morning Star Child of Storm King Solomon's Mines Marie

MAURICE HEWLETT The Spanish Jade ROBERT HICHENS Snake-Bite JOSEPH HOCKING The Dust of Life The Jesuit The Day of Judgment

Father Stafford ANTHONY HOPE JEROME K. JEROME Malvina of Brittany

WILLIAM LE QUEUX The Elusive Four Fatal Fingers The Spider's Eye

MAURICE LEBLANC The Exploits of Arsène Lupin DAVID LYALL An English Rose W. B. MAXWELL

The Mirror and the Lamp L. J. MILN Mr. Wu ELINOR MORDAUNT

The Rose of Youth

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Amazing Partnership
The Double Four
The Game of Liberty

BARONESS ORCZY Lady Molly of Scotland Yard
The Man in Grey
The League of the Scarlet Pimpernel

FRANK L. PACKARD
The Adventures of Jimmie Dale

GERTRUDE PAGE Far from the Limelight

MAX PEMBERTON The Iron Pirate The Hundred Days Kronstadt

ALICE PERRIN Star of India Separation

Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS

The King's Widow
A Castle to Let
The Daughter Pays

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART The Street of Seven Stars

C. G. D. ROBERTS Babes of the Wild SAX ROHMER Green Eyes of Bast Done

Capt. F. H. SHAW The Haven of Desire MAY SINCLAIR The Tree of Heaven J. C. SNAITH Mary Plantagenet ANDREW SOUTAR The Island of Test E. S. STEVENS The Safety Candle R. L. STEVENSON Catriona Kidnapped

ANNIE S. SWAN A Favourite of Fortune Prairie Fires LOUIS TRACY His Unknown Wife

J. HASTINGS TURNER Simple Souls H. A. VACHELL

The Soul of Susan Yellam OLIVE WADSLEY

Belonging Reality Instead Nevertheless Stolen Hours Payment

The Thirty Days HUBERT WALES HUGH WALPOLE Jeremy Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD Eltham House H. G. WELLS Mr. Britling Sees it Through

Towards Morning I. A. R. WYLIE



A Complete List of Books in this Series will be sent post free on receipt of application.

LA BELLE SAUVAGE

LONDON, E.C.4

"A story which all England should read."

Cell England

By ERNEST RAYMOND

Fifth Impression

"'Tell England' is an exhilarating, exuberant book. The characters live because they are conceived in a white-heat of feeling; . . . a spirited story . . . full of action, which carries the reader on despite himself from one part to another . . . a good novel in the simple, sound tradition is a rarity. Here is one,"—Teacher's World.

ON SALE 7/6 NET EVERYWHERE

LA BELLE SAUVAGE

LONDON. E.C.4

The House of Cassell

CASSELL'S POCKET REFERENCE LIBRARY

Cloth, 1/3

Full Leather, 2/-

CASSELL'S MINIATURE ENGLISH-FRENCH DICTIONARY By F. F. Bovet

CASSELL'S READY RECKONER By F. W. Dunn, B.A., B.Sc. DICTIONARY OF MYTHOLOGY

By Lewis Spence, M.A.
A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL
TERMS By Jeffrey Pulver
DICTIONARY OF POETICAL
OUOTATIONS

Compiled by W. Gurney Benham WHEN WAS THAT? By L. H. Dawson

CASSELL'S MINIATURE FRENCH-ENGLISH, ENGLISH-FRENCH DICTIONARY 2/6 CASSELL'S MINIATURE

FRENCH-ENGLISH DICTIONARY By F. F. Bovet

FRENCH CONVERSATION FOR ENGLISH TRAVELLERS

By F. F. Bovet

THE POCKET GARDENER

By H. H. Thomas
THE POCKET DOCTOR

By "Medicus"

DICTIONARY OF PROSE QUOTATIONS

Compiled by W. Gurney Benham

CASSELL'S POCKET ENGLISH DICTIONARY By E.W. Edmunds, M.A., B.Sc. 2/6

LA BELLE SAUVAGE

LONDON, EC4

The House of Cassell



CASSELL'S GARDENING 1/6 HANDBOOKS 1/6

If you are a garden enthusiast you should become acquainted at once with these Handbooks.

Popular Guide to Gardening HardyBorderFlowers

Allothent Gardening: A Complete
Guide
Bulb Growing for Amateurs

The Carnation Book
Everybody's Flower Garden
First Steps in Gardening
Fruit Growing for Amateurs
The Garden: How to Make It Pay
Garden Handbook for Beginners
The Garden Month by Month
Garden Planning and Planting
Garden Work for Every Day

Gardening: A Complete Guide Gardening Difficulties Solved The Greenhouse: Its Flowers and Management

1,000 Gardening Hints Indoor Gardening Little Gardens: How to Make the

Most of Them Rockeries: How to Make and Plant Them

Rose Growing for Amateurs Sweet Peas and How to Grow Them

Vegetable Growing for Amateurs

COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED LIST OF GARDENING BOOKS SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

La Belle Sauvage

The House of Cassell

London F.C.4

CASSELL'S POPULAR FICTION

FAMOUS AUTHORS

An unrivalled series of works by some of the world's most famous writers of fiction. Each volume is well printed on good paper, and strongly and tastefully bound in cloth

The Top of the World ETHEL M. DELL

The Vanity Girl COMPTON MACKENZIE

The League of the Scarlet Pimpernel BARONESS ORCZY The Golden Face

WILLIAM LE QUEUX

> Each 3/6 net

The Tidal Wave
And Other Stories
ETHEL M.
DELL

The Veldt Trail
GERTRUDE
PAGE

Mrs. Marden ROBERT HICHENS

The House of Cassell

LA BELLE SAUVAGE

LONDON, E.C.4



CASSELL'S **WORK" HANDBOOKS**

1s. 6d. net each.

The most famous, instructive and comprehensive series of popular Handbooks issued. Of unrivalled value to the Handyman, the Expert, or the Amateur.

These Practical Manuals are fully illustrated and deal with almost every subject of interest to the man who does things for himself.

Basket Making. Beehives and Beekeepers' Appli-Bent Iron Work. fances. Bookbinding. Bootmaking and Mending.

Building Model Boats. Camera Making.

Clay Modelling and Plaster Casting. Clock Cleaning and Repairing.

Conjuring Apparatus and How To Make It. Cycle Repairing and Adjusting. Domestic Jobbing. [Building. Dynamo and Electric-Motor

Dynamo and Motor Erection and Management. Electric Accumulators.

Electric Bells and Telephones.

Electric Clocks. Electric Lighting.

Electric Primary Batteries. Electro-plating.

Fishing Rods and Tackle, Making and Mending. Furniture Repairing.

Gilding, Silvering and Bronzing. ss Writing, Embossing and Fascia Work,

Gramophones and Phonographs. Handyman's 1,000 Practical Re-ceipts, The. Knotting and Splicing Ropes and Cordage.

Magneto Repair and Adjustment.

Miniature Electric Light. Model Aeroplanes.

Motor Cycles and Side-cars: Con-struction, Repair and Manage-

Mounting and Framing Pictures. Oxy-Acetylene Welding.

Patents, Designs and Trade Marks. Photography Simplified. Pianos.

Poultry Houses and Appliances. Pumps and Hydraulic Rams.

Rustic Carpentry. Sewing Machines.

Small Dynamos and How to Make (Including Electric

Them Motors). Small Electric Apparatus.

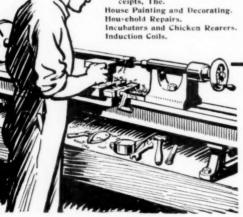
Small Lathes: Making and Using. Small Workshop Appliances. Soldering, Brazing and Welding. Tailoring.

Taxidermy Ticket-Writing and Sign-Painting. Tinplate Work.

Toy Making. Watch Cleaning and Repairing. Wireless Telegraphy and Tele-

phony. Wood Finishing.

Workshop Arithmetic. [Workers. Workshop Hints for Metal



A Complete Illustrated List of Cassell's Technical Books will be sent post free on application

The House of Cassell

La Belle Sauvage London, E.C.4.



garments of last summer at

These are the 24 artistic shades of Twink.

States of Light Navy Blue Light Navy Blue Reval Blue Pale Blue Shell Pink Sydnoon Pink Old Rose Kest Kest Kest Kest Wine

of ill

n

Purple Old Gold Gold Geranium Red Fillar Rox Red Nigger Brown Lubar Brown Lubar Brown Lubar Streen Langerine Crass Green Jude Green

PRICE 7 d PER PACKET.

Of the Literature Country, 11 June, Stayer,
Charling, 117.





SPECIAL NOTE

Wherever you are on holiday MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE

Fancy putting Eat more good toffee — as though any fellow needs that advice

They ought to say 'Uncle-your nephew needs Mackintosh's'— or 'Dad take a tin home to Billy tonight!

Still, if Dad or Uncle sees this - well, We been a pretty good boy lately and a little encouragement

Mackintoshis Toffee de Luxe

ALMOND TOPPES DE LUXE

ALMOND TOPPES DE LUXE

COCOANUT DE LUXE

DE LUXE ASSORTMENT

Sald Jooks by Service DE LUXE

MINT DE LUXE

DE LUXE ASSORTMENT

Said loose by weight of 4d per 1610, elso in Daby Tins at Tetr Tins at 1/5 and 2/6 each and 410, family Tins Also Checolare Toffee de Luxo





BABY SKIN SOAP





Save your happy memories with a

Kodak

All Kodaks & Brownies have been reduced in price. Here are two of the most popular models

18 Autographic Kodak Jumor, fitted with Single Lens and Ball Bearing Shutter, takes pictures 41 × 22 m. Price x 3 15s.

Standard Rectifinear Lens and Pall Bearing Shutter, takes pictures 51 × 31 m., the popular postcard size. Price x 7 7s.

Ask your nearest Kadak dealer to show you the latest models

Kodak Ltd., Kingsway, London, W.C.2